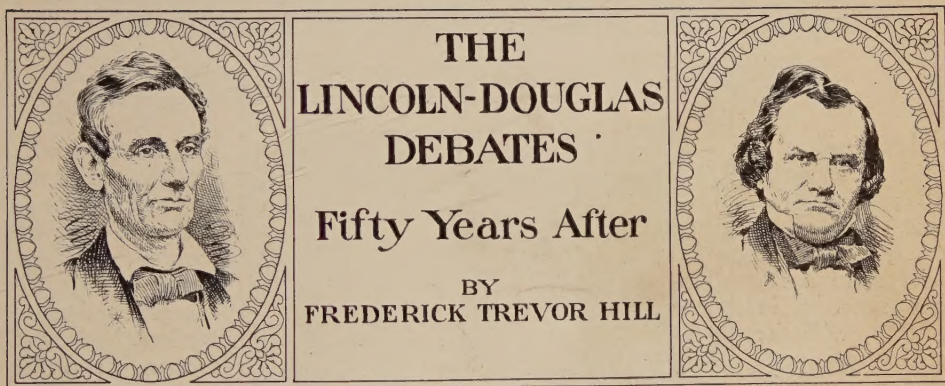


# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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No. 1



## A NEW ACCOUNT OF THE FORENSIC "SEVEN DAYS' BATTLE"

JUST fifty years have passed since Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas closed their great forensic contest in Illinois, and to-day a vast body of writing attests its historic importance. Nevertheless, the record is strangely incomplete. There is no complete file of the local newspapers; very few persons are living who remember the distinctive features of the meetings; and the published reminiscences are scattered and chary of detail. Save for the dates of the events, the names of the towns where the combatants met, the text of their speeches, and the general impressions of a few spectators, there is no authoritative data, and those in charge of the recent celebrations of the semicentennial have had no little difficulty in ascertaining the facts.

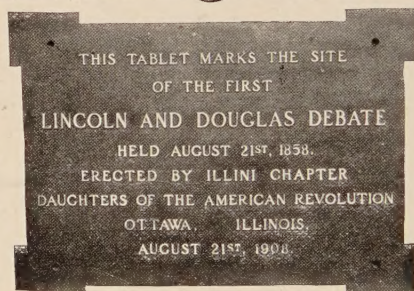
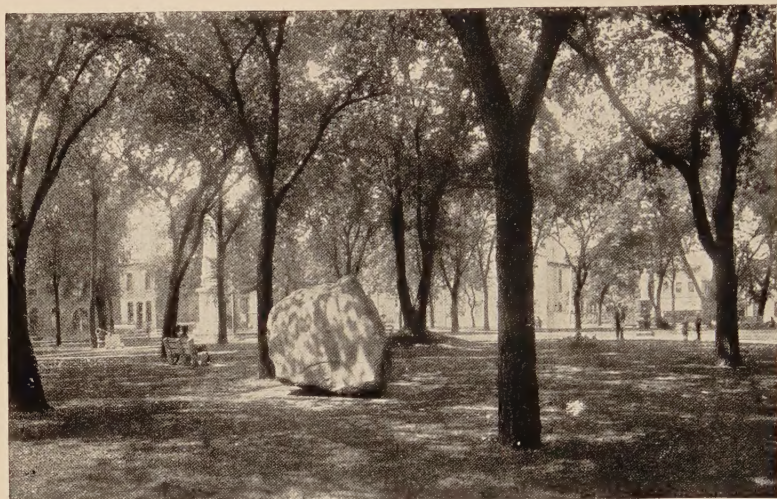
To preserve the local color of this unique episode in American history, the material essential to a proper visualization of the scenes is assembled in these pages, which are mainly based on the testimony of eye-witnesses and documentary evidence.

**L**INCOLN had no reason to complain when Douglas elected to open the debate at Ottawa, the county seat of La Salle County. There the Supreme Court—the Illinois court of last resort—held its

sessions twice a year, and before that tribunal Lincoln had displayed qualities that had earned him an enviable reputation throughout the neighborhood. Moreover, Ottawa, then a town of about nine thou-

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WASHINGTON PARK, OTTAWA, ILLINOIS  
TABLET MARKING THE SITE OF THE LINCOLN-  
DOUGLAS DEBATE, OTTAWA, ILLINOIS

sand inhabitants, lay in the northern part of the State, only about seventy miles from Chicago, in a region strongly in sympathy with the antislavery movement and certain to accord its champion a friendly reception. Yet it is doubtful if Lincoln regarded this as an advantage. Illinois was a Democratic State, and his main object in challenging Douglas was to gain the ear of Democratic voters who would not attend Republican meetings and could not otherwise be reached. He therefore probably hoped that "the Little Giant's" admirers would appear in full force, and he was not to be disappointed.

On Friday, August 20, 1858,<sup>1</sup> work was virtually suspended in the outlying districts, and all the local world was in holiday mood. Under clouds of dust and a burning summer sun, straggling pro-

cessions of people on foot, on horse-back, in hay-carts, and in canvas-covered wagons, occupied every turnpike and country lane leading to Ottawa, and by nightfall their camp-fires were plainly visible from the town. Despite its political differences, it was a friendly, good-natured

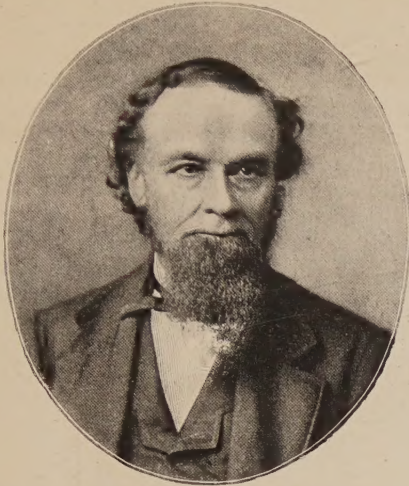
crowd that spread itself over the bluffs and rolling prairie. Family groups and neighborhood parties fraternized with one another, hospitality was proffered, provisions were shared, and the coming event was discussed without bitterness or hard feeling of any kind. Thus passed the eve of the momentous duel.

Saturday dawned clear, and before the sun was fairly up, the advance-guard of the audience began to pour into the little town. Ottawa was not without experience in handling holiday crowds, for each

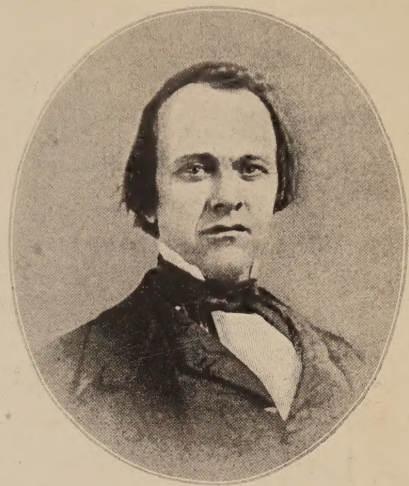
<sup>1</sup> The writer's authorities on the Ottawa debate are the New York "Tribune," August 26, 1858; the New York "Evening Post," August 27, 1858; and Mr.

Horace White the representative of the "Chicago Press and Tribune" in 1858, who courteously supplied the writer with many important details.





COLONEL W. H. H. CUSHMAN, MOD-  
ERATOR FOR THE DOUGLAS SIDE,  
OTTAWA, ILLINOIS

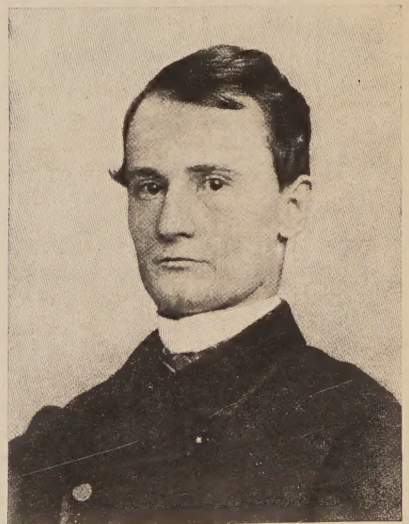


THE HON. JOSEPH O. GLOVER, MOD-  
ERATOR OF THE DAY, ALSO MAYOR  
OF OTTAWA, ILLINOIS

session of the court made it a market where all the countryside had something to buy or sell or "swap," and fakirs and peddlers did a flourishing business; but never before had it attracted such a swarm of visitors as took possession of it on the morning of August 21, 1858. On the court-house green a rough, undecorated, pine-board platform had been erected, but no seats had been provided for the audience, and the square itself was without sufficient trees to protect them from the sun. Not discouraged by this uninviting prospect, many of the first-comers sat down on the grass in front of the speakers' stand and settled themselves for a long wait rather than lose the advantage of their early start, and others manœvered their carts into favorable positions at the edge of the square, where they formed a sort of improvised gallery.

Meanwhile the throng was steadily increasing, and before noon a long procession of Douglas's admirers, headed by a fine band, started for Buffalo Rock, a short distance from the city, where they met their champion arriving from La Salle and escorted him down the Peru Road to the Geiger House, his advent being announced by a salute from two brass twelve-pounders posted near the center of the

town. Almost at the same moment a train of seventeen cars arrived from Chicago, Joliet, and the surrounding country, and before long a Republican procession was in motion, the rival paraders passing and re-passing each other until they became inextricably mingled. Then the bands, hopelessly wedged in by the crowds, halted and blared defiantly at each other; but al-



THE HON. ROBERT R. HITT



though the noise was deafening and the confusion almost hopeless; no disorder of any kind occurred.

By this time the vicinity of the courthouse was virtually impassable, and it is conservatively estimated that no fewer than twelve thousand people, almost a tenth of the whole population of Illinois, were in attendance. Meanwhile Lincoln and the congressional candidate, Owen Lovejoy, had taken refuge with the Mayor, Joseph O. Glover, who had offered them the hospitality of his house for the occasion, and the reception committee proceeded to perfect their arrangements. When they arrived at the square, it was discovered

It was half-past two before a great shout announced the arrival of the champions, and in a few moments a small procession, headed by the reception committee, the moderators, and other officials, forced its way through the crowd. At the left of the platform were three or four tables reserved for reporters, and these were soon occupied by Robert R. Hitt, the official reporter for the "Chicago Press and Tribune," and his associate, Horace White; Chester P. Dewey of the New York "Evening Post"; Messrs. Henry Binmore and James B. Sheridan of the "Chicago Times," and Henry Villard of the New York "Staats Zeitung." Behind the table



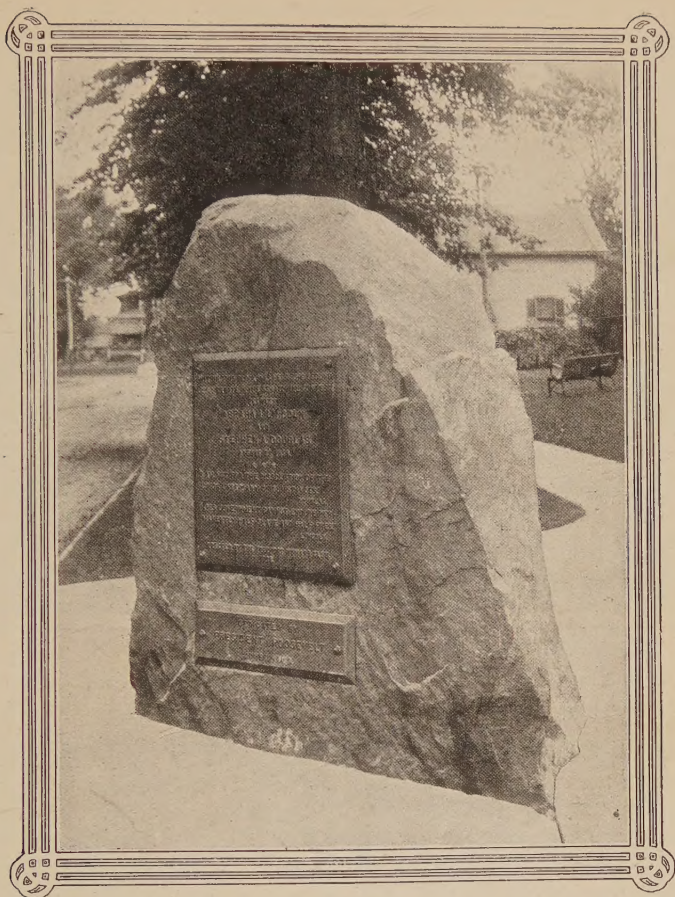
GEIGER HOUSE, OTTAWA, ILLINOIS, WHERE DOUGLAS WAS ENTERTAINED

that some enterprising spectators had taken possession of the speakers' platform, and these intruders were no sooner ejected than others took their places. Finally some youngsters climbed to the roof of the flimsy structure and brought part of it down on the heads of the officials, who thereupon organized an effective force, which dislodged all the invaders and protected the stand from further attack.

placed in the center of the platform sat the two moderators, who also served as timekeepers, one selected from each of the political parties, Colonel W. H. H. Cushman being for Douglas; and on each side of these officials ranged the reception committee and invited guests, who, grouped together on party-lines, were popularly known as Lincoln or Douglas "shouters."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This arrangement was substantially maintained at all the joint debates. Mr. Hitt was regarded as acting for Lincoln, and Messrs. Binmore and Sheridan for Douglas. Messrs. White, Dewey, and Villard were not stenographers.





BOULDER ERECTED AT FREEPORT, ILLINOIS, UPON THE LOCATION  
OF THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE OF AUGUST 27, 1858

The inscription upon the Freeport tablet is as follows:

"WITHIN THIS BLOCK WAS HELD THE SECOND  
JOINT DEBATE IN THE SENATORIAL CONTEST  
BETWEEN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
AND

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

AUGUST 27, 1858.

\* \* \*

"I AM NOT FOR THE DISSOLUTION OF THE  
UNION UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES."

—DOUGLAS

"THIS GOVERNMENT CANNOT ENDURE PER-  
MANENTLY HALF-SLAVE AND HALF-FREE."

—LINCOLN

ERECTED BY THE FREEPORT WOMAN'S CLUB,  
1902

DEDICATED BY  
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT,  
JUNE 3, 1903."

There was confidence in every line of Douglas's clear-cut, clean-shaven face as he stepped to the front of the platform and bowed to the cheering multitude, and when his awkward rival stood beside him, he had no reason to distrust the effect of the inevitable comparison.

No time was lost in initiating the contest. Neither speaker required any introduction, and Douglas began by outlining the rules of the debate. He was to open with a speech of one hour, and close with another of half an hour after Lincoln had replied for an hour and a half, and at the next meeting these conditions were to be reversed. Only a small proportion of the mighty assemblage could possibly hope to hear the speakers, and those in wagons at the outskirts of the crowd, finding themselves at a disadvantage, soon abandoned their positions and edged their way into





Amateur photograph by Allen Ayrault Green

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION, KNOX COLLEGE, GALESBURG, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 7, 1899

President McKinley speaking; members of his cabinet on his left; on his right Colonel Clark E. Carr.

the throng. Nevertheless, there was very little movement in the audience, and there was virtually no interruption. Once when Douglas sneeringly quoted a part of Lincoln's "House-divided-against-itself" speech, the Republicans burst into applause, which brought an angry response from the unwary orator; and when Lincoln began by reading a document, some one in the crowd shouted, "Put on your specs!" possibly anticipating a smart reply. But Lincoln was in no joking mood. "Yes, sir," he responded gravely: "I am obliged to do so. I am no longer a young man."

Then for an hour and a half he held that mighty audience by the sheer force of his personality and the intense interest of his theme. Now and again there was a burst of cheering, but the speaker made no effort at oratorical effect and employed no device to lighten his argument. Douglas was not yet as serious as his adversary, for he had entered light-heartedly upon the contest, and did not immediately realize the magnitude of the task he had undertaken. From the very start he assumed the of-

fensive and continued his attack, scarcely deigning to notice his opponent's replies, throughout the day. Even when some Republican enthusiasts stormed the platform at the close of that eventful evening and attempted to carry Lincoln off upon their shoulders, he affected to believe that he had so completely exhausted his adversary as to necessitate his removal from the field. One week later he began to take a less jaunty view of the situation.

IN 1858 the town of Freeport,<sup>1</sup> in Stephenson County, on the northern border of Illinois, was not much more than a village of four or five thousand inhabitants; but it boasted a court-house and a court-house square; two newspapers, the Republican "Journal" and the Democratic "Bulletin"; an excellent hotel known as the Brewster House; and communication with the outside world by means of the Illinois Central Railroad and the Galena & Chicago Union, now part of the North-Western system. Thus it was a place of no little importance in northern Illinois, and on Friday, August 27, it heard what

<sup>1</sup> The writer is indebted to Mr. B. F. Shaw of Dixon, Illinois, and Mr. Smith D. Atkins, Editor of the "Freeport Journal," who attended the debate, for many of the details of this meeting.



was perhaps the most momentous of the debates.

Threatening weather greeted the visitors who arrived on the scene during the morning of that day; but no rain fell, and by noon several thousand persons had assembled from the adjoining counties and from southern Wisconsin. A train of nine cars came through Dixon, Illinois, and another of sixteen cars bore many hundred excursionists from the east over the Galena & Chicago Union. Douglas arrived from Galena on the night of the 26th in a special car, and was met at Freeport by an enthusiastic delegation with an address of welcome, after receiving which he proceeded to the Brewster House in a carriage and four, the pride of the local livery stable, followed by a torchlight procession and a band.

Lincoln arrived the next morning from Dixon and walked to the same hotel, escorted by a procession which included Ex-Congressman John B. Turner, Joseph Medill, Owen Lovejoy, Norman B. Judd,

E. B. Washburne, Dr. C. H. Ray, chief editor of the "Tribune," and other well-known Republican leaders. Some of these gentlemen had been in close consultation with him at Dixon, and his tactics during the Ottawa debate had been thoroughly discussed and somewhat severely criticized. He had been entirely too solemn on that occasion, he was told, and it behooved him to redeem himself by amusing the audience, after the fashion of the then celebrated Tom Corwin of Ohio. But Lincoln had declined to accept this suggestion. The issue was too serious to admit of jesting, he declared, and his advisers did not press the point. A much graver difference of opinion developed when the questions which Lincoln proposed to put to Douglas were discussed; and here it was that some of his supporters are said to have prophesied ruin if he insisted on his now famous "second interrogatory," only to be met with the response that if Douglas answered it as they expected, he might win the Illinois senatorship, but he could

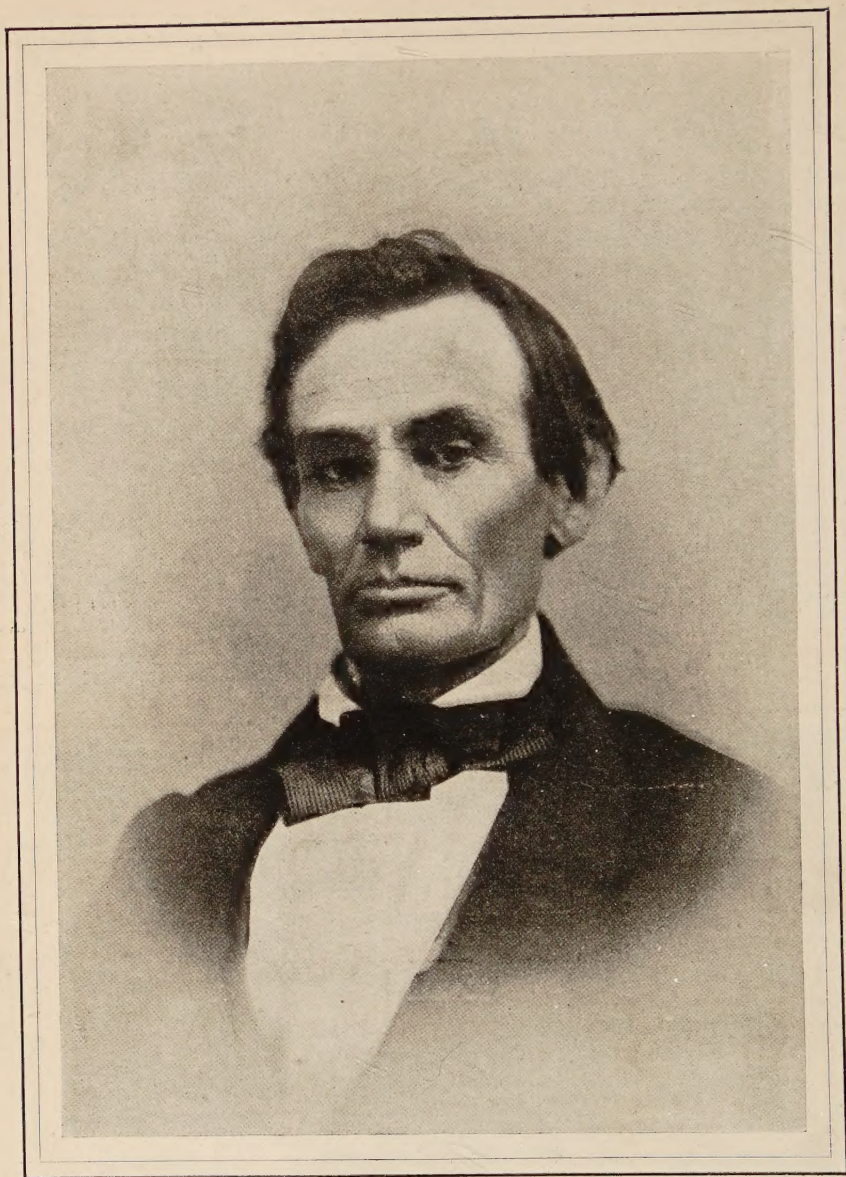


Amateur photograph by Allen Ayrault Green

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION, KNOX COLLEGE, GALESBURG, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 7, 1896

The Hon. Robert T. Lincoln speaking; at his right President Finley, chairman of the day; Colonel Clark E. Carr to his right, on the other side of the reading-desk. On this occasion a tablet commemorative of the debate was erected on the other and more public side of the building and was unveiled by Miss Ellen Boyden Finley, daughter of the chairman.





Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From an ambrotype made a few days after the debate at Galesburg, Illinois, October 7, 1858.

never be elected President of the United States.

It was therefore with a foreboding of disaster that the Republican leaders accompanied their candidate to the Brewster House, in the vicinity of which an immense crowd had already assembled. The site chosen for the debate was a large plot of vacant land a little to the north of the hotel, and there a platform similar to that

which had served at Ottawa had been erected; but although an attempt was made to mitigate the crude effect of the rough pine boards by draping the stand with flags, the general surroundings were decidedly less picturesque than those of the first debate. No seats of any sort had been provided, and yet a throng even greater than that at Ottawa gathered long before the appointed time, prepared to



stand during the whole of the three-hour struggle. Douglas arrived on the scene shortly before three o'clock, in the same coach and four which had been placed at his disposal earlier in the day, and his appearance was evidently designed to impress and awe the country folk. Certainly he received a rousing welcome; but the cheers had scarcely ceased before the crowd burst into a shout of laughter, for just at that moment an old-fashioned Conestoga wagon, drawn by six draft-horses, lumbered into view, and on one of the high seats of this clumsy conveyance sat Lincoln, accompanied by half a dozen farmers in their working clothes. The rear nigh horse was guided by a rider with a single rein, and the harness of the rest of the team consisted of old-fashioned wide straps and chain traces. In fact, the burlesque on Douglas's ceremonial coach had been made as complete as possible, and the good-natured roar which greeted it demonstrated its effect.

The Hon. Thomas J. Turner, Republican Moderator, promptly called the meeting to order, and it was a friendly audience to which he introduced his candidate; for Freeport was almost on the northern border of Illinois, where anti-slavery sentiment prevailed even more strongly than at Ottawa. But in this part of the State Lincoln was almost a stranger, and his uncouth appearance and slouchy bearing were not offset by any direct knowledge of his professional attainments. On this occasion, however, he speedily dispelled all doubts of his ability by advancing boldly to the attack. Reminding his auditors that Douglas had seen fit to cross-examine him at their last meeting, he announced that he was prepared to answer the seven questions which had been put to him provided his adversary would reply to questions from him not exceeding the same number. "I give him an opportunity to respond," he announced, and, turning to Douglas, paused for his reply.

In an instant the vast audience was hushed. Even the fakirs and vendors at the outskirts of the crowd ceased plying their trades and strove to catch a glimpse of the platform. It was a dramatic moment, and an unequalled opportunity for

Douglas; but he merely shook his head and smiled. "The judge remains silent," continued Lincoln. "I now say that I will answer his interrogatories whether he answers mine or not."

No more effective challenge was ever uttered, and the audience, quick to recognize its courage and fairness, responded in a fashion that must have disconcerted and nettled Lincoln's cautious adversary. Certainly Douglas was in no amiable mood when he rose to make reply, and the interruptions of the audience speedily worked him into a passion. Again and again he assailed his hearers as "Black Republicans," characterizing their questions as vulgar and blackguard interruptions, shaking his fist in their faces, and defying them as a mob.<sup>1</sup> More than once Mr. Turner, the Republican Moderator, was drawn into the fray by the speaker's aggressive tactics, and the whole meeting was occasionally on the verge of tumult. Lincoln's closing address, however, had a calming effect, and when his time expired, the audience quietly dispersed, to spread the news throughout the countryside that this unknown lawyer was actually outmanœvering his distinguished adversary and forcing him into the open, beyond reach of cover or possibility of retreat.

Nearly three weeks elapsed before the combatants renewed their struggle, and then the scene of battle was shifted to the extreme south of Illinois, a region known as "Egypt," controlled by the Democracy, but favoring Buchanan rather than Douglas. Here Lincoln had few friends, but there was a great chance for winning them, and he had determined to make the most of his opportunity by carefully preparing for the event.

Jonesboro,<sup>2</sup> the site selected for this contest, was then a little village of not more than twelve hundred inhabitants. It was situated nearly a mile and a half from the railroad station, which was known as Anna, and the station, said to be as large as the town, was reputedly opposed to it politically, the former being Republican and the latter Democratic. If the station deserved this reputation, however, it was certainly a unique distinction in southern Illinois, for in one of the counties in that

<sup>1</sup> New York "Tribune," September 1, 1858.

<sup>2</sup> The writer's authorities on this debate are A. S. Tibbets, Esq., Editor of the "Jonesboro Gazette,"

and Dr. D. R. Sanders of Anna, Illinois, and the New York "Evening Post" of September 18 and 20, 1858.



region, Frémont is said to have polled only two votes in 1856, and the anti-slavery movement had not made much headway in the interim. The whole character of the country was essentially different from the prairies of the center and north of the State, and a very much rougher state of civilization prevailed. Jonesboro's accommodations for visitors were confined to one hotel, the Union House, a large but somewhat primitive hostelry, and Mr. Villard's reminiscences are eloquent of the sufferings he endured during his sojourn in the town. The only newspaper was the "Jonesboro Gazette," but as all its files were destroyed during the war, no local account of the debate has been preserved. There is, however, evidence that both Douglas and Lincoln arrived on the scene the day before the debate (Wednesday, September 15, 1858); the latter coming from Edwardsville, and that both of them were entertained at the Union House during their stay.

About a quarter of a mile from the center of the town lay the fair grounds, and here the speakers' platform<sup>1</sup> had been erected, and some attempt made at providing the audience with seats. The accommodations, however, proved wholly inadequate, though not more than fifteen hundred persons attended, and most of them were obliged to stand during the whole afternoon. No processions or demonstrations of any kind preceded the meeting. Douglas drove to the fair grounds in a carriage, accompanied by a few admirers, and Lincoln walked there with a friend.

<sup>1</sup> Still standing, and kept in good repair.

<sup>2</sup> The writer's information is partially derived from Messrs. Joseph Edmond Curd and Major Daniel Sayer of

On the speakers' platform Lincoln was represented by an old friend, the Rev. David L. Phillips, who afterward became postmaster of Springfield and editor of the "State Journal"; but it is doubtful if the Republican candidate was personally known to half a dozen men in the audience, which regarded his party's doctrines with anything but favor. Indeed, Douglas had taunted his adversary with be-

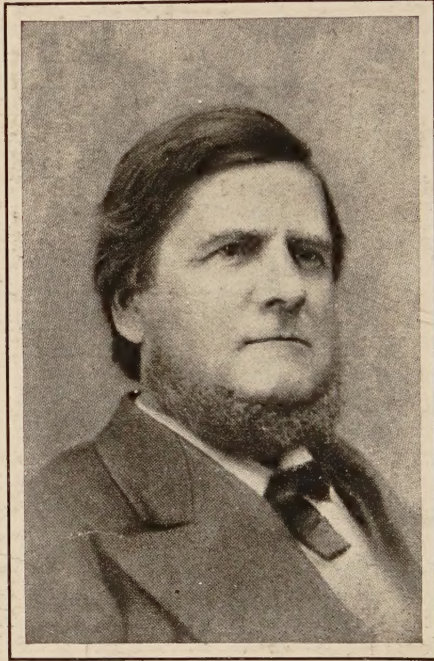
ing afraid to appear in southern Illinois, and prophesied a sorry experience for him when he was "trotted down to Egypt." This was mere pleasantry, of course, for at the first indication of hostility toward the Republican candidate, his adversary instantly silenced it with a sharp reproof, and the meeting passed off quietly. But Douglas was not in good form during the contest, his speech being poorly delivered, as though he were indifferent as to the effect he produced, while Lincoln, who had come to persuade, devoted his best powers to that end. Even the jeer of being afraid to visit this hotbed of Democracy he turned to his advantage.

"Why, I know this people better than Judge Douglas does!" he exclaimed. "I was raised just a little east of here. I am a part of this people."

Certainly a part of that people was Lincoln's at the close of that autumn day. He had given them food for reflection. He was making the whole country think

ONLY three days intervened before the rivals met again, and this time they appeared at Charleston,<sup>2</sup> in Coles County, on Saturday, September 18, 1858. A

Charleston, eye-witnesses of the event; Mr. S. E. Thomas of the same city, and the New York "Evening Post" of September 25, 1858.



THE HON. THOMAS G. FROST, WHO WELCOMED MR. LINCOLN UPON BEHALF OF THE CITIZENS OF GALESBURG UPON HIS ARRIVAL AT THE SANDERSON HOME



light, the morning ushered in the day, the little town was soon astir with preparations for the great event. Coles lay just outside the Eighth Judicial Circuit, and in that region Lincoln

trip to Charleston, followed by the whole population of Mattoon in wagons. About a mile from his destination he was met by fifty horsemen, who drew up on each side of the road to allow his carriage to pass

between their ranks, and then, falling in behind it, escorted him to the town, where he became the guest of Mr. Thomas A. Marshall, who had accepted a nomination for the State senate at his urgent request. Douglas arrived at Mattoon on a special train decorated with flags and banners and popularly supposed to have been supplied by the Illinois Central Railroad in recognition of the states-



OLD QUINCY  
HOUSE

From a drawing made in 1883. Erected 1838, 1883. One of the and most widely hotels in the Middle's day. Lincoln and Douglas were both guests at one of their Quincy

I not lack support. Charleston itself was on the line of the Illinois Central, the nearest that road Mattoon, fully five miles to the and at this station Lincoln arrived just before the site after an exhausting journey in "saloon car,"

which not too luxurious accommodation H. C. Whitney had, with great difficulty secured for him. Here he was welcomed by Mr. James Cunningham and two other friends, and the next morning started with them on the long



FIFTH STREET, QUINCY, ILLINOIS, LOOKING NORTH FROM MAIN STREET IN 1858. WASHINGTON PARK ON THE LEFT

The cross shows where it is generally conceded that the debaters' stand stood. This point is disputed, but a majority of those living who were present at the debate agree that the stand was in the eastern half of the square, about opposite the court-house.

man's past services to the road<sup>1</sup> and the corporation's "lively sense of favors to come." The probability is, however, that Douglas was charged a good round sum for all his privileges, and his retinue of enthusiastic admirers did not serve to di-

<sup>1</sup> Douglas had been instrumental in obtaining the company's charter.



minish the lavish expenditure which was already depleting his not excessive fortune.<sup>1</sup>

No organized procession accompanied either candidate on his way to the fair grounds, where they were to speak, but their respective partizans followed them in large numbers, and as the Republicans moved through Jefferson Street, they passed under a huge banner, the work of a local sign-painter, depicting three or four yoke of oxen attached to an ancient Virginian wagon and driven by Lincoln, gad in hand. This work of art, which bore the legend, "Abe thirty years ago," was a source of much amusement to the supposed original, as was another placard which announced "Edgar County for the Tall Sucker!" Indeed, flags, banners, and placards were to be seen on every side, for the Republicans were beginning to realize the necessity of doing something to meet the electioneering devices upon which Douglas and his party were expending vast sums throughout the State. With this idea they had prepared a double-deck float, decorated with bunting, wreaths, and flowers, and bearing young girls dressed in white and wearing blue velvet caps ornamented with a silver star to represent the several States of the Union, while another young woman, clothed in black and seated apart, personified Kansas. The Democrats, however, were not to be outdone, and the float which they displayed was even more elaborate, and sixty-two symbolic equestrians, half of whom were women, acted as a guard of honor for Douglas when he approached the town.

A large number of benches had been prepared for the audience, but the crowd which surged into the fair grounds as early as one o'clock numbered fully five thousand and far exceeded the accommodations, and again most of the auditors stood while Lincoln and Douglas closed with each other for the fourth time. Not all of those who listened with rapt attention to the earnest speakers, however, were directly concerned in the contest, for the

whole country was beginning to take an interest in it, and a large delegation of men, women, and children had arrived during the morning from Indiana, in farm-wagons, carriages, and on horseback, and the number of women in attendance was specially noticeable. Indeed, the pilgrimage of all the countryside to this inaccessible town, miles away from a railroad, was one of the most significant features of this remarkable campaign, and one of those who was present comments upon the "hot, feverish flush" which characterized the interest of audience.

Lincoln had the opening speech, and again he lost no time in advancing his attack. In fact, Douglas was now clearly on the defensive, and in this position he was plainly ill at ease.<sup>2</sup> For once his air of confidence and superiority completely disappeared, and his supporters were sorely disappointed at his showing. Truly it began to seem as though it were a case of "Night or Blücher" to him, and the end was still fully an hour away.

Election day was almost in sight, and the campaign was at its height, before the rivals met again. Meanwhile the Republicans had been gaining confidence and courage, forcing their opponents to fight as they had not fought for years, and both sides strained every nerve to make the joint meeting at Galesburg, scheduled for Thursday, October 7, a memorable one. Galesburg itself began preparing for the fray weeks in advance, for accounts of the other meetings showed that a special effort would have to be made to meet the reception accorded by less important centers, and the citizens rose to the occasion.

The county seat of Knox County, a town of some five thousand inhabitants, boasted a public square, but the intense interest of the whole community for a radius of fifty miles or more indicated far greater gathering than had attended any of the preceding debates, and it was therefore determined to hold the meeting

<sup>1</sup> The campaign is said to have cost him \$50,000. Lincoln's expenses were less than \$1000.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Isaac N. Arnold states that Douglas paced nervously up and down the platform, watch in hand, while Lincoln was speaking, and the moment his hour expired Douglas exclaimed, with great irritation: "Sit down Lin-

coln! Your time is up. Sit down!" As neither Mr. White nor any of the other reporters confirmed this, however, and as it is not probable that a shrewd politician like Douglas would make such an exhibition of himself, the chances are that no such incident occurred.



on the campus of Knox College.<sup>1</sup> A more fortunate selection of a site could scarcely have been made, for the college grounds extended over sixty acres, well carpeted with grass and shaded by trees, and the main college building, against which the platform was erected, supplied the speakers with a sounding-board. Here for the first time there was a studied attempt to make the surroundings attractive, for the platform was tastefully decorated with flags and adorned with branches of ever-

spent the night with every prospect that the weather would seriously interfere with what promised to be the most notable meeting of the whole campaign. Even the next morning a keen, chilling wind was blowing and the roads were almost impassable with mud; but the rain had ceased, and from every point of the compass streams of people began pouring into the town, overwhelming the Bonney House, where Douglas was stopping, and literally taking possession of the town.



METEORITE PLACED IN WASHINGTON PARK, QUINCY, ILLINOIS,  
BY THE QUINCY HISTORICAL SOCIETY TO COMMEM-  
ORATE THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE

green, and an effort was made to provide at least sufficient seats for the ladies. In fact, the committee of arrangements apparently provided for every detail save one, but that seemed rather a serious omission in view of the drenching rain which fell on the eve of the contest, for there was no shelter for the speakers or platform guests.

Lincoln arrived in Knoxville from Peoria on the evening of October 6, in the midst of a violent storm, and there he

With the vanguard came bands and uniformed paraders, peddlers, political floats, and banners, straw-riding parties of girls and boys, farmers, farm-hands, local dignitaries,—all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children,—a laughing, good-natured, even hilariously boisterous crowd, bent upon enjoying itself and determined to make the most of its holiday.

Lincoln started from Knoxville early in the day, but not too soon for the enthusi-

<sup>1</sup>Through the courtesy of Ray M. Arnold, Esq., of Galesburg, the writer has had the benefit of the recollections of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Arnold, who were present at the debate. The other authorities are Colonel Clark E. Carr and the Galesburg "Republican Register." A notable celebration of the thirty-eighth anniversary of the

Galesburg debate was held in 1896 under the auspices of President John H. Finley and a memorial tablet erected on the wall of the college building in front of which the platform was erected. At another and later celebration of the same event President McKinley and almost all the members of his cabinet were present.



asts, for behind his carriage trailed a procession nearly a mile and a half long, and near Galesburg he was met by another parade headed by a cavalcade of a hundred men and women, who accompanied him to the corner of Broad and Simmons streets, where he became the guest of the Hon. Henry R. Sanderson, whose house had been selected as the Republican

whose electioneering devices had at first encountered no competition, were now hard pressed to match their rivals, and their banners acclaiming "Douglas the Little Giant" and "The Constitution as it is" were met by others celebrating "Abe the Giant-Killer" and "The Constitution as it ought to be," while similar placards and mottos challenged and answered each other on every side as the rival organizations moved past each other, winding through the streets with defiant shouts and jeers, but no clash save that of the bands.

All this time more and more people were pouring into the town, and by half-past two fully fifteen thousand persons were massed on the college campus. Again, as at Ottawa, a line of farm-wagons fringed the outskirts of the crowd; but this time every available tree and roof-top was occupied as well as the space before the platform. There was



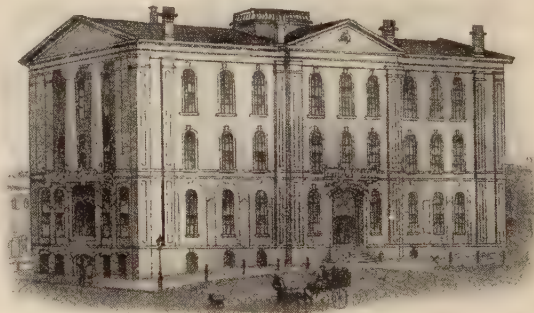
LINCOLN HOTEL, FORMERLY FRANKLIN HOUSE, WHERE LINCOLN STOPPED AT THE TIME OF THE DEBATE AT ALTON, ILLINOIS

headquarters. Meanwhile Douglas was holding an impromptu reception at the Bonney House, and after the presentation of a banner and some informal speaking, both parties began marshaling their forces for parades.<sup>1</sup>

Thus far there had been little or no effort at any of the joint debates to organize the processions upon military lines or to make any great display of flags or banners. But now the Republicans had formed marching clubs all over the State, generally known as the "Wide-awakes," uniformed with a distinctive cap and cape, and these companies were the feature of the day at Galesburg. The Democrats,

no doubt to which candidate the college students adhered, for across the east side of the main building, and directly behind the speakers, they had swung an immense banner announcing "Know College for Lincoln," and it was under this defiant motto that Douglas began the fifth debate.

Neither speaker any longer cared for



CITY HALL, ALTON, ILLINOIS, AT THE EAST SIDE OF WHICH THE DEBATE TOOK PLACE

<sup>1</sup> Hon. James Knox was chairman of the day; John T. Barnett was the Democratic marshal; Hon. Thomas G. Frost delivered a speech of welcome to Lincoln; Judge G. C. Lanphere entertained Douglas



applause. Every moment had become precious for attack or defense, and Douglas protested that he desired to be heard rather than cheered. There was now no flippancy or arrogance about the man. He was in deadly earnest, and when aroused, there was no more formidable antagonist in the United States than he. But Douglas was already beginning to devote no little part of his attention to the Buchanan administration, with which he was at war, and this evidence of dissension in the Democratic ranks was not displeasing to Lincoln, who followed up every admission, and never allowed his opponent to recover an inch of ground. Indeed, Lincoln had for some time past realized that he was speaking to a far wider audience than the thousands who strained to hear his voice, and with a clear vision of the final result he answered Douglas with such calmness and confidence that for the first time during the debate he ceased speaking before his time expired.

There was no mistaking the temper of the audience when Douglas made his closing speech. When he charged that Lincoln included the negro in that part of the Declaration which asserts that all men are created equal, the crowd shouted, "We believe it!" When he quoted Lincoln's statement that slavery was a crime, they answered "He 's right!" When he asserted that Lovejoy stood pledged against any more slave States, the response was "Right! So do we!" And when he arraigned his adversary on the same charge, his hearers cheered for Lincoln.

In the absence of an authoritative decision, neither candidate can be said to have been the victor at any of the debates, but all the external evidence is that at Galesburg Lincoln carried the day.

In 1858, Quincy,<sup>1</sup> the terminus of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, was a town of about fourteen thousand inhabitants, and its transportation facilities, both by land and water, made it one of the most important business centers of Illinois. Here it was to be expected that the rival candidates would meet with a

great reception, and the local newspapers published full details of the preparations of both parties in honor of their visit. The Republicans were first in the field, and completed their arrangements by the 11th of October, but the Democrats were only a day behind them, and their program was perhaps the more elaborate.

The debate occurred on Wednesday, October 13, 1858. Lincoln arrived by rail on the evening of the 12th in the company of Carl Schurz, who had accidentally met him on the train, and a reception committee bundled him into a carriage despite his protest that he would rather "foot it to Browning's," meaning O. H. Browning's house, where he was to pass the night. No formal reception was, however, forced upon him, and he was soon left to his own devices at the home of his old friend. Douglas was less fortunate, for he was met at the station by a torchlight procession over half a mile long and escorted with music and cheers to the Democratic headquarters at the Quincy House. Then followed a noisy night, during which the local and visiting political clubs fraternized, celebrated, and planned for the great to-morrow.

Early in the morning the visitors from the outlying districts began to flock into the town, among them a large delegation from Missouri, and by noon it seemed as though the attendance would surpass that at Galesburg. Meanwhile the marching clubs and political organizations were marshaling their forces for the customary parade, and with bands, banners, and symbolical floats, the Democrats passed in front of the Quincy House, where Judge Douglas reviewed them, and he was then escorted to the court-house square, where he made a short address. The Republican procession was perhaps a trifle less imposing, but it marched enthusiastically through the principal streets, headed by a man carrying a long pole on the top of which perched a live raccoon,<sup>2</sup> the emblem of the Old Whig party. A company of singers serenaded Lincoln, and the paraders finally halted near the speakers' platform at the southeast corner of the square,

<sup>1</sup> The details of this debate are derived from investigations made for the writer by Miss Louise Maertz, Recording Secretary of The Historical Society of Quincy, Illinois; the files of the Quincy "Daily Whig and Republican," the Quincy "Daily Herald" for October,

1858; the reminiscences of Carl Schurz, and the New York "Evening Post" for October 20, 1858.

<sup>2</sup> The Democrats met this studied compliment to the moribund Whigs by significantly bearing aloft a *dead* raccoon, tied by the tail.



diagonally opposite the court-house. Here a dense mass of spectators was assembled, and such was the crush that the benches provided by a public-spirited citizen for the accommodation of the ladies were overturned and broken, causing a momentary panic. No one was seriously injured, however, and shortly before three the rival candidates found themselves facing a crowd which was variously estimated at from eight to fourteen thousand.

Lincoln opened the debate, and again the first impression made upon the audience was distinctly unfavorable. The splendid carrying quality of his voice, however, enabled him to reach the very outskirts of the crowd and he soon riveted its attention, while Douglas writhed and scowled under his relentless attack. Indeed, Douglas's nerves were fast giving way under the tremendous strain of the campaign; his face had grown puffy, his voice had become so husky that what he said was audible only to those close to the platform, and his whole appearance had decidedly changed for the worse during the last two months. But his courage did not falter, and he returned his adversary's thrusts with almost ferocious zeal, hoarsely denouncing and defying him with all the power of a skilled forensic gladiator, hard pressed and fighting desperately against time. Lincoln fully realized his advantage, and he drove it home when his turn came to close. Yet every word he uttered was addressed to a far wider audience than that in his immediate presence. His aim was to make the people think, and all his personal interest in the campaign was subservient to this end. To quote his own words, the running fight with Douglas had become "the successive acts of a drama enacted not merely in the face of audiences like these, but in the face of the nation and to some extent in the face of the world."<sup>1</sup>

The contest upon which Douglas had so light-heartedly entered had now lasted almost four months, and during this time he and Lincoln had each made nearly a hundred speeches and traveled hundreds upon hundreds of miles. The six joint

debates had carried them from the extreme north to the extreme south of the State, across it from the middle east to the western boundary, and twice into the northern center. Now there remained only one more meeting, scheduled for Alton, in Madison County, for Friday, October 15, only two days after the struggle at Quincy, and it must have been with a feeling of relief that the two men found themselves quietly sailing down the Mississippi together on the steamer *City of Louisiana* on the eve of their final combat.<sup>2</sup>

Alton was not awake when the visitors reached it at daybreak of the fifteenth, and slipping into the little town, they repaired to the Alton House, which had been selected as the Democratic headquarters. After breakfast, Mr. Lincoln retired to the Franklin House,<sup>3</sup> where he held a reception to visiting delegates later in the day; but no processions or displays of any sort were attempted, except a parade of the Springfield Cadets, a local military organization, accompanied by the Edwardsville band. Indeed, the citizens of Alton were apparently opposed to partizan demonstrations, for it was agreed by representatives of both parties to exclude all banners, emblems, mottos, and campaign devices from the speakers' platform. It may be, however, that it was the multiplicity of these electioneering properties that induced this action on the part of the managers, for there were more banners with strange devices in evidence on this occasion than at any of the previous meetings. "Squat Row," a group of local habitations, proclaimed that it was "For Old Abe and Free Labor," but another placard surpassed this modest announcement by bursting into rhyme with

Free territories and free men,  
Free pulpits and preachers,  
Free press and free pen,  
Free schools and free teachers.

Across one street stretched a banner reading "Illinois born under the Ordinance of 1787. She will maintain its provisions," while others bore such inscrip-

<sup>1</sup> Works (Nicolay and Hay), Vol. I, p. 461.

<sup>2</sup> The writer's authorities on this debate are W. T. Norton, Esq., of Alton, who witnessed the event; Mr. H. G. McPike, the surviving member of the platform committee at the debate; the files of the Alton "Courier"

for October, 1858, and the New York "Evening Post" for October 20, 1858.

<sup>3</sup> This hotel has since been named the Lincoln House in honor of the event.



tions as "Add Madison for Lincoln," "Too late for the milking," "Lincoln not yet trotted out," and other more or less local allusions. Indeed, Alton virtually held a Feast of Banners on that clear Indian summer afternoon when Lincoln and Douglas closed with each other for the seventh and last time.

The speakers addressed the assemblage from a platform erected at the northeast corner of the City Hall, and here a few thousand persons had gathered,<sup>1</sup> many of whom had journeyed from St. Louis on the steamers *Baltimore* and *White Cloud*, which had arrived during the day. On the platform itself sat no fewer than four future aspirants for the Presidency—Lincoln, Douglas, Lyman Trumbull,<sup>2</sup> and Major-General John M. Palmer, and near them were grouped Norman B. Judd, Henry S. Baker, and Dr. George T. Allen, whose opposition to Lincoln when Trumbull and he were candidates for the Senate probably saved him to the nation. Ex-Governor John Reynolds, Lieutenant-Governor Koerner, and many other notables and local officials were also present at this closing scene of the seven-days' battle, and the representatives of at least six important newspapers reported the proceedings in detail.

Douglas had the opening and closing word, and for the first time during the contest he indulged in no personalities, but devoted himself to argument, inveighing only against the Buchanan administration, which he bitterly attacked, to the delight of his Republican auditors. Indeed, when Lincoln rose to reply, informally heralded by an enthusiastic Democrat, who defiantly shouted, "Now let old Long Legs come out!" he "came

out" with such humorous references to the Democratic feud that the audience, largely composed of Douglas men, was plainly disconcerted, and not a little dismayed. It was only for a moment, however, that Lincoln permitted himself to be diverted from serious discussion of the issues. He had before him a large body of Democratic voters, and to them he addressed himself with unanswerable logic and great tact.

Douglas presented a really pitiable appearance, for he was utterly worn out and evidently at the point of collapse. His voice, which had been in poor condition at Quincy, was now almost gone, and, to quote one of his hearers, "every tone came forth enveloped in an echo. You heard the voice, but caught no meaning." Notwithstanding this, he struggled bravely to hold the attention of his auditors, and his closing words were an appeal for his favorite "Popular Sovereignty" theory, which Lincoln had stripped of its sophistical veneer until, as he said, it had as little substance as the soup which was made by boiling the shadow of a pigeon that had been starved to death.

Thus ended the momentous contest which resulted in an unprecedented Republican vote and a clear popular majority for Lincoln; the election of Douglas to the Senate by the Legislature, where the votes of his adherents, based on an obsolete census, gave them the control; the nomination of Lincoln for the Presidency, and the disruption of the Democratic party. Nor was this all, for as one of the keenest students of our political history has written, "The debate was not a mere episode in American politics. It marked an era."

<sup>1</sup> There is no definite authority as to the number present. The meeting was, however, smaller than any of the others, with the exception of that at Jonesboro.

<sup>2</sup> It has been stated that Senator Trumbull did not at-

tend any of the joint debates; but the Alton "Courier" records him as present on this occasion. Trumbull was an aspirant for nomination in the Liberal Convention of 1872; Major-General Palmer ran for the Gold Democrats in 1900.

NOTE.—The following editions of the debates have been published: First Debate, Lemuel Towers: Washington, 1858; All Debates, Follet, Foster & Co.: Columbus, Ohio, 1860; Burrows Bros. Co.: Cleveland, Ohio, 1894; O. S. Hubbell & Co.: Cleveland, Ohio, 1895; International Tract Society: Battle Creek, Michigan, 1895; Scott Foresman & Co.: Chicago, Illinois, 1900; Ottawa Debate, Old South Leaflets, no date; Maynard's Classic English Series with notes by E. C. Morris: New York, 1899; Henry Holt & Co.: New York, 1905, with notes by A. L. Bouton. The debates have appeared, besides, in various editions of Lincoln's works.



# ROMANTIC GERMANY: DANTZIC

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WITH PICTURES BY ALFRED SCHERRES

A BALTIC fog rolled in from the north as my train rolled in from the south, bringing an ideal hour for the first impressions of a city so full of Northern melancholy, a city so far from the beaten track and so romantic, as Dantzic. Down a street full of gargoyles and strange stone platforms there loomed through the mist a monstrous church, crowned with pinnacles and a huge, blunt tower.

A gate that seemed like the façade of an Italian palace pierced by a triumphal arch opened on a street of fascinating old gables, and beyond them rose a Rathaus with a most exquisite steeple. I passed between tall, slim palaces, through the arches of a water-gate, and came out by the river, to fill my lungs with a sudden draught of ozone and to realize that I was almost in the presence of the Baltic.

Toward the sea swept an unbroken line of romantic architecture, narrow, sharp-gabled houses intermingled with towered water-gates, and, last of all, the profile of the Krahn Thor, or Crane Gate, Dantzic's unique landmark, its stories projecting one beyond another. On the island formed by two arms of the Mottlau the black and white of half-timbered granaries started strongly out of the mist.

The river bristled with romantic shipping; and as I walked along the quay, I caught, between gables, the glow of the lights of the Langemarkt flushing the fog into a rosy cloud the center of which was the steeple of the Rathaus. It was as though beauty had been given an aureole.

I turned a corner, and wandered along the other shore of the island, past a deserted waterway and a strange, crumbling tower called the Milk-can Gate, then back again to the Green Bridge. The darkness had thickened so that one could

no longer distinguish the separate house-fronts, but all the lamps along the shore had their soft auras of mist, and the surface of the water was one delicate shimmer, with strong columns of light at regular intervals, among which the crimson lantern of a passing boat wrought amazing effects.

Where had I known such an evening before? As memory wandered idly about the harbor of Lübeck, the bridges of Nuremberg, the riversides of Würzburg and Breslau, I was flashed in a trice to the "Siren of sea-cities," that

floating film upon the wonder-fraught Ocean of dreams,

and it came to me with a glow of pleasure that this place had from of old been called "The Venice of the North."

This, then, was my introduction to Dantzic, and I never think of it without seeing streets full of high, narrow façades melting one into another, gently curving streets alive with rich reliefs, statues of blurred worthies, and inquisitive gargoyles, the blunt, mighty Church of St. Mary looming above them like a mountain. I can never see the name of Dantzic without beholding a dusky waterway lined with medieval structures and—strange juxtaposition—a jewel of Reformation art with its rosy aureole.

But it is delightful to remember how, on the following morning, the city drew aside her veil and stood revealed in that fresh depth of coloring found only near the misty seas of the North in such places as Lübeck and Amsterdam and Bruges.

Dantzic is as easy to compass as Dresden, for the most interesting and beautiful buildings have crowded themselves about



the Church of St. Mary as though attracted by a crag of lodestone. The ancient moat and the earthen wall must have had a concentrative as well as decorative effect, and one can imagine the lateral pressure bending the longest streets into their present graceful curves. A few years ago, alas! these fortifications were destroyed by the highly socialistic process of shoveling the mound into the moat, leaving the High Gate shorn of the walls into which it had been originally set as the principal entrance to Dantzic.

Seen from the Hay Market outside, where interesting peasant types swarm among wains of green and golden hay, the High Gate composes inevitably with its taller neighbors, the Torture Chamber and the Stock Tower, or prison. The High Gate is more like a triumphal arch than a city portal. With its four genially modeled gables, the Torture Chamber recalls the Inquisition, while the Stock Tower compromises between the religious aspiration of a Gothic church and the self-conscious dignity of a Renaissance town-hall. The only hint of its real function is supplied by a stone jailer with a ring of keys, who leers from a dormer window at the passer-by with a gesture of welcome. The narrow court below, through which prisoners were led to the rack and the red-hot pincers, is one of the most soothing nooks in Dantzic, with its bracketed arcades and harmonious gloom, its riot of old lumber, the myriad tiny roofs that start out from the tower, and its view, framed by three great arches, of the Langgasse.

I did not find the Langgasser Gate as charming as when its extravagance had been softened by the mist of the previous evening; but the Rathaus steeple was even more glorious in the full morning light, and, seen from three directions, finished the street vista superbly.

A Rathaus interior is not often inspiring, but here were carvings, mosaics, frescoes, and furniture of extraordinary beauty, proofs of the Renaissance relationship between North and South. And it was interesting to find in the White Chamber a modern historical fresco of Dantzic delegates presenting a painting of their city to the Venetians in 1601. If this old canvas should come to light to-day in some private Italian collection, it would

be a very fair portrayal of modern Dantzic. For in the room sacred to the burgo-master hangs a "Tribute Money," painted in 1601 with the Langemarkt in the background virtually as it appears to-day, a neat refutation of those pessimists who claim that romantic Germany has been "restored" to death. This room and the Red Chamber rise to the highest levels of the German Renaissance. Between them winds a unique spiral staircase of carved oak.

Separated from the Rathaus by a narrow street and two narrow gables is that most interesting building, the Artushof. This was built by the medieval Teutonic Order of Knights as a patrician clubhouse, in which the knights kept alive the traditions of King Arthur and his Round Table. It is good to remember how the Arthurian legends penetrated into these terrible lands, and how, when Poland and Brandenburg were fighting for the prize of fourteenth-century Dantzic, the knights came to her rescue, and kept her under their protection until she grew strong and beautiful.

To look at it, is to look back through the centuries to the two brightest periods of Dantzic's history. The three Gothic windows, fit for the clerestory of a cathedral, typify the monumental life of the Teutonic Order when it was building the Rathaus and the Stock Tower, the Crane Gate and the Church of St. Mary; while the portal and the gable tell of the proud adventurers who, under the protection of Poland, were leading spirits in the Hanseatic League, and, while well nigh the remotest of Germans from the scene of the Italian Renaissance, were yet among the most sensitive to its influence.

The hall itself would have befitted King Arthur and his knights. Four slender shafts branch out into rich vaulting, as though four huge palms had been petrified by the magic of Merlin. The art of the Artushof was intended rather to amuse than to edify, and the decorations seemed to me like so many glorified toys. Models of the ships of Hansa days hovered in full sail above my head. The hugest and greenest of Nuremberg stoves filled one corner, a piece of pure ornament which had never known the contaminating touch of fire. The paneled walls were filled with curious wooden

statues and huge paintings. I noticed a painted Diana about to transfix a stag, which started desperately from the wall in high relief. A buck with real hide and antlers listened superciliously to the lyre of a painted Orpheus. But the picture that pleased me most was called "The Ship of the Church." To my unnautical eye it seemed that the Madonna and two popes were traveling first cabin, a couple of military saints second, while humble old Christopher was thrust away into the steerage, and microscopic laymen were doing all the work.

The Artushof has relaxed its ancient rule against "talking shop." In fact, it has become the city exchange. Yet the old atmosphere of leisure and sociability still hangs about it. A notice states that ladies are not allowed on the floor during the *hour* of business. Having spent that hour in Merlin's hall, I am able to declare that if the brokers of New York would only pattern after their Dantzic colleagues, their lives would gain in mellowness what they might lose in brilliance. Grain seemed the sole commodity on the market. The round board of the old knights had given place to smaller tables filled with wooden bowls of grain. I watched the brokers chatting and dreaming away their little hour, sifting the kernels idly through their fingers in a delicious *dolce far niente*. Suddenly one group began to buzz with a note of American animation. "Now," thought I, "they are getting down to business." But as I drew near, I heard the most excited bidder saying something about "the ideality of the actual." I stood marveling, and wished that the author of "The Pit" had been spared to view that paradoxical scene with me.

During my sojourn on the banks of the Vistula I inhaled romance with every breath. For the lure of Dantzic is largely the lure of Gothic and Renaissance times; and what is worthier to succeed the spirit of medieval knighthood than the spirit of the age when Europe was born again?

An open portal invited me next door into the hall of a well-preserved patrician dwelling. It was a typical Renaissance interior. There was a frieze of the quaint biblical tiles made in Dantzic by refugees from Delft. The furniture, the brilliant brasses, the sculptured doors and ceiling,

and the stairway that wound to a gallery at the farther end, were blended in a harmony of refinement that would have cheapened most palace halls, tawdry by comparison.

I stepped out into the Langemarkt and gazed to my heart's content on the long lines of Renaissance palaces for which Dantzic is famous, the styles of North and South standing side by side in friendly rivalry, and testifying to the cosmopolitanism of this great time. In the evening mist along the water-side I had received—or thought I had received—vague impressions of Venice. Now, as I lingered in a day-dream inside the Green Gate, the city still gave forth a delicate aroma of Italy; but the scene was shifted. Perhaps the change was wrought by the suggestion of Lorenzo de Medici's sculptured head looking down from one of the house-fronts. At any rate, as I enjoyed the Langemarkt through half-closed eyes, the three great arches of Arthur's Court resolved themselves into the Loggia dei Lanzi; the solid, angular body of the Rathaus into the bulk of the Palazzo Vecchio; the fountain of Neptune expanded under my eyes; the same old flock of wheeling pigeons filled the air; and, at a vague glimpse of a blunt and mighty tower looming in the distance, I instinctively murmured the name of Giotto.

The Teutonic Order, its work being done, fell on evil days, became the "old order," and, jealous of the city's growing importance in the Hanseatic League, began to oppress it. Once again the old order yielded place to the new. Dantzic cast off the yoke of the knights, and became the ward of Poland. The people had long been under Dutch influence, and now their contact with the most light-hearted and luxurious of all Slavic races prepared them for the cosmopolitan time when their ships should bear to Venice the grain of the Northeast and bring home in return the glowing spirit of the Italian Renaissance.

Those were days when the wealth, the aristocracy, and the splendor of Dantzic were proverbial. The merchant assumed the garments and the manners of princes. In his Northern isolation he decreed his own styles, adopting the ruffs of Italy, the mantles of Spain, and the furs of Russia. A French traveler who happened upon



Dantzig in 1635 wrote in astonishment of the "ladies who walk about in their furs like doctors of the Sorbonne." And another complained, a few years later, that

Germany. Nuremberg built its houses with greater picturesqueness and variety; Dantzig, with greater durability, with more unity of style and grouping, and



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AND THE FISH MARKET. (WINTER EVENING)

"you'll not leave Dantzig with a whole skin if you don't address every sailor and small-sulphur-match-peddler as 'My Lord.'"

In preserving the spirit of the Renaissance, the city has done for north Germany what Nuremberg has done for south

later; and it has kept out modern discords more successfully.

The townsman ordered his dwelling in the same lordly spirit with which he ordered his clothes. Brick would do for his church, but stone was not too good for his house. And these rich façades are almost

as surprising in this stoneless country as façades of silver.

It is interesting to compare the Northern style with the Southern. The Italian tends to horizontal lines, graded orders of pilasters, simplicity, and nobility of proportion, a classical feeling for the structural. The Dutch tends to the vertical, is fond of lofty rooms, of sharply peaked gables, of brick walls sown full of picturesque, unstructural stone ornament. Legend says that the façade of the Steffen House near the Artushof was brought from Italy. It is, at any rate, one of the purest Italian palaces in Germany. And yet it does not quarrel with the Dutch houses near it. The rivalry is friendly, and lends a delightful vivacity to the street. It is amusing to see the coalition of North and South that resulted when both styles simultaneously laid hold of the same building, as at Langgasse 37, and in the English House.

Mottoes are the rule over the doors, and they are apt to be laconic, like "Als in Got" or "Gloria Deo Soli." That is the way the townsmen talk—laconically, earnestly, to the point. Latin is very popular, and the city's motto, "Nec temere nec timide" is everywhere. At Toepfer Gasse 23 are these lines:

Hospes pulsanti tibi se mea janua pandet  
Tu tua pulsanti Pectora pande Deo.

(Guest, to you when you knock this my portal will open:

Do you open your heart wide to the summons of God.)

And directly opposite the tower of the Church of St. Mary a pious chisel of 1558 had cut this into the wall:

Wir bauen hier grosse Häuser und feste,  
Und sind doch fremde Gaeste;  
Und wo wir ewig sollen sein,  
Da bauen gar wenig ein.

(We build our houses great and strong  
And yet are aliens in them;  
But where we shall be guests for aye  
Few build their homes—in heaven.)

Dantzic is rich to-day because as a Polish city it suffered little from the Thirty Years' War, and because it was wise enough to build its houses of fireproof materials. But fireproof materials are not

intimate, friendly things, and in few other places do the houses seem so aristocratic and aloof as here. Tall, narrow, richly sculptured, they shoot upward as though despising the democracy of the pavement.

But even as the dwellings of exclusive Augsburg are frescoed into friendliness, here they are saved from utter misanthropy by an architectural feature that is absolutely unique. For, in certain dreamy streets about the Church of St. Mary are the remnants of Dantzic's famous *Beischläge*, stone porches as wide as the house and extending far out upon the pavement, to the confusion of modern traffic and to the joy of seekers after the picturesque. The steps are flanked with carved posts or with huge balls of Swedish granite. The balustrades are arabesques of iron, or slabs of stone decorated, like Roman sarcophagi, with mythological reliefs or with scenes from the Old Testament as naïve as Delft tiles. Genial gargoyles still grin from the partition ends in memory of good old times when every townsman lounged on his own *Beischlag*, or his neighbor's, in the cool of the day, receiving his tea and his friends. In the Jopengasse the effect of these platforms of irregular height and width is inimitably genial, and the Frauengasse, where they stretch in unbroken lines, undisturbed by the practical modern world, is a little idyl that would be quite impossible to duplicate. The Frauengasse is, no doubt, an absolute novelty to the porchless European, but the American is reminded of old Philadelphia, and how a touch of art might have transfigured the poor little front "stoop" at home.

In laying out their city, the people developed a truly Latin feeling for composition, and one is constantly delighted with Florentine effects of vista. They thought of their streets as narratives the beginning of which must be interesting, the end, thrilling. Thus the Langgasse begins with a Gothic prison and an elaborate portal, and curves gently about, to end with a tower that is like "the sound of a great Amen." Likewise the Langemarkt runs from the rhythmic gables and arches of the Green Gate to the Rathaus; and the picturesque battlements of St. Peter's sends the Poggenpfuhl toward the same noble cadence. Even that narrow way known as the Katergasse lies between St. Peter's and the triple gables of Holy





Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE STOCK TOWER

Trinity, while the Frauengasse leads from a water-gate to the choir of the Church of St. Mary, with its high windows, its pinnacles, and its crenelated gables. But the finest street vista is the view down the Jopengasse.

At the head of the street lies the arsenal, rioting in all the happy excesses of the later Flemish Renaissance. On each side stretch the narrow, aristocratic houses, with their *Beischläge*; and from among the gables at the end of the street rises the huge, plain façade and tower of the Church of St. Mary. I can never look at that pile, half fortress, half house of God, without imagining the nave full of worshippers ponderously chanting Luther's tremendous hymn, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott." It is the most German thing in Dantzic. It is even one of the most German things in Germany. For the brick Gothic of the Baltic and of Silesia was evolved so independently of foreign influence that it expresses the national spirit better than any other architecture.

The Church of St. Mary is the largest of all Protestant churches, equaling Notre Dame of Paris in area. And it reflects the character of its builders quite as vividly as does the cathedral of Paris. Its castle-like walls bespeak the military instincts of the North-German. The huge, plain body and blunt tower symbolize the downrightness, the sturdiness, the honest largeness of a nature whose lack of polish verges on the coarse. The fine proportions tell of his poise.

Certain traits in this church are specially characteristic of the land of the Teutonic Order, such as a square choir, aisles level with the nave, and star vaulting that reminds one of the Artushof and the Marienburg.

Here as everywhere the Baltic architects were little concerned to ornament the interiors of their churches. They left that to the painter, the wood sculptor, the bronze founder, and the artist in wrought-iron. War has been kind to St. Mary's, so that it remains a veritable treasure-house of ecclesiastical furniture. And a dramatic touch is given by one of Napoleon's cannon-balls, which for a century has projected from the vaulting—a single, sinister eye looking down on the multitude of beautiful and fragile things below.

The world is indebted to the cool, un-

fanatical Dantzciers for saving these relics of popery from the destructive storms of the Reformation, and one recalls that Schopenhauer was born almost within the shadow of the old walls and must have had some of his earliest impressions of the beautiful from the paintings and sculptures there.

In no other German church have I found a more engaging group of altarpieces. An added charm comes with the feeling that the spectacles of the art professor have been so busy gleaming elsewhere that they have left important things undiscovered here. A special dispensation allowed me to enter the Blind Chapel. The pavement was broken, and the guide warned me at every moment not to break through into the graves below. The chapel was well named. It has no windows; but in the dim light I made out on the wings of an altar two paintings of great beauty, at the same time sweet and virile, as though Stephan Lochner and Memling had been fused. The guide murmured vaguely of the school of Kalkar, which I could readily associate with the other four panels. But only a great master could have created that "St. John" and that "St. Helena." Whose hand had done them? For a moment I prayed to be a German art professor, with spectacles potent enough, erudition enough, to solve that enticing problem.

The next moment that prayer had a perverse answer; for in the chapel of the Rheinhold Fraternity another problem altar came to light. "All Flemish," said the guide. And in the tender, delicious humor and sympathy of the wooden reliefs from the life of the Virgin I could feel the hand of Van Waveren. But whenever I gazed at the saints of the outer panels, the thought of Albrecht Dürer persisted. For a layman few things are more futile or more exciting than such speculations. But I am sure that these neglected masterpieces will come into their own when travelers begin to realize that they must not miss Dantzic.

The church teems with other interesting altars, and the chief of them is also the chief work of art in the city.

Hans Memling's "Last Judgment" is well known in reproduction, but speech is like an under-exposed negative when it tries to give the contrast of the Lord's



dull, scarlet robe with the liquid bronze armor of Michael, who is weighing the sons of men in a pair of scales. Is it a subtle interpretation of Teutonic physical ideals that the short of weight are cast into the flaming pit, while their corpulent brothers are started toward heaven's late-Gothic portal? At any rate, I found Low Country humor in the courtesies of the blessed to that high official St. Peter, their

that he might not make another for the rival city of Lübeck. In a chapel pavement I came upon another myth. Here a child was buried that struck its mother, and died soon after; and the five small holes that I saw in the stone floor were made by the little dead fingers reaching up from the grave for forgiveness. These are good specimens of the gruesomeness of Baltic legends. But the guide told a



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

#### THE FISH MARKET

evident reluctance to pose thus in "the altogether," and their eagerness to slip into their heavenly robes. This altar was painted in Bruges for a representative of the Medici, and was destined for a Florentine church. It had actually started for Italy in a Burgundian galley when it was captured by a cruiser of Dantzic and presented to St. Mary's. And there it stayed, despite the threats and wheedlings of Pope Sixtus IV.

The fabulous vies with the beautiful in the atmosphere of this old church. It is said that the maker of the mechanical clock was blinded by the burgomaster, so

gentler one in All Saints' Chapel, pointing out a stone that hung by a cord:

"Once upon a time a monk was hurrying home with a loaf of bread. 'Give me what is under your robe,' cried a beggar-woman. 'I starve.'

"'It is only a stone to throw at the dogs,' returned the monk. And, sure enough, when he came to look, the loaf had turned to stone. There it hangs."

Among Dantzic's other churches, I preferred St. Peter's, with its picturesque tower; and St. Catharine's, with its interesting pulpit and font and its noble west front. But the best thing about St. Cath-

arine's was a little stream called the Ra-daune, which ran under its walls. It made an island close at hand, filled with grass and flowers and a Gothic mill, put up five hundred years ago by the Teutonic

picture that would have seemed unreal in a city less romantic.

I spent a few moments with the wood-bined walls, the font-railing, and the perfect vaulting of St. John's, but after the



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE POGGENPFUHL WITH ST. PETER'S CHURCH AND THE RATHAUS TOWER

Order, still grinding, under its vast expanse of tiles, the sort of grain that brokers dream over in the Artushof. It seemed to me the most patriarchal of buildings, and the Napoleonic cannon-ball in its side added to its dignity. The brook, with its flowering island and hoary mill, made a

gloom of so many church-interiors, it was good to turn a while from the streets, the tall gables of which conspired to shut out the light.

I struck east through the ancient, double-bastioned Crane Gate, and came out suddenly into the sunshine and viva-



cious life of the water-front. I had forgotten for the time about Dantzic history, but a whistled melody floating up from the river brought it back with a rush. For I realized all at once that the tune was the theme of a Chopin polonaise, and that this picturesque scene had been for two centuries the port of Poland.

The Long Bridge was fascinating, even in the clarity of noon, with only a suspicion of shadow on it. Unlike other bridges, the Long Bridge runs conservatively along the river-bank, content to have its long melody of narrow, peaked gables rhythmically marked by the massive, recurrent chords of gate-towers. Unamphibious, it keeps the land without aspiring to the granaries on the other shore, which used to hold four million bushels of Polish and Silesian grain in the days before the tariff destroyed the river trade, and the siege of 1813 destroyed the most characteristic of the buildings. Their finest remaining example is the "Gray Goose," the noble proportions of which speak eloquently of the wealth and taste of former days. The granaries still bear their old names—Golden Pelican, Little Ship, Whale, Milkmaid, and Patriarch Jacob.

Although the old town will never regain the prestige of the time when it was one of the chief commercial centers of the medieval world, yet it does a thriving business to-day in Prussian beet-sugar, English coal, American oil, and Swedish iron. And it is still famous for its liqueurs, one of which inspired the student song "Krambambuli." The German navy was born in the shipyards at the mouth of the Mottlau; and of late beautiful old Dantzic has been threatening to become a factory town and send her sweetness and romance up in smoke. For she is already manufacturing steel, glass, chemicals, machines, and weapons, and has founded a polytechnic school.

It was good to dismiss such thoughts and step into a rude ferry-boat that showed no symptoms of twentieth-century progress. I paid a single pfennig to a boy, who fished a chain from the water, hitched himself to it, and walked me across to the Bleihof, where waterways lured in four different directions. I grew fond of that ferry, its ragged official, its rough, simple passengers, and fell into

the regular habit of being walked to the Bleihof at dusk to watch through a maze of masts and ropes the color fading from the western sky. The belfry of St. John's would darken into one of Rothenburg's matchless wall-towers. One by one the lights of the opposite shore would throw wavering yellow paths across to me, and lure me back.

A little below the Crane Gate squats an old, round tower called the "Swan," which wears a sharp-peaked dunce-cap of red tiles. It is a pathetic reminder of the Teutonic Order's final attempt to keep Dantzic German; for when the citizens seized the Crane Gate and fortified it against them, the knights began this round tower near their castle, saying:

Bauen sie den Krahn,  
So bauen wir den Schwan.

(And if they build the Crane  
Why, we shall build the Swan.)

The castle vanished with the order, and the Swan to-day is smothered breast-high in small houses, the smallest of which testifies to the calling of its tarry guests by the sign "*Stadt London*."

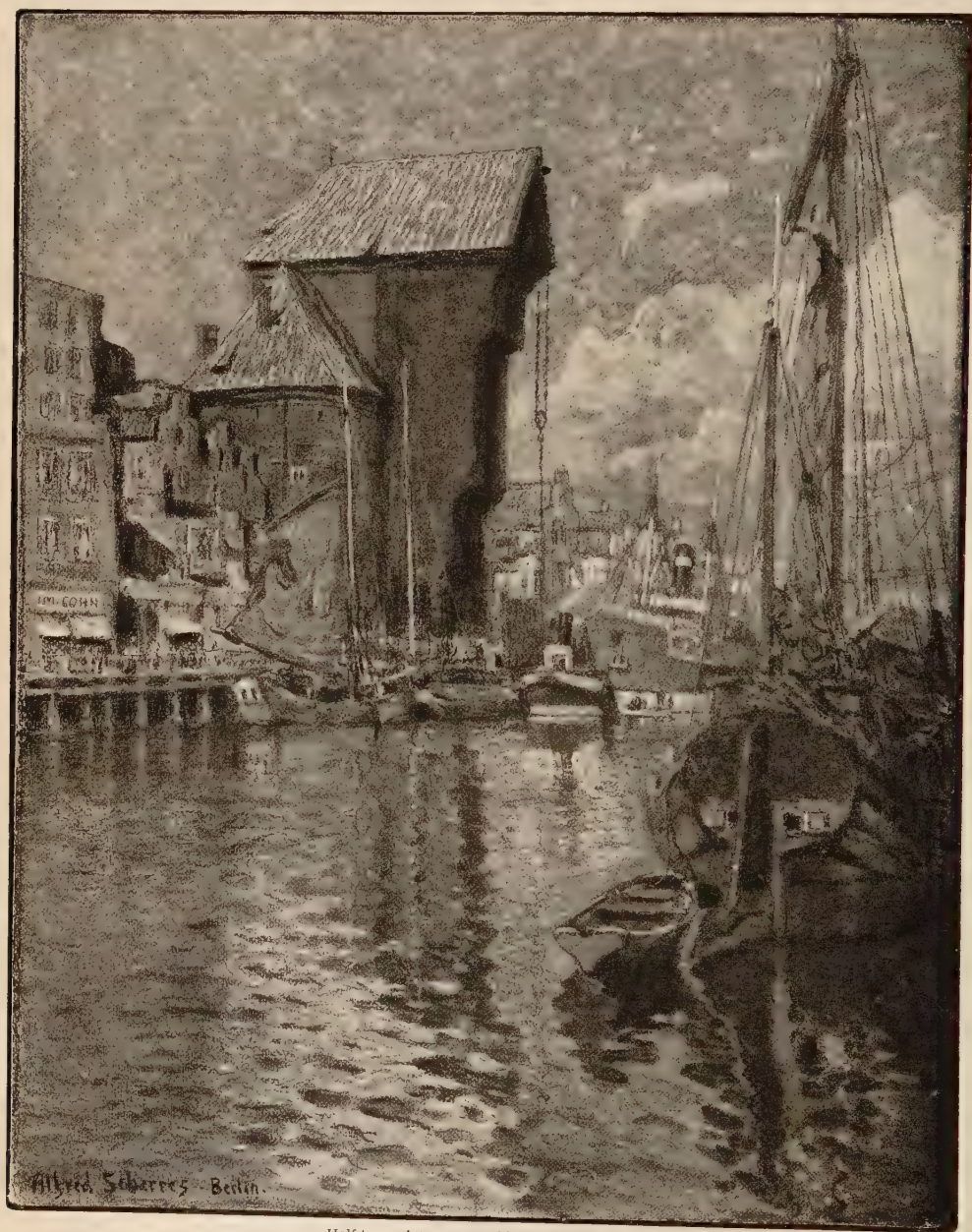
Near the Fish Market, where the little Radaune rushes with a loud noise into the Mottlau, the quay has been prettily christened "*Am Brausenden Wasser*" ("By the Roaring Water"). This is the favorite haunt of longshoremen, sailors, and the famous Dantzic sack-carriers, herculean figures with their wide, blue pantaloons and their swathed calves. And beside the quay belongs a flotilla of dusky fishing-boats, draped with many-colored sail-awnings and with funnel-shaped nets that hang from the tips of the masts.

BEFORE leaving a city to which I have grown attached, I like to stand on one of its high places and see in one sweeping glance what it is that I am leaving. It is like gripping a friend's hand and looking him square in the eye.

Toil, with twenty-five pfennigs, was the price of climbing the tower of the Church of St. Mary, and I grew grateful that it had remained blunt and sturdy like its people. But I should have been willing to toil on indefinitely; for I had seen splendid sights from the steeples of Ulm and Munich, of Mayence and Strasburg,

but never in Germany a panorama to count the false jewels in his crown. Beneath rose the pinnacled back of the equal this.

A little to the south the exquisite Rat-Artushof and the fine façades of the



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE CRANE GATE

haus steeple was a fellow-aspirant, and I could almost make out the gilt features of its royal weathercock—Sigismund of Poland—as the wind twirled him about, and

Langemarkt, where I had dreamed of Florence; beyond them a long line of granaries gave proof of the hidden Mottlau. Farther away, over a sea of fantastic



roofs, was St. Peter's crenelated tower, and beyond it the fields flowed on to the distant spire of St. Albert's and rolled upward in gentle undulations to a ridge that swung westward, a background for the picturesque Stock Tower.

Everywhere was a crowd of entrancing old gables interspersed with the dusky red of well-weathered tiles. Northward was spread a ruddy expanse of church roofs, and behind them swung in noble curves

the final reaches of the Vistula, fresh from the lands of Krakow and Warsaw; while beyond the pinnacles of the Church of St. Mary itself and the tranquil streets in its shadow, curving past romantic gate-towers and the woodbined walls of St. John's, the Mottlau wound to join the Vistula and seek the ocean, whose breakers dashed a league away, a mighty gulf of grayish blue, flecked by one immaculate sail.

## THE NEED OF THE WORLD

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

**I** KNOW the need of the world, though it would not have me know;  
It would hide its sorrow deep, where only God may go;  
Yet its secret it can not keep;  
It tells it awake or asleep;  
It tells it to all who will heed,  
And he who runs may read.  
*The need of the world I know.*

I know the need of the world when it boasts of its wealth the loudest,  
When it flaunts it in all men's eyes, when its mien is the gayest and proudest,  
Oh, ever it lies, it lies!  
For the sound of its laughter dies  
In a sob or a smothered groan,  
And it weeps when it sits alone!  
*The need of the world I know.*

I know the need of the world when it babbles of gold and fame;  
It is only to lead us astray from the thing that it dare not name.  
For that is the sad world's way —  
Oh, poor, blind world grown gray,  
With the lack of a thing so near,  
With the want of a thing so dear!  
*The need of the world I know.*

I know the need of the world when the earth shakes under the tread  
Of men who march to the fight, when rivers with blood are red,  
And there is no law but might,  
And the wrong way seems the right;  
When he who slaughters the most  
Is all men's pride and boast.  
*The need of the world I know.*

Oh, love is the need of the world! Down under its pride of power,  
Down under its lust of greed, for the joys that last but an hour,  
There lies forever its need.  
For love is the law and the creed;  
And love is the aim and the goal  
Of life, from the man to the mole.  
*The need of the world is love.*

# THE CHOICE

BY EDITH WHARTON

Author of "The House of Mirth," "The Fruit of the Tree," etc.

## I

STILLING, that night after dinner, had surpassed himself. He always did, Wrayford reflected, when the small fry from Highfield came to dine. He, Cobham Stilling, who had to find his bearings, keep to his level, in the big, heedless, oppressive world of New York, dilated and grew vast in the congenial medium of Highfield. The Red House was the biggest house of the Highfield summer colony, as Cobham Stilling was its biggest man. No one else within a radius of a hundred miles (on a conservative estimate) had as many horses, as many greenhouses, as many servants, and assuredly no one else had two motors, or a motor-boat for the lake.

The motor-boat was Stilling's latest hobby, and he rode—or sailed—it in and out of the conversation all the evening, to the obvious edification of every one present save his wife and his visitor, Austin Wrayford. The interest of the latter two, who, from opposite ends of the drawing-room, exchanged a fleeting glance when Stilling again launched his craft on the thin current of the talk—the interest of Mrs. Stilling and Wrayford, had already lost its edge by protracted conversational contact with the subject.

But the dinner-guests—the Rector, Mr. Swordsley, and Mrs. Swordsley, Lucy and Agnes Granger and their brother Addison, and young Jack Emmerton from Harvard—were all, for divers reasons, stirred to the proper pitch of feeling. Mr. Swordsley, no doubt, was saying to himself: "If my good parishioner here can afford to buy a motor-boat, in addition to all the other expenditures which an establishment like this must entail, I certainly need not

scruple to appeal to him again for a contribution toward our Galahad Club." The Granger girls, meanwhile, were evoking visions of lakeside picnics, not unadorned with the presence of young Mr. Emmerton; while that youth himself speculated as to whether his affable host would let him, when he came back on his next vacation, "learn to run the thing himself"; and Mr. Addison Granger, the elderly bachelor brother of the volatile Lucy and Agnes, mentally formulated the precise phrase in which, in his next letter to his cousin Professor Spildyke of the University of East Latmos, he should allude to "our last delightful trip in my old friend Cobham Stilling's ten-thousand-dollar motor-launch"—for East Latmos was still in that primitive stage of social culture on which such figures impinge.

Isabel Stilling, sitting beside Mrs. Swordsley, her head slightly bent above the needlework with which, on such occasions, it was her old-fashioned habit to be engaged—Isabel also had doubtless her reflections to make. As Wrayford leaned back in his corner, and looked at her across the bright, flower-filled drawing-room, he noted first of all—for the hundredth time—the flexible play of her hands above the embroidery-frame, the shadow of the dusky, wavy hair on her forehead, the tired droop of the lids over her somewhat full gray eyes. He noted this, taking in unconsciously, at the same time, the indescribable quality in her attitude, in the fall of her dress and the turn of her head, that set her, for him, in a separate world; then he said to himself: "She's certainly thinking 'Where on earth will he get the money to pay for it?'"

But at the same moment, from his inevitable position on the hearth-rug, cigar



in mouth, his hands in his waistcoat pockets, Stilling was impressively perorating.

"I said, 'If I have the thing at all, I want the best that can be got.' That 's my way, you know, Swordsley; I suppose I 'm what you 'd call fastidious. Always was, about everything, from cigars to wom—"his eye met the apprehensive glance of Mrs. Swordsley, who looked, in evening dress, like her husband with his clerical coat cut slightly lower—"so I said, 'If I have the thing at all, I want the best that can be got.' Nothing makeshift for me, no second-best. I never cared for the cheap and showy. I always say frankly to a man, 'If you can't give me a first-rate cigar, for the Lord's sake, let me smoke my own.' Well, if you have *my* standards, you can't buy a thing in a minute. You must look round, compare, select. I found there were lots of motor-boats on the market, just as there 's lots of stuff called champagne. But I said to myself, 'Ten to one there 's only one fit to buy, just as there 's only one champagne fit for a gentleman to drink.' Argued like a lawyer, eh, Austin?" He tossed this jovially toward Wrayford. "Take me for one of your own trade, would n't you? Well, I 'm not such a fool as I look. I suppose you fellows who are tied to the treadmill,—oh, excuse me, Swordsley, but work 's work, is n't it?—I suppose you think a man like me has nothing to do but take it easy—loll through life like a woman. By George, sir, I 'd like either of you to see the time it takes—I won't say the brains—but just the *time* it takes to pick out a good motor-boat. Why, I went—"

Mrs. Stilling set her embroidery-frame noiselessly on the low table at her side, and turned her head toward Wrayford. "Would you mind ringing for the tray?"

The interruption helped Mrs. Swordsley to waver to her feet. "I think we really ought to be going; my husband has an early service to-morrow."

Her host sounded an immediate protest. "Going already? Nothing of the sort! Why, the night 's still young, as the poet says. Long way from here to the rectory? Nonsense! In our little twenty-horse motor we do it in five minutes—don't we, Belle? Ah, you 're walking, to be sure—" Stilling's indulgent gesture seemed to concede that, in such a case, allowances

must be made, and that he was the last man not to make them. "Well, then, Swordsley—" He held out a thick, red hand that seemed to exude beneficence, and the clergyman, pressing it, ventured to murmur a suggestion.

"What, that Galahad Club again? Why, I thought my wife— Isabel, did n't we— No? Well, it must have been my mother, then. And of course, you know, anything my good mother gives is—well—virtually— You have n't asked her? Sure? I could have sworn; I get so many of these appeals. And in these times, you know, we have to go cautiously. I 'm sure you recognize that yourself, Swordsley. With my obligations—here now, to show you don't bear malice, have a brandy and soda before you go. Nonsense, man! This brandy is n't liquor; it 's *liqueur*. I picked it up last year in London—last of a famous lot from Lord St. Oswyn's cellar. Laid down here, it stood me at— Eh?" he broke off as his wife moved toward him. "Ah, yes, of course. Miss Lucy, Miss Agnes—a drop of soda-water? Look here, Addison, *you* won't refuse my tipple, I know. Well, take a cigar, at any rate, Swordsley. And, by the way, I 'm afraid you 'll have to go round the long way by the avenue to-night. Sorry, Mrs. Swordsley, but I forgot to tell them to leave the gate on the lane unlocked. Well, it 's a jolly night, and I daresay you won't mind the extra turn along the lake. And, by Jove! if the moon 's out, you can get a glimpse of the motor-boat as you turn the point. She 's moored just out beyond our boat-house; and it 's a privilege to look at her, I can tell you!"

THE dispersal of the remaining guests carried Stilling out into the hall, where his pleasantries echoed genially under the oak rafters while the Granger girls were being muffled for the drive and the carriages summoned from the stables.

By a common impulse Mrs. Stilling and Wrayford had moved together toward the hearth, which was masked from the door into the hall by a tall screen of lacquer. Wrayford leaned his elbow against the chimney-piece, and Mrs. Stilling stood motionless beside him, her clasped hands hanging down before her. The rose on her breast stirred slightly.

"Have you any more work to do with

him to-night?" she asked below her breath.

Wrayford shook his head. "We wound it all up before dinner. He does n't want to talk about it any more than he can help."

"It's so bad?"

"No; but he's got to pull up."

She paused, looking down at her clasped hands. He listened a moment, catching Stilling's farewell shout; then he changed his position slightly, and laid his hand on her arm.

"In an hour?"

She made a faint motion of assent.

"I'll tell you all about it then. The key's in the usual place?"

She nodded again, and walked away with her long, drifting motion as her husband came in from the hall. He went up to the tray, and poured himself a tall glass of brandy and soda.

"The weather's turning queer—black as pitch out now. I hope the Swordsleys won't walk into the lake—involuntary immersion, eh? He'd come out a Baptist, I suppose. What'd the Bishop do in such a case? There's a problem for a lawyer, my boy!"

He clapped Wrayford resoundingly on the thin shoulder and then walked over to his wife, who was gathering up her embroidery silks and dropping them into an old-fashioned work-bag. Stilling took her by the arms and swung her playfully about so that she faced the lamplight.

"What's the matter with you to-night?"

"The matter?" she echoed, blushing a little, and standing very erect in her desire not to appear to shrink from his touch.

"You never opened your lips. Left me the whole job of entertaining those blessed people. Did n't she, Austin?"

Wrayford laughed and lighted a cigarette. "She was n't quite up to the mark."

"There! You see even Austin noticed it. What's the matter? Are n't they good enough for you? I don't pretend they're particularly exciting; but, hang it! I like to ask them here—I like to give pleasure."

"I did n't mean to be dull," said Isabel, appealingly.

"Well, you must learn to make an effort. Don't treat people as if they were n't in the room just because they don't happen

to amuse you. Do you know what they'll think? They'll think it's because you've got a bigger house and more cash. Shall I tell you something? My mother said she'd noticed the same thing in you lately. She said she sometimes felt you looked down on her for living in a small house. Oh, she was half joking, of course; but you see you do give people that impression. I can't understand treating any one in that way. The more I have myself, the more I want to make other people happy."

Isabel gently freed herself and laid the work-bag on her embroidery-frame. "I have a headache; perhaps that made me stupid. I'm going to bed." She turned toward Wrayford and held out her hand. "Good night."

"Good night," he answered, opening the door for her.

When he turned back into the room, his host was pouring himself a third glass of brandy and soda.

"Here, have a nip? Gad, I need it badly, after the shaking up you gave me this afternoon." Stilling gave a short laugh, and carried his glass to the hearth, where he took up his usual commanding position. "Why the deuce don't you drink something, Austin? You look as glum as Isabel. One would think *you* were the chap that had been hit."

Wrayford threw himself into the chair from which Mrs. Stilling had lately risen. It was the one she habitually sat in, and to his fancy a faint scent of her always clung to it. He leaned back and looked up at Stilling.

"Want a cigar?" the latter continued. "Shall we go into the den and smoke?"

Wrayford hesitated. "If there's anything more you want to ask me about—"

"Gad, no! I had full measure and running over this afternoon. The deuce of it is, I don't see where the money's all gone to. Luckily I've got plenty of nerve; I'm not the kind of man to sit down and snivel because he's been touched in Wall Street."

Wrayford rose again. "Then, if you don't want me, I think I'll go up to my room and put some finishing touches to a brief before I turn in. I must get back to town to-morrow afternoon."

"All right, then." Stilling set down his empty glass, and held out his hand



with a tinge of alacrity. "Good night, old man."

They shook hands, and Wrayford moved toward the door.

"I say, Austin—stop a minute!" his host called after him.

Wrayford turned, and the two men faced each other across the hearth-rug. Stilling's eyes shifted uneasily in his flushed face.

"There 's one thing more you *can* do for me, like a good chap, before you go. Tell Isabel about that loan; explain to her she 's got to sign a note for it."

Wrayford, in his turn, flushed slightly.

"You want *me* to tell her?"

"Hang it! I 'm soft-hearted—that 's the worst of me." Stilling moved toward the tray, and lifted the brandy decanter. "And she 'll take it better from you; she 'll *have* to take it from you. She 's proud. You can take her out for a row to-morrow morning—you can take her out in the motor-launch, if you like. I meant to have a spin in it myself in the morning; but if you 'll tell her—"

Wrayford hesitated. "All right. I 'll tell her."

"Thanks a lot, my dear fellow. And you 'll make her see it was n't my fault, eh? Women are awfully vague about money, and if you appear to back me up, you know—"

Wrayford nodded. "As you please. Good night."

"Good night. Here, Austin—there 's just one more thing. You need n't say anything to Isabel about the other business—I mean my mother's securities."

"Ah?" said Wrayford.

Stilling shifted from one foot to the other. "I 'd rather put that to the old lady myself. I can make it clear to her. She idolizes me, you know—and, hang it! I 've got a good record. Up to now, I mean. My mother 's been in clover since I married; I may say she 's been my first thought. And I don't want her to hear of this from Isabel. Isabel 's a little harsh at times—and of course this is n't going to make her any easier to live with."

"Very well," Wrayford assented.

Stilling, with a look of relief, walked toward the window which opened on the terrace. "Gad! what a queer night! Hot as the kitchen-range. Should n't wonder

if we had a squall before morning. I wonder if that infernal skipper took in the launch's awnings before he went home."

Wrayford paused a moment in the doorway. "Yes, I saw him do it. She 's shipshape for the night."

"Good! That saves me a run down to the shore." Stilling strolled back into the room, whistling cheerfully.

"Good night, then," said Wrayford.

"Good night, old man. You 'll tell her?"

"I 'll tell her," Wrayford answered from the threshold.

"And mum about my mother!" his host called after him.

## II

THE darkness had thinned a little when Wrayford scrambled down the steep path to the shore. Though the air was heavy, the threat of a storm seemed to have vanished, and now and then the moon's edge showed above a torn slope of cloud.

But in the densely massed shrubbery about the boat-house the night was still black, and Wrayford had to strike a match before he could find the lock and insert his key. He left the door unlatched, and groped his way in. How often he had crept into this warm pine-scented obscurity, guiding himself cautiously by the edge of the bench along the side wall, and hearing the stealthy lap of water through the gaps in the flooring! He knew just where one had to duck one 's head to avoid the two canoes swung from the rafters, and just where to put his hand on the latch of the door that led to the balcony above the lake.

The boat-house represented one of Stilling's abandoned whims. He had built it some seven years before, and for a time it had been the scene of incessant nautical exploits. Stilling had rowed, sailed, paddled indefatigably, and all Highfield had been impressed to bear him company and admire his versatility. Then motors had come in, and he had forsaken aquatic sports for the guidance of the flying chariot. The canoes of birch-bark and canvas had been hoisted to the roof, the little sail-boat had rotted at her moorings, and the movable floor of the boat-house, ingeniously contrived to slide back on noiseless runners, had lain undis-

turbed through several seasons. Even the key of the boat-house had been mislaid,—by Isabel's fault, her husband asserted,—and the locksmith had to be called in to make a new one when the purchase of the motor-boat made the lake once more the center of Stilling's activity.

As Wrayford entered he noticed that a strange oily odor overpowered the usual scent of dry pine-wood; and at the next step his foot struck an object that rolled noisily across the boards. He lighted a match, and found he had overturned a can of grease which the boatman had no doubt been using to oil the runners of the sliding-floor.

Wrayford felt his way down the length of the boat-house, and softly opening the balcony door, looked out on the lake. A few yards off the launch lay motionless in the veiled moonlight; and just below him, on the black water, he saw the dim outline of the skiff which Stilling used to paddle out to her. The silence was so intense that Wrayford fancied he heard a faint rustling in the shrubbery on the high bank behind the boat-house, and the crackle of gravel on the path descending to it.

He closed the door again and turned back; and as he did so the other door, on the land-side, swung inward, and a figure darkened the dim opening. Just enough light entered through the round holes above the respective doors to reveal it as Mrs. Stilling's cloaked outline, and to guide her to him as he advanced. But before they met she stumbled and gave a little cry.

"What is it?" he exclaimed, springing toward her.

"My foot caught; the floor seemed to give way under me. Ah, of course—" She bent down in the darkness—"I saw the men oiling it this morning."

Wrayford caught her to him. "Be careful, darling! It might be dangerous if it slid too easily. The water's deep under here."

"Yes; the water's very deep. I sometimes wish—" She leaned against him without finishing her sentence, and he tightened his arms about her.

"Hush!" he whispered, his lips on her hair.

Suddenly she threw back her head and seemed to listen.

"What's the matter?" he asked, listening also. "What did you hear?"

"I don't know." He felt her trembling. "I'm not sure this place is as safe as it used to be—"

Wrayford held her to him reassuringly. "But the boatman sleeps down at the village; and who else should come here at this hour?"

"My husband might. He thinks of nothing but the launch."

"He won't to-night, for I told him I'd seen the skipper roll up the awning, and put the launch shipshape, and that satisfied him."

"Ah, he *did* think of coming, then?"

"Only for a minute, when the sky looked so black half an hour ago, and he was afraid of a squall. It's clearing now, and there's no danger."

He drew her down on the bench, and they sat a moment or two in silence, her hands in his. Then she said wearily: "You'd better tell me."

Wrayford gave a faint laugh. "Yes, I suppose I had. In fact, he asked me to."

"He asked you to?"

"Yes."

She sounded a sharp note of contempt. "The coward! he's afraid!"

Wrayford made no reply, and she went on: "I'm not. Tell me everything, please."

"Well, he's chuckled away a pretty big sum again—"

"How has he done it?"

"He says he does n't know. He's been speculating, I suppose. The madness of making him your trustee!"

She drew her hands away quickly. "You know why I did it. When we married I did n't want to put him in the false position of the man who accepts everything; I wanted people to think the money was partly his."

"I don't know what you've made *people* think; but you've been eminently successful in one respect. *He* thinks it's his—and he loses it as if it were."

She shivered a little, drawing her cloak closer. "There are worse things. Go on."

"Isabel!" He bent over her. "Give me your hand again." He lifted it and laid a long kiss on it.

"What was it—exactly—that he wished you to tell me?" she asked.



"That you 've got to sign another promissory note—for fifty thousand this time."

She drew a deep breath. "Is that all?"

Wrayford hesitated; then he said: "Yes—for the present."

She sat motionless, her head bent, her hand resting passively in his.

He leaned nearer. "What did you mean, just now, by worse things?"

She paused a moment. "Have n't you noticed that he 's been drinking a great deal lately?"

"Yes; I 've noticed."

They were both silent again; then Wrayford said with sudden vehemence: "And yet you won't—"

"Won't?"

"Put an end to it. Good God! Save what 's left of your life."

She made no answer, and in the deep stillness the *throb-throb* of the water underneath them was like the anxious beat of a heart.

"Isabel—" Wrayford murmured. He bent over to kiss her, and felt the tears on her face. "Isabel! I can't stand it! Listen to me—"

She interrupted him. "No; no. I 've thought of everything. There 's the boy—the boy 's fond of him. He 's not a bad father."

"Except in the trifling matter of ruining his son."

"And there 's his poor old mother. He 's a good son, at any rate; he 's never hurt *her*. And I know her. If I left him, she 'd never touch a penny. What she has of her own is not enough to live on; and how could *he* provide for her? If I put him out of doors, I should be putting his mother out, too—out of the little house she 's so happy in."

"But surely you could arrange—there are always ways."

"Not for her! She 's proud. And then she believes in him. Lots of people believe in him, you know. It would kill her if she ever found out."

Wrayford made an impatient movement: "It will kill you, if you stay with him to prevent her finding out."

She turned toward him and laid her other hand on his. "Not while I have you."

"Have me? In this way?" he echoed with an exasperated laugh.

"In any way."

"My poor girl—poor child!"

She drew back from him suddenly, with a quick movement of fear. "You mean that *you* 'll grow tired—your patience will give out soon?"

He answered her only by saying: "My poor Isabel!"

But she went on insistently: "Don't you suppose I 've thought of that—foreseen it?"

"Well—and then?" he exclaimed with sudden passion.

"I 've accepted that, too," she said.

He dropped her hands with a despairing gesture. "Then, indeed, I waste my breath!"

She made no answer, and for a time they sat silent, side by side, but with a space between. At length he asked in a contrite voice: "You 're not crying, Isabel?"

"No."

"I can't see your face, it 's grown so dark again."

"Yes. I had n't noticed. The storm must be coming, after all." She made a motion as if to rise.

He drew close, and put his arm about her again. "Don't leave me yet, dear! You know I must go to-morrow." He broke off with a laugh. "I 'm to break the news to you to-morrow morning, by the way; I 'm to take you out in the motor-launch and break it to you." He dropped her hands and stood up. "Good God! How can I go away and leave you here alone with him?"

"You 've done it often before."

"Yes; but each time it 's more damnable. And then I 've always had a hope—"

"A hope?" She rose also. "Give it up! Give it up!" she moaned.

"You 've none, then, yourself?"

She was silent, drawing the folds of her cloak about her.

"None—none?" he insisted.

"Only one," she broke out passionately.

He bent over and sought for her in the darkness. "What is it, my dearest? What is it?"

"Don't touch me! That he may die!" she shuddered back.

He dropped his hands, and they drew apart instinctively, hearing each other's quick breathing through the obscurity.

"You wish that sometimes, too?" he said at length in a low voice.

"Sometimes? I wish it always—every day, every hour, every moment!" She paused, and then let the quivering words break out. "You 'd better know it; you 'd better know the worst of me. I 'm not the saint you suppose; the duty I do is poisoned by the thoughts I think. Day by day, hour by hour, I wish him dead. When he goes out I pray for something to happen; when he comes back I say to myself: 'Are you here again?' When I hear of people being killed in accidents I think: 'Why was n't he there?' When I read the death-notices in the paper I say: 'So-and-so was just his age.' When I see him taking such care of his health and his diet,—as he does, you know, except when he gets reckless and begins to drink too much,—when I see him exercising and resting, and eating only certain things, and weighing himself, and feeling his muscles, and boasting that he has n't gained a pound, I think of the men who die from overwork, who throw their lives away for some big object, and I say to myself: 'What can kill a man who thinks only of himself?' And night after night I keep myself from going to sleep for fear I may dream that he 's dead. When I dream that, and wake and find him there, it 's worse than ever—and my thoughts are worse than ever, too!"

She broke off on a stifled sob, and the *thump-thump* of the water under the floor was like the beat of a loud, rebellious heart.

"There, you know the truth! Is it too bad for you?"

He answered in a low voice, as if unconscious of her question: "Such things do sometimes happen, you know."

"Do they?" She laughed. "Yes, I 've seen it happen—in happy marriages!"

They were silent again, not approaching each other. Abruptly Isabel turned, feeling her way toward the door. As she did so, the profound stillness of the night was broken by the sound of a man's voice, caroling out somewhat unsteadily the refrain of a music-hall song.

The two in the boat-house darted toward each other with a simultaneous movement, clutching hands as they met.

"He 's coming!" Isabel breathed.

Wrayford detached himself hastily from her hold.

"He may only be out for a turn before he goes to bed. Wait a minute. I 'll see if I can make out." He felt his way to the bench, scrambled up on it, and stretching his body forward, managed to bring his eyes in line with the opening above the door.

"It 's as black as pitch. I can't see anything."

The refrain rang out nearer.

"Wait! I saw something twinkle. There it is again. It 's coming this way—down the path. It 's his cigar."

There was a long rattle of thunder through the stillness.

"It 's the storm!" Isabel gasped. "He 's coming to see about the launch."

Wrayford dropped noiselessly from the bench to her side.

"He 's coming—yes."

She caught him by the arm.

"Is n't there time to get up the path and slip under the shrubbery?" she whispered.

"No, no; he 's in the path now. He 'll be here in two minutes. He 'll find us."

He felt her hand tighten on his arm.

"You must go in the skiff, then. It 's the only way."

"And let him find you here? And hear my oars? Isabel, listen—there 's something I must say."

She flung herself against him, shaken with dry sobs.

"Isabel, just now I did n't tell you everything. He 's ruined his mother—taken everything of hers, too. And he 's got to tell her; it can't be kept from her."

She uttered a startled sound and drew away.

"Is this the truth? Why did n't you tell me before?"

"He forbade me. You were not to know."

Close above them, in the shrubbery, Stilling rolled out:

"Nita, Juanita,  
Ask thy soul if we must part!"

Wrayford caught her wrist in a hard grasp. "Understand this—if he comes in, he 'll find us. And if there 's a scandal you 'll lose your boy."





Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"DON'T TREAT PEOPLE AS IF THEY WERE N'T IN THE ROOM"

She seemed not to hear him. "You—you—you—he 'll kill you!" she cried out.

Wrayford laughed and released her. She drew away and stood shrinking close against the wall, her hands pressed to her breast. Wrayford straightened himself and listened intently. Then he dropped to his knees and laid his hands against the boards of the sliding-floor. It yielded at once with a kind of evil alacrity; and at their feet they saw, in the night, another night that moved and shimmered. Wrayford sprang up, and threw himself back against the wall, behind the door.

A key rattled, and after a moment's fumbling the door swung open noisily. Wrayford and Isabel saw a black bulk against the obscurity. It moved a step, lurched forward, and vanished from them. In the depths there was a long cry and a splash.

"Go! go!" Wrayford cried out, feeling blindly for Isabel in the blackness.

"Go?" she shuddered back, wrenching herself away from him with horror.

He stood still a moment, as if dazed; then she saw him suddenly plunge from her side, and heard another splash far down, and a tumult in the beaten water.

In the darkness she cowered close to the opening, pressing her face over the edge, and frantically crying out the name of each in turn. Suddenly she began to see; the obscurity was less opaque, a faint moon-pallor diluted it. Isabel vaguely discerned the two shapes struggling in the black pit below her; once she saw the gleam of a face. Then she glanced up desperately for some means of rescue, and caught sight of the oars ranged on brackets against the wall. She snatched down the nearest, bent over the opening, and pushed the oar down into the blackness, calling her husband's name.

The clouds had swallowed up the moon again, and she could see nothing below

her, but she still heard a tumult in the beaten water.

"Cobham! Cobham!" she screamed.

As if in answer, she felt a mighty clutch on the oar, a clutch that strained her arms to the breaking-point as she tried to brace her knees against the runners of the sliding-floor.

"Hold on! hold on! hold on!" a voice gasped out from below; and she held on, with racked muscles, with bleeding palms, with eyes straining from their sockets, and a heart that tugged at her like the weight on the oar.

Suddenly the weight relaxed, and the oar slipped up through her lacerated hands. She felt a wet bulk scrambling over the edge of the opening, and Stilling's voice, raucous and strange, groaned out, close to her: "God! I thought I was done for."

He staggered to his knees, coughing and sputtering, and the water dripped on her from his clothes.

She flung herself down, straining over the pit. Not a sound came up from it.

"Austin! Austin! Quick! Another oar!" she shrieked.

Stilling gave a cry. "My God! Was it Austin? What in hell— Another oar? No, no; untie the skiff, I tell you. But it's no use. Nothing's any use. I felt him lose hold as I came up."

AFTER that she remembered nothing more till, hours later, as it appeared to her, she became dimly aware of her husband's voice, high, hysterical and important, haranguing a group of scared lantern-struck faces that seemed to have sprung up mysteriously about them in the night.

"Poor Austin! Poor fellow . . . terrible loss to me . . . mysterious dispensation. Yes, I *do* feel gratitude—miraculous escape—but I wish he could have known that I was saved!"





# THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

CONCLUDING PAPER: SOUTH AFRICA—LIFE ON THE HOSPITAL-SHIP *MAINE*—CAPE TOWN—A REMARKABLE HAIL-STORM—DURBAN—SOME RED-TAPE—WAR SCENES—VISIT TO CHIEVELEY CAMP—RELIEF OF LADYSMITH

ON my journey to South Africa in January, 1900, in the Hospital-ship *Maine*, I had anticipated a certain amount of rough weather in the Bay of Biscay, but was not prepared to meet the full gale into which we ran, which lasted six days, and which, according to the authorities, was the worst for many years. To encounter this in midwinter, in a comparatively small ship, fitted up as a hospital, with large hatchways and skylights, and with inadequate means of battening down, was, it must be admitted, something of a trial. Indeed, we lay to forty-eight hours, adding to our physical misery the knowledge that we were making no headway. I never realized before how one can suffer by color. The green of my attractive little cabin, which I had thought so reposeful, became a source of acute suffering, and I had to find a neutral-tinted cushion on which to rest my eyes. The sound of the waves breaking on the deck with the report of cannon-balls brought to mind our mission, and I remember thinking, as I rolled in sleepless wretchedness, that if we went to the bottom, at least we should be counted as victims of the war.

The seventeen days of our journey to Cape Town were busy ones; we were spared monotony by the work of getting the wards in order, and to rescue our hundreds of gifts from the chaos of the hold was no light occupation. In the hurry of departure many things were forgotten, and many were put anywhere to be out of the way. We had very little

time in which to appear shipshape before our arrival in Cape Town, on the 23d of January.

Cape Town, with its bay full of transports disembarking troops, the feverish activity of its docks, and its streets crowded with khaki-clad soldiers, seemed indeed the real thing. My first impression of the bay at 6 A.M., with innumerable vessels and forests of masts, the clouds breaking on Table Mountain, and the rising sun turning all into a pink glory, will not soon fade from my memory. Though worn and tired, and realizing that our work was all before us, we rejoiced to be in measurable distance of it. As we were rolling about outside the breakwater, by the kindness and exertions of Sir Edward Chichester, who was in charge of the port, we were given a berth inside. As soon as possible I started off to see the Governor, Sir Alfred (now Lord) Milner, to get my letters and telegrams and gather what news I could. This was very meager. I have since ascertained that Lord Kitchener's first order to all officers was to practise the utmost discretion, and that any information as to war news was strictly forbidden. This was owing to the mass of spies and the disloyalty in Cape Town, much valuable information being continually transmitted to the enemy. The Standard Bank was an amazing sight of bustling activity, men in every variety of khaki-colored clothes, trousers, breeches, puttees, gaiters, sombreros, helmets, and field-service caps,



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS INSPECTING THE *MAINE* AT CAPE TOWN

rushing in and out all day, till one wondered at the patience and civility of the employees. The entire staff of the *Maine* were invited to a reception at the Mount Nelson Hotel given in their honor by a committee of American ladies. It was pleasant enough there, walking in the pretty garden, eating strawberries, in marked contrast to the melancholy which prevailed at Government House, where I dined that evening. The absence of news was making every one desperately anxious.

The day of our arrival the principal

medical officer came on board, and after visiting the ship, informed us that we were at once to be sent to Durban to fill up with patients and return to England. I remonstrated, and explained to him the purpose and mission of the ship, pointing out the fact that were it to be treated merely as a transport for convalescents, the international value of the gift would certainly suffer, and the large, expensive, and efficient medical staff on board would have nothing to do and would be greatly disappointed, as of course interesting seri-



ous cases were not likely to be sent us. I pressed the point so strongly that at last he said the ship had better get orders from General Buller on arrival at Durban. On our arrival there the authorities came on board and told us we were to be filled up with drafts from the other hospital-ships and sent home at once. But with the help and influence of the Government of Natal, Sir Redvers Buller, and other influential friends, I am happy to say I was able successfully to frustrate three times these endeavors to send us back. The *Maine* not only remained in the harbor of Durban, but had many interesting cot cases sent down.

We had been asked by the authorities if we could leave on the 25th for Durban. Although the notice was short, giving us only a couple of days after the long sea voyage of nearly a month, we were rather pleased to be able to say "Yes," and prove our readiness. A few hours after receiving our orders, however, Lord Roberts sent word that he wished to visit the ship on the following day. Accordingly he came, and gave us a thorough inspection: wards, mess-rooms, dispensary, operating-room—everything was visited and much approved of. The only thing wanting to prove our efficiency was beds filled with the wounded. Before starting, five civil surgeons and eight army reserve sisters were added to our number, the medical authorities having asked us to take them to Durban, their ultimate destination being Mooi River. They proved very troublesome on the journey, being, indeed, as *exigeant* as they appeared ignorant. One or two of the nurses actually brought maids to look after them! I did not envy the hospitals which were to benefit by their services.

It was no surprise to us to repeat some of our Bay of Biscay experiences, as we knew there would be a heavy ground-swell all the way. Later, however, the sea became comparatively calm, and we emerged, to bask in the sun like lizards. I gazed for hours through my glasses at the shore, which was only three or four miles distant. The soft green hills and bright sandy beaches, with kraals dotted here and there, gave it such a cultivated appearance that one could hardly realize that this was "savage South Africa." As we approached Durban, the wind began to

blow, and an ominous bank of gray cloud came up, with lightning flashing on the horizon. I shall never forget the astonishing storm which suddenly burst upon us. The electric barometer in my cabin dropped perpendicularly. Torrents of hailstones the size of small plums beat down on us, the wind increased to a hurricane, and was so violent that the ship stood still, although we had been going at ten knots. The awning aft was violently blown into the sea, carrying with it all its rafters and stanchions, smashing one of the big ventilators, and only just missing some of the sisters who were crouching on the deck. The sea meanwhile presented a most curious appearance, being covered with millions of little jets about a foot high, due to the force with which the hailstones fell, and as they floated for a while, in a few minutes it was quite white. Inside my deck cabin the din was terrific, the noise of the hailstones striking the skylight and windows with a sound like bullets. It was impossible to converse. One



Photograph by Robertson, Pietermaritzburg, South Africa

HIS EXCELLENCY, SIR WALTER HELY-HUTCHINSON, GOVERNOR OF NATAL IN 1900



GUN AT CHIEVELEY CAMP NAMED AFTER LADY  
RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

window was smashed, and the water and ice poured in everywhere. The hailstones had a pattern like agate. With the decks covered with ice, the thermometer at 82 degrees seemed an anomaly, and reminded one of the Scotchman who during a rain-storm threw out his rising barometer, shouting after it, "Go and see for yourself." Luckily the storm did not last long, and we were soon able to emerge and look at the damage.

On the afternoon of the 29th we came in sight of Durban, the pride and glory of the Garden Colony.

By this time the inhabitants of the *Maine* could boast sea-legs and notwithstanding the heavy swell, we did not mind being told that we should have to remain outside the harbor all night. Thirsting for news, however, my younger son, who had come with us from Cape Town to join the South African Light Horse in Natal, started off with one of the ship's officers in a steam-launch for the harbor and shore, little knowing that the penalty for crossing the bar was £100, and still less that, owing to the heavy sea, a small boat had no chance of getting safely over. Luckily they were hailed by a tug, with a shipman on board from H. M. S.

*Terrible*, who was the bearer of a message to me from the commandant, Captain (now Admiral Sir) Percy Scott, to the effect that my son Winston was in Durban, having come on a two-days' leave to meet me, and that there was no fresh news or change in the military situation. This seemed inexplicable, as when we left Cape Town the air was full of the wildest rumors, crucial developments being expected hourly. Ladysmith, however, had neither fallen nor been relieved. The enemy's big guns were firing away with the same monotonous regularity, and the list of reverses was being steadily increased.

Pending the arrival of patients and long-ing for a few days' rest, I availed myself of a kind invitation from the Governor of Natal, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, to go to Pietermaritzburg. Miss Warrender and my two boys went with me, all being duly armed with passes and permissions sent us by the commandant. This made me realize that we were under martial law, and that no one could travel or be abroad after eleven o'clock at night without official permission.

Two very pleasant and reposeful days were spent at Pietermaritzburg, but it was



hard to say good-by to my sons, who left the next evening to join the South African Light Horse. I enjoyed talking to my host at Government House, since his long sojourn in Natal and his intimate knowledge of the people and the military situation gave particular interest to his conversation. I visited the hospitals and thought them admirably arranged. The town hall, a fine building, full of light and air, with bright flowers decorating the tables, and soft-voiced sisters moving about, seemed an ideal ward. The four long rows of cots were full, and the men liked talking about their wounds and adventures. The Fort Hospital, with its small detached cottages, was more suited to isolated cases, the officers' quarters looking particularly comfortable, with rooms opening on the veranda, where thick creepers hanging

scathing report on Long's precipitancy, and naturally the hospital authorities tried to keep the knowledge from the unfortunate officer. A well-meaning though foolish visitor, however, consoled with him, and he never rested until he had read the cruel message. Colonel Long spoke of it to me quite freely, saying that in the bitterness of the moment Buller never would have dared to censure him in such terms had he not thought that he was a dead man. A telegram from the *Maine*, saying some sick and wounded were arriving on the following day, hastened my departure. I traveled back by day and enjoyed the lovely scenery between Pietermaritzburg and Durban. The astonishing little railway twists in and out, round and about the ever-changing, colored hills, making as many detours as the pretentious avenue of



"GROOTE SCHUUR," CECIL RHODES'S HOUSE AT CAPE TOWN

from the roof shaded them from the sun. Here I visited Colonel Long, who had been desperately wounded at Colenso. Notwithstanding the terrible nature of his wounds, he received me with a pleasant smile. The press was full of Buller's

the millionaire whose palace you are allowed to see for miles before you arrive at its door.

I found the ship's staff in a pleasurable state of excitement at the prospect of the work before them. In the afternoon an

ambulance train arrived, bringing us eighty-five men. The British soldier is a fine fellow, as the many thousand instances of his courage and self-sacrifice on

I was amused by the letters which those unable to write dictated to me. They generally began, "Dear Father and Mother, I hope this finds you well as it



Photograph by Lady Randolph Churchill

LONGWOOD, NAPOLEON'S RESIDENCE AT ST. HELENA

the field and in action testify. Out of his uniform he is a big child, and wants to be kept in order and not too much spoiled. I am afraid we were inclined to do this. On the whole, I think it can only do good to give a man a higher ideal of cleanliness and comfort than he has ever had before. I had long and frequent talks with many of them. They delighted in giving their histories and experiences, and particularly the crowning one of how they received their wounds, which, with the slightest encouragement they would show with great pride, as well as the extracted bullet, if they had one.

leaves me." Then came a great scratching of heads and biting of fingers until I would suggest, to start them off again, a description of how they were wounded. "Won't you send your love to any one?" I asked. "Not out of the family," was the answer, with a reproving look. One very gallant Tommy, who lay with a patch over his eye, an inflamed cheek, and a broken arm, asked me to add to his letter, "The sister which is a-writing of this is very nice." The compliment was fully appreciated. A few days later we received ten officers and ninety men, making us fairly full. We were busy from morning



to night. Indeed, one never seemed to have a moment to write or read; the one difficulty on board ship at any time, and more particularly on a hospital-ship, is to be alone, and, when alone, to be able to concentrate. The parties of sick and wounded men who came to us were drafted from the different hospitals of Frere, Estcourt, Mooi River, and Pietermaritzburg. Apart from the surgical and operating cases, the treatment consisted principally of antiseptic dressing, electricity, and massage, the use of the gymnasium apparatus giving excellent results.

It may be interesting to describe how we worked our wards. To begin with (apart from the captain and ship's company), our medical staff was comprised of the commanding officer, five surgeons, one superintending sister, four sisters, eleven male nurses, ten orderlies, and five non-commissioned officers. The personnel of each ward was composed of a head nurse, nurses, orderlies, stewards, and night nurses, according to the size of the ward and the number of beds in it. The surgeons did their dressings and duties in the morning, one of them being told off daily as orderly medical officer, whose duty was to make a thorough inspection of everything, report anything not correct, and to hear complaints. The superintending sister had charge of the head nurses, and was responsible for all patients, according to the medical officers' instructions. The three stores—linen, personal equipment, and medical comforts auxiliary to the nursing department—were placed under the man-

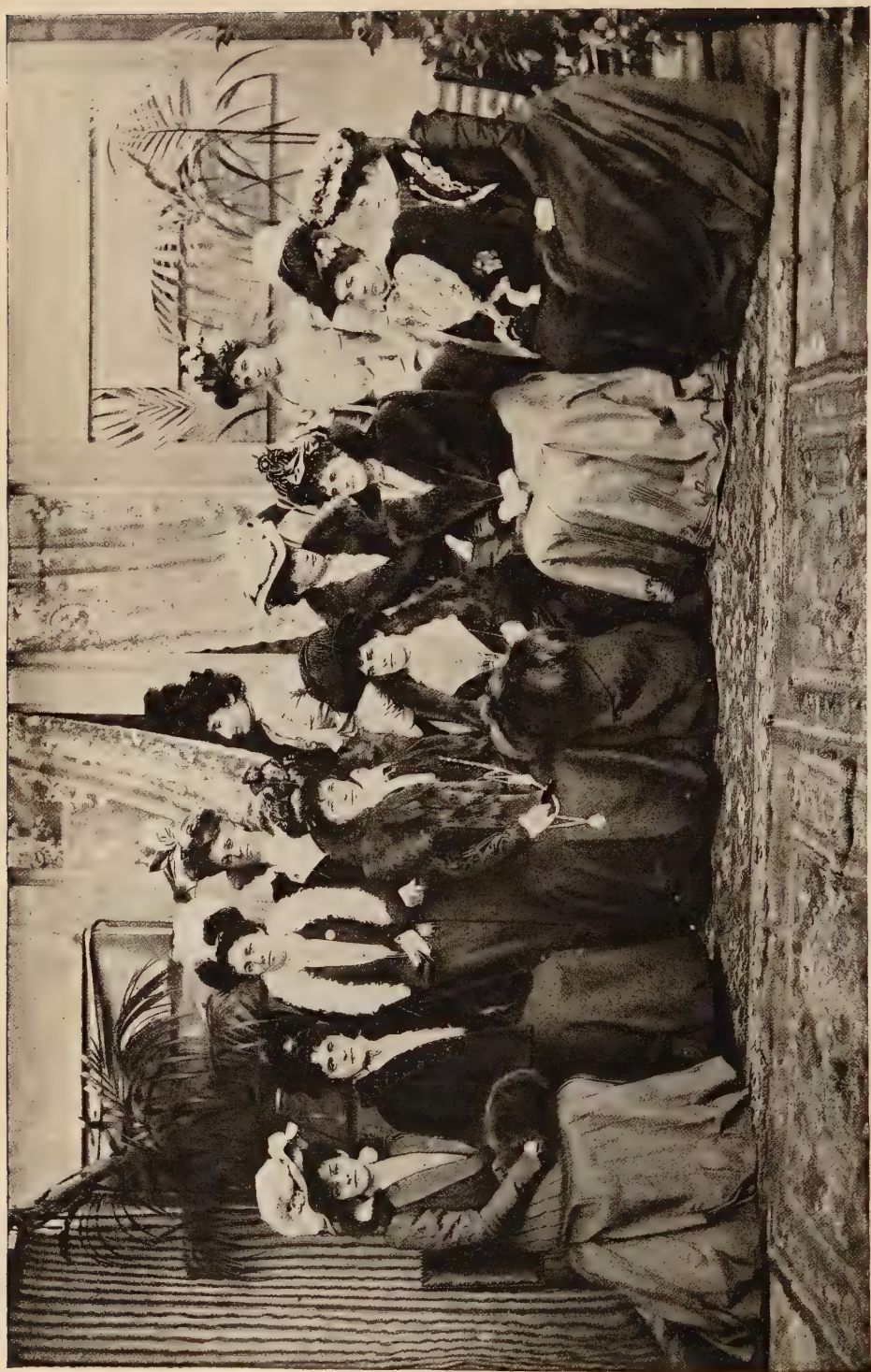
agement of the superintending sister, and were respectively in the charge of a non-commissioned officer. These non-commissioned officers proved most excellent men. The staff-surgeon was employed as record clerk and acting sergeant-major. He had to keep the admission- and discharge-book, which showed the regiment or corps, regimental number, remarks, name of all patients, disease or disability, date of admission or discharge, number of days under treatment, ward in which treated, religion, and final destination. The medical care and



Kodak photograph by Lady Randolph Churchill

NAPOLEON'S TOMB, ST. HELENA

nursing and innumerable comforts we had to give the patients, combined with the cool, fresh air on the ship, brought so many of them round that we were able to dis-



From a photograph by Lafayette, Ltd., London

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE HOSPITAL-SHIP MAINE

From left to right: Lady Essex, Mrs. Griffiths, Mrs. Van Duzer, Mrs. Von André, Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. Leslie, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Arthur Paget, Mrs. Blow, Mrs. Moreton Frewen, Mrs. Haldeman, Mrs. Field.



charge them fit for duty. These did not go to the front at once, but were sent to Pietermaritzburg or elsewhere to do light duty till quite recovered.

It was astonishing how little the authorities were able to cope with the subject of clothing. At the front the men were nearly naked, their khaki hanging on them in shreds, the uniform being made of abominable stuff and having to be worn for perhaps five or six months. When one reflects on the thousands and thousands of pounds that were spent in clothing for the hospitals not only by the Government, but by private persons, it seems incredible that the sick and wounded were allowed to leave one hospital to be drafted to another, or to a hospital-ship, in the tattered garments in which they were carried in from the battle-field. With my own eyes I saw among a party of wounded who were being transferred from a tug to the *Maine* and the other hospital-ship, the *Nubia*, a man whose khaki trousers were conspicuous by their absence, a pocket-handkerchief being tied around one of his wounded legs. This man had probably been through several hospitals, each time sent off again in his rags. Surely a reserve of uniforms or ordinary clothing might have been kept for extreme cases such as this, and the principal medical officer allowed a little discretion in the matter. But when I discussed this point with one of the authorities, he said it would be an impossibility. "You might as well have an office for recording the wishes and messages of the dying." What a happy hunting-ground the red-tape fiend has in time of war! He sits and gloats on all occasions. Think of a man in a hospital who, being on a full diet, suddenly develops fever or some other complication, needing an altered régime—say a milk diet—having to starve for twenty-four hours until the medical officer makes his rounds again and alters it! This was a fact. Incidents such as these made one admire the audacity of Major Brazier Creagh, a young and energetic ambulance officer, who, when remonstrated with for spending too much money in comforts, said his business was to bring the sick and wounded down safely, and give them everything which would further that end—"not to make accounts and count the cost."

I was very anxious to go up to the front, and visit the various hospitals on the way, and after many pourparlers I received permission and a pass from General Wolfe Murray to go to Chieveley Camp. The Governor, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, was kind enough to lend me his own railway carriage. Provided with food, armed with cameras and field-glasses, not to mention a brown holland dress (my substitute for khaki) in case we should meet the enemy and wish to remain invisible, we started on our journey—Miss Warrender, Colonel Hensman, the commanding officer of the *Maine*, and I, and last, but not least, the coxswain of the *Terrible*, Porch by name. The train was full of officers and men returning to the front. Although we were traveling at night, I was kept awake by the thought that I was going to pass all those well-known and to me peculiarly interesting places—Mooi River, Estcourt, and Frere, scene of the armored-train disaster.

We arrived at Estcourt in the middle of the night. I hung my head out and entered into a conversation with a friendly sergeant, who informed me that in a few moments he would have to call the railway staff officer, whose duty it was to inspect the train and see that no suspects were in it, or travelers without passes. I plied the sergeant with questions. Had they caught many spies, and what happened to them? Several had been captured, and two nights before a young lady who had been seen for a few days riding in the vicinity of the camp had been arrested and sent through to Durban as a spy. He was full of the generosity of the Tommies, who came down in the same trains with some wounded Boers, telling how they vied with one another in attentions to their sick foes, sharing their tobacco with them, and tying up their bandages. My new-found friend was waxing eloquent when suddenly the clock struck two, and he left me abruptly, disappearing inside the station. He came back following a smart young officer, whose sleepy, dazed eyes showed that he had been hastily awakened. Every pass was then minutely examined, every face scanned, and I saw with keen interest two men dragged out of the next compartment, one a typical Boer, the other a small,



From a charcoal sketch by John S. Sargent

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

black foreigner. Both were marched off—to what fate, one wonders.

I was asleep when we reached Frere at 5 A.M. A vigorous tap on the window awoke me. "Lady Randolph Churchill, are you there?" "Yes, very much so," I answered, as I dropped the shutter and

put my head out, finding an officer of the Seaforth Highlanders on the platform. "I knew you were coming up, and thought you would like a cup of coffee," he said, "if you will accept the hospitality of my tin hut fifty yards from here." Adding, "You won't get anything more for a



long time." In my eagerness I was proceeding to jump down, when he remarked that I wore no shoes, and, with a glance at my disheveled locks, suggested a hat. As I walked to the hut, dawn was just breaking. Long, orange-red streaks outlined the distant brown hills, through the haze of dust showing on the sky-line trains of mule-carts were crawling along, and in the plain little groups of soldiers and horsemen were moving about, emerging from the tents. My host seated me on a stool in the tiny veranda, and gave me an excellent cup of coffee. He was so delighted to have some one to speak to that the words and questions came tumbling out. Waiting for no answer, in one breath he told me how he had been there for months, broiling, with heaps of uncongenial work to do, all responsibility and anxiety, and no excitement or danger. He lived in daily hopes of getting some fighting. Meanwhile "Some one has to do the dirty work, and there it is." He showed me the hut, two cubicles opening on the veranda, one for the aide-de-camp with no bed, the other for the colonel with a small camp-stretcher.

About twenty miles after leaving Frere we slowed down, and the friendly guard, knowing who I was, rushed to tell me we were passing the place of the armored-train disaster. Sure enough, there was the train, lying on its side, a mangled and battered thing, and within a few yards a grave with a cross—three sentries mounting guard—marking the place where the poor fellows killed in it were buried.

At Chieveley we were met by General Barton and an aide-de-camp, who took us all over the camp. It was a wonderful sight. The weatherbeaten and in many cases haggard men, with soiled, worn uniforms hanging on their spare figures, the horses picketed in lines or singly, covered with canvas torn in strips to keep the flies off, the khaki-painted guns, the ambulance wagons with their train of mules, and, above all, the dull booming of "Long Tom," made us realize that here was war. We sat down on the outskirts of the camp near a sham gun guarded by a midy from the *Terrible*. Here also I saw the gun which the blue-jackets had named after me. Six miles off, through our glasses we could see Colenso and the enemy's camp, the white tents being those captured from

the British. The whole panorama spread out was a thrilling sight. Major Stuart Wortley and Captain MacBean rode up and greeted us warmly, but they, like all the other officers, were terribly dejected at the news of the retreat from Spion Kop, so gloriously won and at such a sacrifice the night before. "They are actually on their way back to Spearman's Camp: what can it mean?" The whole camp was in a state of disgust and despair and "grouched" to their heart's content. We were invited by the Seventh Fusiliers to have breakfast with them, which was none the less appetizing because served in tin mugs and pewter plates. The flies, however, were a terrible plague, covering everything in an instant, besides buzzing in one's face and hair. In the hope of hearing something of my sons, I asked General Barton to let me send a letter to Spearman's Camp. He kindly consented, and installed me in his little tent. I looked around with curiosity and interest at the General's quarters—a camp-stool, a washing-basin, a box—nothing more. Sitting on the camp-stool with my feet on a tin box, I was scribbling away, when a rider galloped up, calling out in a cheery voice, "General! are you there?" His look of blank astonishment when he caught sight of me was most amusing. A woman in the camp, and in the general's tent! I explained, and after a few laughing remarks he rode off. This was General Thorald, who, alas! poor man, was killed the following week. Major Stuart Wortley asked us to stay and dine, but I thought discretion was the better part of valor, and not wishing to abuse the general's kindness in letting us come up, we departed, wishing these brave men good luck and the speedy relief of Lady-smith.

Life on board became a round of daily duties, varied only by excitement in regard to war news. It was interesting to distribute newspapers to the soldiers, they were so keen and eager in discussing every point. Even those who were bedridden and too ill to read would clutch you as you passed. "Any news—Lady-smith? Nothing? What, back again—Chieveley Camp? That Buller 'e 's unlucky; better try another; and we wants to get to them poor chaps." I argued on the principle that perhaps the general

hoped to *reculer pour mieux sauter*, but the heads would wag sagely. I had a large map framed and hung in one of the wards, and with much assiduity placed the flags according to the situation; but daily the Union Jacks were made to fly at Pretoria, Johannesburg, or Ladysmith, while the Boer flags were carefully stuck in the frame. One night the news of Cronje's surrender was signaled from the station. As soon as they were told of it, a grand cheer went up from the men. Lights were flashed, messages heliographed from Captain Percy Scott's electric shutter on board the *Terrible* to all the ships in the harbor. The band played itself out, the men sang themselves hoarse, and at last, after a bouquet of fireworks, we went to bed. The next day Durban was *en fête*, the harbor dressed, and every one wreathed in smiles. We dined at the Royal Hotel to celebrate the event, finding there a motley crowd, principally men in worn uniforms who had just come down from the front for a few days' needed rest, others just returning. There were scarcely any ladies: principally refugees or officers' wives struggling to get up nearer to the front, all in the inevitable shirt, skirt, and sailor hat—none of the glories of Cape Town here. A few of those present were suspects and not allowed to leave Durban, having to report themselves to the commandant's office twice a week. After dinner we sat in groups in a pleasant conservatory, getting into such heated discussions as to the progress of the war, and the merits and demerits of the generals, that we were in danger, like Cinderella, of forgetting the hour, and had to rush off in our jinrikishas for fear of being caught out after eleven o'clock, and marched off to prison.

As an evidence of the severity with which the press censorship was enforced, I may mention that I received a letter from General Barton from Chieveley Camp which had been opened and the usual pink paper pasted on it: "Opened under Martial Law." I felt rather aggrieved, but was told that during the three or four days in which everything coming from the front was opened, the movements of our troops were kept entirely dark from the enemy.

On the 29th came the news of the relief of Ladysmith, and the town went

mad. A great demonstration was organized for the next day, opposite the town hall, under the queen's statue. The proceedings were brief, as the continuous cheering prevented any of the speakers from being heard, but we took for granted that they said all the right things. We had now been in the harbor six weeks, and the authorities, after the relief of Ladysmith, being anxious to free the various hospitals in Natal to meet the pressure of the sick and wounded who were coming down, filled the *Maine* up with convalescents, and ordered us to prepare to return to England.

Before leaving, I had the good luck to go up to Ladysmith, General Buller kindly giving me a pass. It was no easy matter to get permission, as there was naturally a great struggle to get people down, only one hundred a day being taken, and every place counted. The railway was frightfully congested, and the wounded had to be carried in litters across the Tugela at Colenso, on a bridge consisting of three planks. Miss Warrender and I, escorted by Winston and Captain Tharp of the Rifle Brigade, one of our discharged patients, arrived at Colenso at 6 A.M. and after a breakfast of "bully beef," which I did not appreciate, crossed the bridge of planks. After viewing and kodaking the terrible scene of ruin and devastation, where among other horrors we saw the carcasses of Colonel Long's horses in front of the trenches, we got on a trolley pushed by natives, and left for Ladysmith. This was an excellent way of seeing everything, as all of the last two months' fighting had been along the line. One must see it all to realize the stupendous difficulties—the harsh, impossible ground to get over, the gaining of it inch by inch, the smallest mistake costing hundreds of lives. The masses of shell and bullets on each side of the line, the dead horses, and the newly made graves, testified to the fierceness of the struggle. At one point we crossed a small bridge built up with sand-bags, over which the men had to run singly under a terrible fire from three kopjes. Sixty-six lives were lost there. After two hours we came to an open plain glistening with the discarded tins of the advancing army, and farther on went through Intombi Camp, broiling in the blazing sun,





Photograph, copyright by the "Graphic," October 4, 1902

THE HOSPITAL-SHIP *MAINE* WITH THE COMBINED BRITISH CHANNEL AND  
MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRONS, OFF NAUPLIA, GREECE

The *Maine* is the white vessel in the foreground.

a place of desolation and misery, and so on into Ladysmith.

Blinding dust up to one's ankles, scorching sun, shut-up, empty houses, an expression of resigned martyrdom on every one's face—such was my first impression of Ladysmith. Sitting on the top of our gripsacks on a Scotch cart drawn by mules, we drove through the town, presenting as we thought a strange appearance; but no one noticed us. We drove to the convent, General Buller's headquarters, where his aide-de-camp, Lord Gerard, received us. The building showed

of bottles and tin mugs. By this time I was too tired to take in any more, and the hazardous drive back in the semi-darkness quite finished me. Making a hasty and apologetic toilette, we dined with the general in a tent commanding a fine view of the town. The dinner was good and the company better. Sir Redvers, who was in good spirits, was most interesting and pleasant. He told me that he expected one more big fight and that it would be the following week, if he could get his commissariat up, but that for the time being the line was hopelessly blocked.



SALISBURY HALL, ST. ALBANS (PRESENT HOME OF THE WRITER)

conspicuous signs of its bombardment. Sir Redvers invited Miss Warrender and me to dine, and offered us beds, though he did not promise us sheets. We accepted gratefully, having vainly tried to get a room, and the prospect of food had not appeared on the horizon. We visited the Tin Camp, turned into a hospital. It was wonderfully well arranged, considering the difficulties, but seemed a hopeless place to get well in. Lord Dundonald, who commanded the South African Light Horse, lent us a spider-and a wild horse which had never been in harness before, and driven by a sergeant we careered over rocks and dongas four miles to the camp of the Light Horse, where we had tea out

I brought back various trophies—pom-poms, soft-nosed bullets with murderous slits; a grain of Long Tom an inch square; Boer bandoliers; a queen's chocolate box taken off a dead Boer; and last, but not least, the casing of a shell fired at Chieveley by the gun named after me, which the blue-jackets sent with this inscription:

4.7 gun mounted in a railway truck by H. M. S. *Terrible* and christened the "Lady Randolph Churchill." Extract Chieveley: We took Lady Randolph Churchill down past Gun Hill to-day & opened fire on the low copj at 5,300 yards, the first named flushed a lot of Boers & the second (a lyddite) went right in



among them, causing terrible havoc; the blue-jackets would like to send the cartridge case to her ladyship.

We returned next morning in the Red Cross train with the wounded, Major Brazier Creagh, the ambulance officer already mentioned, being in charge. We had a busy week in Durban before leaving. The *Maine* had a good send-off, and the ships inside and outside the harbor cheered us vociferously. I was sorry to leave Durban, where every one had been so hospitable and kind to us, and so generous to our patients, but home meant much to all on board.

Owing to the relief of Ladysmith, the authorities were anxious to send home as many patients as possible in order to free the various hospitals in Natal to meet the pressure of the sick and wounded who were coming down. Six thousand had to be conveyed to England somehow. The five large hospital-ships lying in Durban Harbor were to be filled, and the *Maine* was asked to assist and return at once. This time it would have been ungracious to refuse, although to do transport work was not the mission we had intended for the ship. On our return to Cape Town, to our dismay, the war authorities sent to say that the London Committee had cabled to the effect that the *Maine* was *not* to return, and therefore all the sick and wounded were to be drafted to the different hospitals in Cape Town, and we were to remain to receive *in time* other cases. Great was the consternation on board. The officers and men, with whom every berth was filled, thought that they were going home at once, and were in despair at the prospect of being detained at Cape Town. Being certain that the committee did not realize the situation, I flew on shore and bearded the principal medical officer, telling him that I intended the *Maine* to leave at daybreak the next morning, as previously arranged, and that I was cabling to the Minister of War to back me up. Remonstrances were in vain, for before the day was out I received a welcome answer from Lord Lansdowne confirming me in my decision.

Before leaving, I paid a flying visit to Groote Schuur, unfortunately missing Cecil Rhodes, who had left that afternoon for England. But Colonel F.

Rhodes was there, fresh from Ladysmith, a host in himself, whose praises could not be sung loud enough by all who were in the besieged city. His cablegram on Christmas Day to his brother Cecil in Kimberley was characteristic: "Happy Christmas! How thoroughly you have misunderstood the situation."

On our return journey, favored with delightful weather, the sick and wounded soon picked up. They used to sit within a few yards of my cabin singing and chattering all day about their destinations and plans. We stopped at St. Helena to get water, which we did in such primitive fashion that it took forty-eight hours instead of twenty-four. But it gave us a chance of visiting the island. We had thought to find Cronje and his defeated army there, but they were still waiting at Cape Town for the arrival of the militia regiment from England deputed to guard them. St. Helena, with its bare rocks, looked formidable and awe-inspiring as we approached. With difficulty I procured a conveyance, a high curricule which, from its antiquated appearance, must have done duty for the governor in 1820. With Miss Warrender I drove up to Longwood, taking two hours, as the road was rough and hilly and we could go only at a snail's pace. A long, low wooden building on the top of a bleak mountain, without any vegetation, the sea the only horizon, this was where the great Napoleon lived for years and ended his days. What torture! I could not shake off the impression. "Think," I said, to some young officers with whom we had tea in the camp hard by, "of a man who had conquered the world ending his days in exile in this dreadful spot!" "But I assure you," answered one of them, a rosy-cheeked young fellow of twenty, "we are no better off. There is absolutely nothing to do here, and I too find the scenery hideous." I ventured to remark that he was not Napoleon, but he did not see any difference or why the others laughed. I visited Government House, where Napoleon wanted to live, but was refused. The beauty of the grounds, which were cultivated and abounded in beautiful trees and rare shrubs, was in marked contrast to the arid desolation of Longwood. A pilgrimage to Napoleon's tomb brought our visit to a close.

It can be imagined with what emotion

we entered Southampton Water, all expecting to see relatives and friends on the quay, as I had telegraphed the probable hour of arrival. Unfortunately the telegram arrived too late, and the committee, and all those who were anxious to welcome us, arrived an hour after the officers had more or less dispersed and the men been removed to Netley Hospital. So ended the first voyage of the *Maine*.

During the *Maine's* absence of four months Mrs. Adair, the Vice-Chairman, went to America in the interest of the fund, and succeeded in enlisting the active coöperation of a number of ladies in New York and elsewhere, who by their generous exertions materially aided us. Mrs. Ronalds, our indefatigable treasurer, was able to give a good account of our budget, and Lord Lansdowne wrote "The *Maine* is doing great work for us; we cannot be too grateful to those who have contributed to the comfort of the sick and wounded." Queen Victoria also sent us a message through Princess Louise:

*Windsor, April 8th, 1900.*

DEAR MRS. RONALDS: The Queen desires me to say that she is much gratified to hear what good work the *Maine* has been doing among the wounded in South Africa, and I am to express Her Majesty's great appreciation of this generous undertaking. The Queen trusts that the *Maine* is making a good and successful voyage home, that she will be able to land her patients much benefited from the care they will have had on their homeward journey.

Yours very sincerely,  
*Louise.*

The ship started on its second voyage to South Africa on the 3d of May, 1900, with everything organized and settled, the outcome of the experience we had gained in the months of active work. After a second voyage she was sent to Chinese waters, where hostilities were just beginning, under the command of Major Meek, M.D., R.A.M.C., who proved a most excellent and conscientious officer. The committee wisely thought that, owing to the British and Americans having no hospital-ship, the *Maine* could be of greater use in China than in South Africa, where by that time the transport

and care of the wounded had been organized on a very large scale.

A detailed account of the *Maine's* doings in the Far East can hardly be given. Suffice it to say that during the China cruise twenty-one officers and 333 men, irrespective of nationality, were treated on board during the five months of her stay. The British, American, and European forces having withdrawn from Tientsin, and Taku being frozen in as the winter came on, the committee ordered the vessel home, thinking that she had fulfilled her mission.

In appreciation of her service I received among many others letters of thanks to the American Ladies' Committee from the Hon. Elihu Root, American Secretary of State, and the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and Vice-Admiral Seymour gave official testimony to the gratitude in which he held her work.

On her return from China, the President of the Atlantic Transport Company, Mr. Bernard Baker, presented the ship to the British Government, the Ladies' Committee giving all the hospital fittings and equipment. The ship had been in commission fifteen months, during which time the ship and crew were with great generosity provided by the company. Mr. Baker was publicly thanked in both Houses of Parliament, and the committee had a gold medal struck to commemorate the work of the *Maine*, which was presented to the King. In accepting it his Majesty said that "the fact that it had been intended for his beloved mother made it specially valued and that the culminating present of the ship to the British Government he trusted would always remain as a lasting link of friendship between the two countries."

Thus ended a most successful enterprise, which, I think, I may claim reflected the greatest credit on all concerned. As I am not writing the history of the American Hospital-ship *Maine*, much has been left unsaid, and that where all worked with such splendid zeal it would be invidious to single any one out.

A few months later (July, 1900) I bade farewell to Lady Randolph Churchill, who then took the name of the chronicler of these reminiscences.

SALISBURY HALL, ST. ALBANS, ENGLAND.

THE END



# GOOD MANNERS AND THE WATER COMPANY

BY CASPAR DAY

WITH PICTURES BY IRMA DÉRÉMEAUX

MRS. KINSHALLA was not at home when the Sling Mountain Water Company sent its collector to Duck Hollow on the twenty-ninth of June. There was an iron-clad rule that the two dollars for the quarter must be paid in advance; and though people grumbled four times a year, they always paid over the money without resistance. This time, however, the former collector, whom everybody knew, had been promoted, and a stiff-necked, new Scotch lad was making his rounds for the first time.

Irene Kohlmeser, Mrs. Kinshalla's married daughter, was visiting her family for the first time since her runaway match in October. She was alone in the house that afternoon. She met the collector at the door with a dignity that was terrifying in so pretty a girl of eighteen.

"I never buy a thing off agents," she told him in the first breath. "You always get cheated if you do. I'm the lady of the house, yes; but I know better'n to buy what I don't want. So you'd better not waste time on me."

The Scotch boy stared at her, startled.

Irene was charmingly dressed in a blue muslin, with her fluffy hair piled high on her head; the hot June weather only brought a becoming color to her cheeks.

If the stranger had had but a touch of blarney in his system, he could have looked his admiration, said something polite, collected his two dollars, and gone his way.

But he was a sour, stiff-necked body. He suffered from prickly heat, and hated the world because his collar was wilted and dirty: in a word, his temper was bad. He had been asking for water-rents in and around Duck Hollow for three hours, and the Irish had said things to him for which he could not find adequate replies until the next midnight.

"That 'll do,"

snapped the Scotch boy. "I'm col—"

"I believe ye!" cried Mrs. Irene. "Well, this is no place for your kind. Move on. Try next door. We don't buy nothing on the instalment plan. We get most o' the things we need off my



"I NEVER BUY A THING OFF AGENTS,"  
SHE TOLD HIM

husband's relations, wholesale price, I 'd let you know."

"Yir hoosban's relations can dro-oon!" the lad told her. "I want the—"

"Ye 're drowning yerself, ye impudent snippet! Drowning by inches. Yer face an' yer collar 's been dead sincet breakfast time, by the looks."

"The watter-rent."

"An' you need a hair-cut. Such a lookin'—"

"I do na care to leesten t' the reest of it, young wummun. Two dollars, the chaarge is, to next quarter-day, payment in odvonce."

"You don't say!" Irene set her hands on her slender hips and cocked her head to one side. "An' who may you be, young wummun? King o' New York? Or fortune-tellin'?"

"I 'm the watter coomp'ny," spoke the Scot. He was furious enough to be perfectly calm,—especially as Irene's temper was quite beyond control. "An' if ye don't put oop the requered soom the night, I 'll toorn yir watter off accordin' to steepulations pervided in the contrac'."

"You 're no gentleman," she raged at him. "The way you 'd behave to a lady shows it, too! Two dollars, indeed! 'T was paid the whole year ahead, an' we 've the receipt up-stairs in Pa's 'Key of Heaven.' You 'll not cheat us, Mister, nor your comp'ny won't neither, there, now! Turn it off, if ye dare! An' I bet you my mother 'll have ye arrested. Try it oncet!"

"Weel," said the collector, "I think pairhaps a bit lesson 'd do ye a mighty lot o' gude. I wull do it."

"I dare yez!" she cried, making ready to slam the door. "As good customers as we been can make you sorry! Anyhow, 't is paid, an' we 'll not pay it twicet. You hear me? We won't! There, putt that in yer pipe an' smoke it!" (*Bang.*)

"Ye air obleeged to ha' food an' dreenk, young wummun," moralized the collector looking at the blank door-panels. "Though of all the veecious young Jeezebels! Weel, I 'll be doon by wi' the wrench. Expeerience is the fine teacher."

He noted the house number in a pocket-book, and went into Mrs. Toole's place, next door.

Mrs. Kinshalla was late in coming

home; and by the time Irene had tried the three new ways of dressing her hair given in the "Ladies' Illustrated" for June, she had forgotten the impudence of the water company. Not until her mother was washing the dishes did it occur to the daughter to speak of it.

"There was a party around to-day, Ma," said she, "abusin' me for not payin' the water-rent."

"Johnny Selden, was it? Mercy be to heaven! I never knew him be oncivil! He greases his tongue most too much sometimes: I been fair sickened more than oncet to hear him go on to Mrs. Toole. Would he be in liquor, maybe, that he would n't know ye?"

"Dear, now, Ma, o' course not! Johnny Selden knows us better 'n to call us a bunch o' dead beats. 'T was a boy, a mere child, like, an' shabby-lookin'; an' his manners was made in the loon'tic asylum. It 's my belief he 'll be arrested for a fakir to-morrow or next day. But I was too much for him. I very kindly and politely told him the rent was paid for, an' he 'd get no two dollars off o' me; an' then I shut the door."

"Serve him right! Well, what 'd he do?"

"What could he do but go off? He 'd met his match with me."

"I disremember whether I paid for six months from January the first, or six months from April the first," meditated Mrs. Kinshalla over the dish-pan. But Irene was off at full speed on a new topic, and did not listen.

"I 'd like to seen that impident little rascal catch his dues if J. Addison Kohl-messer was there! My gracious! Jim 'ud break any fella's back that so much as looked at me cross-eyed! Why, oncet in a store, the floorwalker—" It was a rambling story, but water companies were not embraced in all its far horizons. Mrs. Kinshalla dismissed her mental question as of no account.

The thirtieth of June was Wednesday. Mrs. Kinshalla flew at her work as her wont was, and did not look out of the front windows. About ten o'clock the fancy took her to carry a pail of water out to the pig. She set her bucket under the tap.

The stream ran just as usual until the pail was half full. Then, as if by a mira-



cle, and without any one's going near the faucet, the water ceased. Mrs. Kinshalla waited a moment, though she was far from a patient woman. But when the pipe gurgled once and went dumb, she rushed to the front door. She supposed the neighbors were all drawing together, and

Kinshalla, addressing the universe with a distinctness offensive to the Scotch boy. "Just like Irene said he was. But who 'd suppose he was that sly an' spiteful? Would he have stole that there nice wagon, I wonder?—Hey, there! Mrs. Loughney! Would you be so kind an'



“‘WHAT D’ YE THINK YE ’RE AFTER DOIN’?’”

so depriving her of the water-pressure which was her lawful right.

The sour-tempered Scotch boy was just in the gateway. A plumber's wagon was outside, and a burly Italian laborer was throwing into it a spade and several poker-like tools. The plantains just inside the fence were buried in loose clay. A three-inch iron pipe protruded from the hole which the Scotch boy and his minion had dug.

"Good Lord!" cried Mrs. Kinshalla in utter stupefaction. "What d' ye think ye 're after doin'?"

"I toornt off the watter," replied the Scotch boy, briefly.

"An' what for?"

"Ye ken very gude," the boy told her. He carried a great wrench, and proceeded before her very eyes to cover the pipe and screw the cap home.

"'T is a loonytic for fair," mused Mrs.

run an' ast McCormick to telephone the p'lice? Say I need thim."

"Air you a reelation o' the wummun that lives here?"

"I 'm her meself, ye impident turnip. Why?"

"Ye 've the same bad deesposection, I obsarve," said the collector, finishing the job and getting up from his knees as he loosened the wrench. "There! You can coom to yir senses when ye see fit, an' the coompany wull not feel the defeecit till ye do. Gude day, mom."

"My soul!" said Mrs. Kinshalla, turning from red to purple. "The dhirty Orangeman! Shut off the water, has he? Oh, the sassy limb!"

"Ye wull find it 's so, clavers or no clavers. Moreover, the neighbors canna gi' ye a cupfu'. They wull be cut off the meenute they attempt such a dishonesty. I ha' spoke to them one after ither, previ-

ous to beginnin' ma beesiness on yon valve. I ha'!"—

The wagon drowned the rest of it; he was still sermonizing as they drove down the street. Mrs. Kinshalla was left alone on her door-step.

However, there was one thing she could do to ease her feelings. She took the shiniest tin milk-pail from its hook in the

'T is a dhirty Trust, that there water comp'ny. An' the trusts has had their day; the people are about done with 'em. John Mitchell said so himself, an' I heard him.—So have the courage of a orphan child to stan' up to 'em, an' they 'll back down an' leave ye be. Thry it oncet."

With that, Mrs. Kinshalla took her



"SHE . . . MARCHED ACROSS THE STREET TO MRS. LOUGHNEY'S HOUSE"

kitchen and marched across the street to Mrs. Loughney's house.

"I've come for some water, Annie," she announced.

Mrs. Loughney sat on the porch peeling potatoes. Had the Paradox Washing Machine beside her been a Maxim gun, she would still have lacked courage to pull the lever, after Mrs. Kinshalla had addressed her in those masterful tones.

"Was he here to you yet,—the crazy man, I mean?" the visitor continued with a noble nonchalance. Her pail was in the kitchen sink, and Mrs. Loughney heard the splash of water. "Holy Mother, I never got such talk off a man yet, in church or in politics or in liquor!"

"He stopped in," the house-owner admitted. "Look out will ye get me into trouble, Mrs. Kinshalla. I would n't want no expenses an' law business this summer, Charlie losin' six months off his job so lately as he did."

"Aw, get brave for the oncet, Annie! Stand up for yerself, an' don't give up to everybody that lifts a toothpick at ye!

pail of water, and strode out into the street and so home. Annie Loughney looked puzzled, but she went on peeling her potatoes.

A terrible scene there was a few minutes later when Mrs. Loughney came sobbing to the Kinshalla house. The Scotch boy had looked over his shoulder and had seen his first victim returning with her stolen pailful: he had come back, and said six words, and he was even now cutting off the Loughneys' water supply. Promises and tears did not move him.

Irene and Mrs. Kinshalla were sufficiently moved as they faced Annie at their front door. They outdid themselves in voicing their thoughts and feelings. But Annie slipped quietly to a chair in the front room and cried.

"'T is done now,—the dhirty, sneakin' informers!" Mrs. Kinshalla called in to her after a while.

"Oh, but looka, Ma,—what 's this else they 're after? They 're doin' the same to Evanses' pipe! How 's that?"

"'T is the loonytic!" groaned the



mother. "Would you expect different, Irene?"

"Evanses rents off us," cried Mrs. Loughney, "an' Charlie pays for the whole three houses in the lump,—ours an' Evanses' an' Costello's. He saves 'em bother, an' he gets it out the rents, same as he does the taxes. Oh, oh! Whatever will Mrs. Costello do to me for gettin' her water took away on her? I might 'a' knowed the whole three houses was on the comp'ny books for Charlie Loughney. I won't dare show my head out in the yard again, the one o' them wimmen one side o' me an' the other on t' other!"

DUCK HOLLOW was lively the last evening in June. Irene and her mother told their story to Martin Kinshalla and the four grown boys at supper-time; and previous rehearsals of the story had made them so eloquent that the men went into a splendid rage. Next, J. Addison Kohlmesser came into town unexpectedly on the 5:34 train. His feelings upon the insult offered his bride were so burning that he wrote to a schoolmate of his who was a newspaper reporter, and sent the letter off to New York by the evening train.

Young Tom Kinshalla left home while the scholarly J. Addison was employed upon this despatch, and met Charlie Loughney and Aloysius Costello down at McCormick's saloon. Certain prominent residents of the Hollow were this evening saying hard things about Irene and her mother; and in discussing the merits of the question Tom broke Costello's nose for being so wilfully blind. By midnight, therefore, the Kinshallas, Loughneys, and Costellos, hated one another singly as much as, collectively, they hated the water company.

J. Addison Kohlmesser deferred his business engagements and remained in Duck Hollow on Thursday. His chivalrous intention to protect the ladies of his family from corporate insult was rewarded when the evening paper came into town, with his letter prominently printed on the fourth-page. His communication had been an imposing piece of English in the first place, but high-priced New York talent had touched here and refined there and added a thought yonder till the whole was perfect. It was a history to make the blood boil in any free-born reader's veins.

Duck Hollow thrilled with pride and sizzled with anger as the Tyrant Monopoly stood revealed.

For a week and three days, life went by jerks in the Hollow. More and more people came on the company's blacklist for giving away cups of cold water in obedience to their prayer-books. McCormick's saloon was so full all day that the Father Matthew Cadets threatened to do something radical. The county papers sent their men into the town whenever outside news was scarce; and even the reporters knew that sons and brothers "hauled water" after dark on Sundays to fill the blacklisted Monday washtubs.

On the second Monday, Irene dropped over to see Mrs. Loughney, and stayed from ten till eleven. All the neighbors remembered the feud, and watched and were curious.

If they could have looked into the kitchen, they would have seen Irene established in a patent rocker, and feeling very cool and well-dressed and friendly in her best blue muslin. Mrs. Loughney, meantime, washed the children's clothes in a nervous, jerky way, sousing them up and down when Irene talked, and holding them suspended over the suds when her turn came to answer. The baby was playing on the floor between its mother and her visitor.

At eleven o'clock the stove cracked down the outside of the fire-box; the red coal showed inside. Irene gave notice of the disaster by a scream.

Mrs. Loughney saw, and her first move was to throw the baby into Irene's lap.

"There, you see to 'im!" she gasped. "That 's all you do. I 'll manage."

And then, with all the coolness and bravery of Mrs. Kinshalla herself, little Mrs. Loughney emptied the coal-hod, lifted off the front lids of the stove, and with the fire-shovel began to dig out the red coals. When the hod was half full she carried it out to the ashpile and ran back for another load. In three minutes the danger was over.

"My gracious, what a mess your kitchen is in!" Irene exclaimed, as the little woman ran back panting and sat down on the door-step to recover breath. "That 's a thirty-seven-fifty range, too, ain't it? Oh, but you been cheated on it! They

won't give you a new one, neither, if you 've had it more 'n a year. Still, you was lucky it did n't happen on you in the night."

Annie Loughney was hot and tired and nervous. She tried not to cry.

"Well, I must be goin' home," spoke

"Yer mother does every stroke o' work in that house, as we all know she has sinct you was born. What in the Lord's sake have *you* got to be busy on, Irene?"

"I have to change my dress, for one," said Mrs. J. Addison Kohlmesser, assuming a manner that she had seen Julia Mar-



"MRS. LOUGHNEY . . . WASHED THE CHILDREN'S CLOTHES IN A NERVOUS, JERKY WAY"

the visitor. "Ma 'll have dinner ready; she's always right on time. Here's your baby."

"Could n't you stay a bit an' see to him for me, Irene? It ain't near twelve yet, an' I got to finish the washin' an' get it out. I do feel so shaky, like, I'd take it real kind if ye would. Just the few minutes, now."

"Thanks, but I could n't," responded the young lady. "I've sat here longer 'n I really could spare the time, already, jus' to show folks there ain't no hard feelin's about what happened las' week concernin' the water comp'ny. You forget, maybe, I'm a married woman now, an' rushed with the things I got to see to for me own self."

"Holy Saints!" cried Mrs. Loughney, looking up at her as the visitor gathered her skirts to crowd past on the door-sill.

lowe use to a dying lady-villain on the stage. "I would n't want to make you feel bad about it, o' course, because you could n't really stop to notice. But the baby ain't had his face an' han's washed yet this mornin', I should say, an' that there chicken-bone he got out the coal-pail to cut his teeth on is all dirt an' grease. It's smeared me all up till I look like a Dago. So I must go. Good mornin'."

"Good mornin'," said Mrs. Loughney. She felt blank and guilty and angry and miserable and tired. All she could do was to kiss the baby a dozen times. He was a *lovely* baby, even if he had gone prowling like a puppy! And if Irene Kinshalla ever found out what people really thought of *her*—!

Well! And over there in the tub the suds was cooling. Mrs. Loughney shut the door with emphasis, regardless of ven-



tilation in July weather, and addressed herself determinedly to the children's clothes.

Not five minutes later Mrs. Kinshalla's breadth and brawn appeared. She set her fists on her apron, and smiled a warm, protecting smile on her ten-day foe.

"Irene tells me you 've had a accident, ma'am. Dear, dear, yes, the stove! An' misfortunes never come single, as the sayin' is. Bear up, Annie Loughney, for your woodshed an' chicken-coop 's afire out behind the lot. I 'd 'a' put it out for you myself an' said nothin', only for what 'ud happen if the water comp'ny was to see us a-stealin' water off Mrs. Toole's hydrant in broad daylight.—She bein' the one house right near here that has n't been shut off, 't would be the awful inconvenience to the neighbors to have her usefulness put a stop to.—So first I run up to the corner an' turned in a 'larm for the fire comp'ny; an' next I come in an' shooed yer chickens out o' danger. So 't is all done *for* you, an' ye need n't to fret. The comp'ny 'll be here any minute."

Duck Hollow had a volunteer fire department which was the pride of all the leading families. The borough had recently bought an engine, and the old hose-cart and ladder-wagon had been made like new in a coat of red paint. Stacy's team, and Mulvihill's bay, and McCormick's old brown mare Bess, were the horses generally chosen to draw this equipment.

Horses and men turned out as usual this Monday noon, and lined up on Meade Street near the Loughney home. There were only six members of the fire company on hand to fire the steamer and lay the hose and open the hydrant and give orders. The other eighteen worked in the mines, and would not come to the surface earlier than two o'clock.

"T is the hell of a fire," said Willie Stacy to the other five firemen. "Take yer time, boys, an' don't tangle up the hose. Make a exhibition job of it, now, before all the ladies o' Duck Hollow. Nothing can't catch afire, an' the shanty's pretty near ruind on Mrs. Loughney a'ready."

"Run the hose up her path, an' see ye don't spoil Charlie's garden," ordered the foreman. He took the nozzle to be sure that his commands were carried out.

"Easy, now. Charlie 's the awful man about his potatoes an' flowers."

Mrs. Kinshalla stood at the kitchen door and explained matters while the firemen picked their way.

"I 'd never 'a' disturbed ye, such a hot day as it is an' all, only for the Trust an' its water famyne. Not a quart o' water 'ud I dare throw on it at all, till after dark. An' I knew ye had the right to the big plugs out by the road, an' no questions ast whose houses ye used it on."

"It 's all right, ma'am," said the foreman politely. "No trouble at all. Don't minton it.—All right, Harry! Let 'er go! *Wa-ter!*"

"Look out an' be ready for it," Willie Stacy advised his chief.

"Oh, Willie! It was the stove bursted on me, the first place!" wailed Mrs. Loughney.

"Don't cry, Annie. Don't ye fret. What 's the old shanty amount to, annyhow? If Charlie 'd tore it down, you 'd never 'a' raised the single objection to him doin' it, I bet you."

"Help me hold 'er again' the current," ordered the superior officer. "There—now we get 'er! Good stream, for oncet.—Aw, looka! Nothin' to put out, scarcely—hardly smokin'. 'Bout as dangerous as Nick Soldi's peanut roaster. Nick did n't call out no fire-engines."

"If he was a lady he would, though," was the sage reply of Will Stacy. "Given her about enough, ain't we? Though we might sprinkle Charlie's garden for him, if we could get half stream. Will we try it?"

"Not me!" the foreman decided. "I ain't had my dinner yet, an' the boys up to the shops is liable to break into my can any minute an' eat the pie off me. I 'm in a hurry, I am. An' it takes us awhile to put away our stuff, too."

"Ye done fine," said Mrs. Kinshalla heartily, as the two passed the kitchen door.

"It 's all out, an' I 'm real obliged, I 'm sure," spoke Mrs. Loughney through her tears. "*Why, Irene!* What you doin' now?"

Irene Kohlmesser smiled her prettiest and looked her best in a light gray tailored suit. She addressed the men, wasting no more than a forgiving glance on the disheveled Mrs. Loughney.

"I come to ast, Mr. Stacy, if you an' Mr. Brennan an' the rest would n't welcome a drink o' cold buttermilk an' a bit o' cake or pie? It's that hot to-day I sh'd think you 'd need somethin'. I got a big jug an' some glasses in on the table, an' plenty more down cellar. Would n't you step acrosst an' taste it?"

"Do, indeed, Mr. Brennan, an' all of you," Mrs. Kinshalla urged.

gets a fine line o' eatin', if these is samples."

"Only for the kitchen bein' so tore up we might 'a' made choc'late cake, too," Mrs. Kohlmesser told them. "I 'm ashamed to let strangers see the place lookin' so awful, this time o' day. But you see for yerselves. There 's the clo'es washed an' not rinsed, an' there 's the tub empty an' waitin'. Not the drop o' clean



"'HELP ME HOLD 'ER AGAIN' THE CURRENT,' ORDERED THE SUPERIOR OFFICER"

"Why, thanks. I guess it might come good," spoke one man for all.

"Come right ahead, then. You can finish up here after," cooed Irene sweetly.

They followed her in a flock across the street and into the kitchen, Mrs. Kinshalla closing the line. Poor Mrs. Loughney was deserted to her thoughts; and a new chagrin lay over her more serious troubles. The fire company were hungry, and Mrs. Kinshalla's handiwork as dispensed by Irene made an irresistible appeal. They ate two cakes and four pies and two pounds of pretzels before they rose from the table.

"Well, we 'll be going," spoke the foreman finally. "We're awfully obliged, I 'm sure. Mrs. Kinshalla, your folks

cold water can we get till after dark; an' then we haul it off our neighbor Mrs. Toole. Awful slow it is, though. I could n't help wishin' our tub was in line with Mrs. Loughney's chicken-coop, awhile back. The fire did n't need all the good water that was poured out on it."

"Why, listen here!" said a fireman, wrestling with a great idea. "Why could n't we fill yer tub with the hose, once, now we have it coupled on the plug an' all?"

"Fill all the tubs as wants it!" Stacy exclaimed. "Annie Loughney 'll be glad, for one."

"Sure thing!" said the fire company with enthusiasm.

"Deed, I wish you gentlemen was to



be called down here every Monday," cried Irene with a giggle. "Wash day is the very time a fire 'd be most help again' the water comp'ny."

"It cud be arranged," Brennan told her solemnly. "Only for missin' our dinners in noon hour, I dunno but the boys 'ud take turns bringin' the hose-cart down to put out chicken-coops every Monday. You see, we all got to be back at our jobs around one o'clock, though we cud always leave work early on a fire call. Well, anyhow, we 'll do the best service we can for the public to-day, now we 're down here. Soon 's we take the hose out o' Loughney's, we 'll come here an' rinse the wash out for you."

Then the work of mercy proceeded through the waterless neighborhoods on both sides of Meade Street. In the wake of the fire company went Mrs. Kinshalla, whispering, advising, consulting. When all was done, she was prepared to take Stacy and Brennan aside.

"This day week," said she in a mysterious whisper, "will be the dang'rous fire in Tommy Curran's kitchen chimbley. Two weeks to-day, ye 'll be rung for to risk yer lives on Hoy's fence an' coal-bin. An' so on. Always about twelve o'clock, 't will be, an' always some place that ain't insured, you know. Will you six fellas be able to come to the rescue o' Duck Hollow, d' ye think?"

"I would n't wonder," said Stacy. "I 'd kinda like to see what the water company 'll say about it."

"Some of us 'll have the fine dinner cooked an' waitin' for ye, amongst us. 'T will be the reg'lar invitation, Mr. Brennan, every week for the six o' ye. You won't need no dinner-pails, Mondays, for a while now."

"You can count on me," Mr. Brennan promised her.

"We 'll all get put in the paper, sure," said Stacy. "But for me, I don't care so long 's I 'm happy."

SIX Fire-Mondays came and went before Johnny Selden happened into the district office of the Water Trust. There he listened to a few stories, glanced over the collector's books, and surveyed the Scotch boy. After that, he strolled down to Duck Hollow to pay a few calls.

"How d' ye do, Mrs. Kinshalla?" he

cried, as the parlor door was opened to him. "And yerself, Miss Irene—Mrs. Kohlmesser, I would say! My gracious, I could n't stay away from town when I heard you was back for July an' August. For I thought I—" Here he sighed terribly. "Last September, you know,—I thought I was never to see your blue eyes again!"

"Oh, go 'long wid such talk!" cried Irene, immensely flattered.

"An' yer mother, too; she 's lookin' in fine health," spoke Johnny Selden. Then he was taken with such a fit of coughing that he could scarcely breathe, and finally gasped out a plea for a drink of water.

"We have none," Mrs. Kinshalla told him. "But won't buttermilk do ye? The water comp'ny is behavin' that mean an' thyrannical, these days, that it 's again my self-respect as a decent woman to buy water off them. I only steal it by night because I have to, in a manner o' speaking."

"You don't tell me!" cried the ex-collector. "Oh, o' course, there 's some changes up to the office: but I did n't know as the new men had started out to ruin their own business on theirselves by gettin' onpopular. Is there others dissatisfied?"

"There is," Mrs. Kinshalla admitted, squaring her chin. "Though we was the first."

"Forty-seven places, at last count," added the daughter.

"My gracious, that 's the awful loss to the comp'ny!" Mr. Selden exclaimed. "They can't never go on, that way. The insurance agents 'll be after 'em, for one thing; an' they 'll lose money, for another. No, Mrs. Kinshalla, they 'd ought to change their policy."

"They 're called a bloodsuckin' Trust. That 's what!"

"Well, well! An' they used to be a well-liked company, under the old management. It reminds me of a story, Mrs. Kinshalla, that I heard lately about—"

The visitor talked for half an hour on a variety of topics, and then Irene found herself describing the Scotch boy. When she had done her best her mother added a touch or two. The visitor was properly horrified.

"He ain't no one to be sent into decent Christian homes, that 's plain to me. He needs a lesson. I tell you, Mrs. Kohl-

messer: will I get him moved out on the reservoir gang awhile? Or have him fired? He deserves it for his manners. He ain't fit to talk with ladies. Will I see what I can do for him, once? I will, if you say so."

"'T is nothing to me, o' course," the young matron replied. "Still, I 'm free to own I 'd like to see him spited."

"He shall be!" cried Mr. Selden, pounding his knee. "An' now tell me about the boys. I ain't seen Tom in three months. You an' the bride can talk an hour to me now, an' not tell me the half I want to know."

Just before it was time to start for his car up to town, the ex-collector's mind went back for a moment to his old business.

"Now, that water-fight, ma'am," said he. "I 'll see it 's settled for you; an'—what 's more—settled right. I 'm a known man at the office, Mrs. Kohlmesser.

If I choose to take that impudent cub's book off him, an' come down here to-morrow to your house an' put you an' the neighbors back on the water-rents, why, he can't stop me. Back ye come, for all his complainin's an' spitefulness. Back he must come, an' turn on the valves for ye, if I send him."

"I 'd like to watch him do it!" cried Irene.

"'T would amuse me some," Mrs. Kinshalla admitted. "An' I 'd be glad if I did n't have to haul no more pails over the fence, besides. That there is such slavish work."

"Leave the whole thing to me, an' I 'll fix it up," promised Selden. Now I must run: don't fascinate me, or I 'll miss my car. Well, you can expect me around ten to-morrow. The neighbors had ought to know, Mrs. Kohlmesser, how 't was yours an' your mother's good word that rids them o' their troubles. Good mornin'."

## "O BLACK AND UNKNOWN BARDS"

BY JAMES W. JOHNSON

O BLACK and unknown bards of long ago,  
How came your lips to touch the sacred fire?  
How, in your darkness, did you come to know  
The power and beauty of the minstrel's lyre?  
Who first from midst his bonds lifted his eyes?  
Who first from out the still watch, lone and long,  
Feeling the ancient faith of prophets rise  
Within his dark-kept soul, burst into song?

Heart of what slave poured out such melody  
As "Steal away to Jesus"? On its strains  
His spirit must have nightly floated free,  
Though still about his hands he felt his chains.  
Who heard great "Jordan roll"? Whose starward eye  
Saw chariot "swing low"? And who was he  
That breathed that comforting, melodic sigh,  
"Nobody knows de trouble I see"?

What merely living clod, what captive thing,  
Could up toward God through all its darkness grope,  
And find within its deadened heart to sing  
These songs of sorrow, love, and faith, and hope?  
How did it catch that subtle undertone,  
That note in music heard not with the ears?  
How sound the elusive reed, so seldom blown,  
Which stirs the soul or melts the heart to tears?



Not that great German master in his dream  
 Of harmonies that thundered 'mongst the stars  
 At the creation, ever heard a theme  
 Nobler than "Go down, Moses." Mark its bars,  
 How like a mighty trumpet-call they stir  
 The blood. Such are the notes that men have sung,  
 Going to valorous deeds; such tones there were  
 That helped make history when Time was young.

There is a wide, wide wonder in it all,  
 That from degraded rest and servile toil  
 The fiery spirit of the seer should call  
 These simple children of the sun and soil.  
 O black slave singers, gone, forgot, unfamed,  
 You—you alone, of all the long, long line  
 Of those who 've sung untaught, unknown, unnamed,  
 Have stretched out upward, seeking the divine.

You sang not deeds of heroes or of kings;  
 No chant of bloody war, no exulting pæan  
 Of arms-won triumphs; but your humble strings  
 You touched in chord with music empyrean.  
 You sang far better than you knew; the songs  
 That for your listeners' hungry hearts sufficed  
 Still live,—but more than this to you belongs:  
 You sang a race from wood and stone to Christ.

## THE PEACE CONFERENCE OF 1865

### AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM JEFFERSON DAVIS

THERE have been various contradictory accounts of the "Peace Conference" held on board a steamer in Hampton Roads, February 3, 1865, between President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, and Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, Judge John A. Campbell, and Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, Confederate Commissioners.

It has been represented that at that Conference Mr. Lincoln proposed that if he be permitted to write "Union" at the top of a sheet of paper the Confederate Commissioners might write anything they pleased—that if the Confederates would close the war then, he would pay them \$400,000,000 for their slaves, and that the most liberal terms would be granted. It has been said that these liberal terms were rejected and that the South lost the advantage of them only by the "obstinacy of Jefferson Davis."

Now, of course, the official report made by the Confederate Commissioners, the report of President Lincoln to Congress, and the letter of Mr. Seward to Minister Dayton show that no terms but unconditional surrender were offered, and that an armistice for further negotiations was refused.

Mr. Stephens in his full account of the Conference in his "War between the States," Judge Campbell in his account, published some time after the war, and Mr. Hunter, in the Southern Historical Society Papers, confirm this view. Gentlemen who, after the death of Mr. Stephens, have repeated conversations which they claim to have had with him, have either been at fault in their memory of what he said years before, or else have confounded private conversation of Mr. Lincoln with Mr. Stephens with his official utterances to the Commissioners.

The following letter, the original of which lies before me as I write, gives Mr. Davis's view of the Conference, and is of great interest and historical value. The omissions are of family matters only.

*J. Wm. Jones.*

MR. DAVIS'S LETTER

*Beauvoir, Miss., 1st Sept. 1885.*

REV'D. J. WILLIAM JONES,

*My dear Sir:—*

In "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" I believe I stated about all for which I had any official authority in regard to the Hampton Roads Conference. Beyond that I might say that the Commissioners orally gave me a long account of what transpired at their meeting but of which they declined to make an official report because they had agreed with Messrs. Lincoln and Seward that their conversation should be considered confidential. I then pointed out to them that they had probably fallen into a trap and that their conversation on the Monroe doctrine as connected with the war then progressing between France and Mexico would be so represented by Mr. Seward through the American Minister at Paris as to interfere with whatever good feeling the Emperor of the French had for us. That this was done and probably with that effect may be learned from the published dispatches of Mr. Seward to Mr. Dayton, and the subsequent conduct of Louis Napoleon towards the Confederacy.

So far from Mr. Lincoln having exceeded his authority by promising compensation for slaves, he referred to that subject as closed by the Act of Congress and his own views as set forth in his

message. Mr. Hunter made an argument against taking the negro men for soldiers that it would leave the women and children destitute, to which Mr. Lincoln replied by telling an anecdote of a man in Ills. who had planted a large crop of potatoes which he said he would leave the hogs to gather, but when asked what they would do when the ground was frozen, replied it would be "Root little pig or die." Nothing could be more absurd than the story which has been of late circulated that Mr. Lincoln offered compensation for the slaves. He showed no disposition to make such promise,<sup>1</sup> and it would have been idle if he had made it, because he had no power to fulfil it. Unconditional submission,<sup>2</sup> with a general assurance of Executive clemency, was all he offered and more than this he said he could not give without recognizing the Confederate Govt.

It will be remembered that Mr. Lincoln had, through Mr. Blair, invited the sending of Commissioners to confer with him at Washington. For some reason the purpose was changed; the Commissioners were not allowed to proceed beyond Hampton Roads, and it was after some delay and correspondence that they were allowed to proceed so far. Had Mr. Lincoln proposed to come to the neutral border between the Federal and Confederate Armies, I should have chosen to meet him in person, instead of sending Commissioners whom, my letter to them shows, I expected to go to Washington, whither, of course, it was not proper for me to go, however protected by a safe conduct.

When the Commissioners returned from Hampton Roads neither the people nor the Congress were prepared for un-

<sup>1</sup> Stephens in his "War between the States," Vol. II, p. 617 (as quoted in Nicolay and Hay's "Abraham Lincoln," Vol. X, p. 124), says Lincoln "went on to say that he would be willing to be taxed to remunerate the Southern people for their slaves. He believed the people of the North were as responsible for slavery as the people of the South; and if the war should then cease, with the voluntary abolition of slavery by the States, he should be in favor, individually, of the Government paying a fair indemnity for the loss to the owners. He said he believed this feeling had an extensive existence at the North. . . . But, on this subject he said he could give no assurance—enter into no stipulation."—EDITOR C. M.

<sup>2</sup> On this point Nicolay and Hay ("Abraham Lincoln," Vol. X, pp. 126-7) record that Mr. Hunter said at the Conference "that the Confederate States and their people were by these terms forced to unconditional

surrender and submission," and add "To this Mr. Seward replied with patience and dignity, that 'no words like unconditional submission had been used, or any importing, or justly implying degradation, or humiliation even, to the people of the Confederate States. . . . Nor did he think that in [*sic*] yielding to the execution of the laws under the Constitution of the United States, with all its guarantees and securities for personal and political rights, as they might be declared to be by the courts, could be properly considered as unconditional submission to conquerors, or as having anything humiliating in it. The Southern people and the Southern States would be under the Constitution of the United States, with all their rights secured thereby, in the same way, and through the same instrumentalities, as the similar rights of the people of the other States were.'" This quotation of Mr. Seward's statement is also from Mr. Stephens's "War between the States," Vol. II, pp. 616-7.—EDITOR C. M.



conditional surrender, and if they had been I could no longer have represented them. There was a powerful cabal in Congress and they held secret conversation with Mr. Blair when he came to Richmond; how low their spirit had sunk I do not know, but remember that it excited angry feeling among some of the troops and has been the subject of denunciations by many true soldiers since the war ended.

. . . . I have hopefully looked forward to your long deferred visit and if my health and circumstances had permitted it, would have gone to Richmond to confer with and if possible engage you in some further work I had contemplated for our cause, to me a sacred memory and dear as early love. . . .

Yours faithfully,  
*Jefferson Davis.*



EVERYBODY takes his own dreams seriously, but yawns at the breakfast-table when somebody else begins to tell the adventures of the night before. I hesitate, therefore, to enter upon an account of my dreams; for it is a literary sin to bore the reader, and a scientific sin to report the facts of a far country with more regard to point and brevity than to complete the literal truth. The psychologists have trained a pack of theories and facts which they keep in leash, like so many bulldogs, and which they let loose upon us whenever we depart from the strait and narrow path of dream probability. One may not even tell an entertaining dream without being suspected of having liberally edited it, as if editing were one of the seven deadly sins, instead of a useful and honorable occupation. Be it understood, then, that I am discoursing at my own breakfast-table, and that no scientific man is present to trip the autocrat.

I used to wonder why scientific men and others were always asking me about my dreams. But I am not surprised now, since I have discovered what some of them

believe to be the ordinary waking experience of one who is both deaf and blind. They think that I can know very little about objects even a few feet beyond the reach of my arms. Everything outside of myself, according to them, is a hazy blur. Trees, mountains, cities, the ocean, even the house I live in, are but fairy fabrications, misty unrealities. Therefore it is assumed that my dreams should have peculiar interest for the man of science. In some undefined way it is expected that they should reveal the world I dwell in to be flat, formless, colorless, without perspective, with little thickness and less solidity—a vast solitude of soundless space. But who shall put into words limitless, visionless, silent void? One should be a disembodied spirit indeed to make anything out of such insubstantial experiences. A world, or a dream, for that matter, to be comprehensible to us, must, I should think, have a warp of substance woven into the woof of fantasy. We cannot imagine even in dreams an object which has no counterpart in reality. Ghosts always resemble somebody, and if they do not appear themselves, their presence is indicated

by circumstances with which we are perfectly familiar.

During sleep we enter a strange, mysterious realm which science has thus far not explored. Beyond the border-line of slumber the investigator may not pass with his common-sense rule and test. Sleep with softest touch locks all the gates of our physical senses and lulls to rest the conscious will, the disciplinarian of our waking thoughts. Then the spirit wrenches itself free from the sinewy arms of reason and, like a winged courser, spurns the firm, green earth and speeds away upon wind and cloud, leaving neither trace nor footprint by which science may track its flight and bring us knowledge of the distant, shadowy country that we nightly visit. When we come back from the dream-realm, we can give no reasonable report of what we met there. But once across the border, we feel at home, as if we had always lived there, and had never made any excursions into this rational, daylight world.

My dreams do not seem to differ very much from the dreams of other people. Some of them are coherent and safely hitched to an event or a conclusion; others are inconsequent and fantastic. All attest that in Dreamland there is no such thing as repose. We are always up and doing, with a mind for any adventure. We act, strive, think, suffer, and are glad to no purpose. We leave outside the portals of Sleep all troublesome incredulities and vexatious speculations as to probability. I float wraithlike upon clouds, in and out among the winds, without the faintest notion that I am doing anything unusual. In Dreamland I find little that is altogether strange or wholly new to my experience. No matter what happens, I am not astonished, however extraordinary the circumstances may be. I visit a foreign land where I have not been in reality, and I converse with peoples whose language I have never heard. Yet we manage to understand one another perfectly. Into whatsoever situation or society my wanderings bring me, there is the same homogeneity. If I happen into Vagabondia, I make merry with the jolly folk of the road or the tavern.

I do not remember ever to have met persons with whom I could not at once communicate, or to have been shocked or

surprised at the doings of my dream-companions. In its strange wanderings in those dusky groves of Slumberland, my soul takes everything for granted and adapts itself to the wildest phantoms. I am seldom confused. Everything is as clear as day. I know events the instant they take place, and wherever I turn my steps, mind is my faithful guide and interpreter.

I suppose every one has had in a dream the exasperating, profitless experience of seeking something urgently desired at the moment, and the aching, weary sensation that follows each failure to track the thing to its hiding-place. Sometimes with a singing dizziness in my head I climb and climb, I know not where or why. Yet I cannot quit the torturing, passionate endeavor, though again and again I reach out blindly for an object to hold to. Of course, according to the perversity of dreams, there is no object near. I clutch empty air, and then I fall downward, and still downward, and in the midst of the fall I dissolve into the atmosphere upon which I have been floating so precariously.

Some of my dreams seem to be traced one within another like a series of concentric circles. In sleep I think I cannot sleep. I toss about in the toils of tasks unfinished. I decide to get up and read for a while. I know the shelf in my library where I keep the book I want. The book has no name, but I find it without difficulty. I settle myself comfortably in the Morris-chair, the great book open on my knee. Not a word can I make out, the pages are utterly blank. I am not surprised, but keenly disappointed. I finger the pages, I bend over them lovingly, the tears fall on my hands. I shut the book quickly as the thought passes through my mind, "The print will be all rubbed out if I get it wet." Yet there is no print tangible on the page!

This morning I thought that I awoke. I was certain that I had overslept. I seized my watch, and, sure enough, it pointed to an hour after my rising time. I sprang up in the greatest hurry, knowing that breakfast was ready. I called my mother, who declared that my watch must be wrong. She was certain it could not be so late. I looked at my watch again, and, lo! the hands wiggled, whirled, buzzed, and disappeared. I awoke more



fully as my dismay grew, until I was at the antipodes of sleep. Finally my eyes opened actually, and I knew that I had been dreaming. I had only waked into sleep. What is still more bewildering, there is no difference between the consciousness of the sham waking and that of the real one.

It is fearful to think that all that we have ever seen, felt, read, and done, may suddenly rise to our dream-vision, as the sea casts up objects it has swallowed. I have held a little child in my arms in the midst of a riot and spoken vehemently, imploring the Russian soldiers not to massacre the Jews. I have relived the agonizing scenes of the Sepoy Rebellion and the French Revolution. Cities have burned before my eyes, and I have fought the flames until I fell exhausted. Holocausts overtake the world, and I struggle in vain to save my friends.

Once in a dream a message came speeding over land and sea that winter was descending upon the world from the North Pole, that the Arctic zone was shifting to our mild climate. Far and wide the message flew. The ocean was congealed in midsummer. Ships were held fast in the ice by thousands, the ships with large, white sails were held fast. Riches of the Orient and the plenteous harvests of the golden West might no more pass between nation and nation. For some time the trees and flowers grew on, despite the intense cold. Birds flew into the houses for safety, and those which winter had overtaken lay on the snow with wings spread in vain flight. At last the foliage and blossoms fell at the feet of Winter. The petals of the flowers were turned to rubies and sapphires. The leaves froze into emeralds. The trees moaned and tossed their branches as the frost pierced them through bark and sap, pierced into their very roots. I shivered myself awake, and with a tumult of joy I breathed the many sweet morning odors wakened by the summer sun.

One need not visit an African jungle or an Indian forest to hunt the tiger. One can lie in bed amid downy pillows and dream tigers as terrible as any in the pathless wild. I was a little girl when one night I tried to cross the garden in front of my aunt's house in Alabama. I was in pursuit of a large cat with a great, bushy

tail. A few hours before he had clawed my little canary out of its cage, and crunched it between his cruel teeth. I could not see the cat; but the thought in my mind was distinct: "He is making for the high grass at the end of the garden. I'll get there first." I put my hand on the box border and ran swiftly along the path. When I reached the high grass, there was the cat gliding into the wavy tangle. I rushed forward and tried to seize him and take the bird from between his teeth. To my horror, a huge beast, not the cat at all, sprang out from the grass, and his sinewy shoulder rubbed against me with palpitating strength! His ears stood up and quivered with anger. His eyes were hot. His nostrils were large and wet. His lips moved horribly. I knew it was a tiger, a real live tiger, and that I should be devoured—my little bird and I. I do not know what happened after that. The next important thing seldom happens in dreams.

Some time earlier I had a dream which made a vivid impression upon me. My aunt was weeping because she could not find me; but I took an impish pleasure in the thought that she and others were searching for me, and making great noise, which I felt through my feet. Suddenly the spirit of mischief gave way to uncertainty and fear. I felt cold. The air smelled like ice and salt. I tried to run; but the long grass tripped me, and I fell forward on my face. I lay very still, feeling with all my body. After a while my sensations seemed to be concentrated in my fingers, and I perceived that the grass blades were as sharp as knives, and hurt my hands cruelly. I tried to get up cautiously, so as not to cut myself on the sharp grass. I put down a tentative foot, much as my kitten treads for the first time the primeval forest in the back yard. All at once I felt the stealthy patter of something creeping, creeping, creeping purposely toward me. I do not know how at that time the idea was in my mind,—I had no words for intention or purpose,—yet it was precisely the evil intent, and not the creeping animal, that terrified me. I had no fear of living creatures. I loved my father's dogs, the frisky little calf, the gentle cows, the horses and mules that ate apples from my hand, and none of them had ever harmed me. I lay low, waiting

in breathless terror for the creature to spring and bury its long claws in my flesh. I thought, "They will feel like turkey-claws." Something warm and wet touched my face. I shrieked, struck out frantically, and awoke. Something was still struggling in my arms. I held on with might and main until I was exhausted, then I loosed my hold. I found dear old Belle, the setter, shaking herself and looking at me reproachfully. She and I had gone to sleep together on the rug, and had naturally wandered to the dream-forest where dogs and little girls hunt wild game and have strange adventures. We encountered hosts of elfin foes, and it required all the dog tactics at Belle's command to acquit herself like the lady and huntress that she was. Belle had her dreams, too. We used to lie under the trees and flowers in the old garden, and I used to laugh with delight when the magnolia leaves fell with little thuds, and Belle jumped up, thinking she had heard a partridge. She would pursue the leaf, point it, bring it back to me, and lay it at my feet with a humorous wag of her tail, as much as to say, "This is the kind of bird that waked me." I made a chain for her neck out of the lovely blue Paulownia flowers and covered her with the great heart-shaped leaves.

Dear old Belle, she has long been dreaming among the lotus-flowers and poppies of the dogs' paradise.

Certain dreams have haunted me since my childhood. One which recurs often proceeds after this wise: A spirit seems to pass before my face. I feel an extreme heat like the blast from an engine. It is the embodiment of evil. I must have had it first after the day that I nearly got burned.

Another spirit which visits me often brings a sensation of cool dampness, such as one feels on a chill November night when the window is open. The spirit stops just beyond my reach, and sways back and forth like a creature in grief. My blood is chilled, and seems to freeze in my veins. I try to move, but my body is still, and I cannot even cry out. After a while the spirit passes on, and I say to myself shudderingly: "That was Death. I wonder if he has taken her." The pronoun stands for my teacher.

In my dreams I have sensations, odors,

tastes, and ideas which I do not remember to have had in reality. Perhaps they are the glimpses which my mind catches through the veil of sleep of my earliest babyhood. I have heard "the trampling of many waters." Sometimes a wonderful light visits me in sleep. Such a flash and glory as it is! I gaze and gaze until it vanishes. I smell and taste much as in my waking hours; but the sense of touch plays a less important part. In sleep I almost never grope. No one guides me. Even in a crowded street I am self-sufficient, and I enjoy an independence quite foreign to my physical life. Now I seldom spell on my fingers, and it is still rarer for others to spell into my hand. My mind acts independent of my physical organs. I am delighted to be thus endowed, if only in sleep; for then my soul dons its winged sandals and joyfully joins the throng of happy beings who dwell beyond the reaches of bodily sense.

The moral inconsistency of dreams is glaring. Mine grow less and less accordant with my proper principles. I am nightly hurled into an unethical medley of extremes. I must either defend another to the last drop of my blood or condemn him past all repenting. I commit murder, sleeping, to save the lives of others. I ascribe to those I love best acts and words which it mortifies me to remember, and I cast reproach after reproach upon them. It is fortunate for our peace of mind that most wicked dreams are soon forgotten. Death, sudden and awful, strange loves and hates remorselessly pursued, cunningly plotted revenge, are seldom more than dim, haunting recollections in the morning, and during the day they are erased by the normal activities of the mind. Sometimes, immediately on waking, I am so vexed at the memory of a dream-fracas that I wish I may dream no more. With this wish distinctly before me I drop off again into a new turmoil of dreams.

Oh, dreams, what opprobrium I heap upon you—you, the most pointless things imaginable, saucy apes, brewers of odious contrasts, haunting birds of ill omen, mocking echoes, unseasonable reminders, oft-returning vexations, skeletons in my Morris-chair, jesters in the tomb, death's-heads at the wedding feast, outlaws of the brain that every night defy the mind's police service, thieves of my Hesperidean



apples, breakers of my domestic peace, murderers of sleep! "Oh, dreadful dreams that do fright my spirit from her propriety!" No wonder that Hamlet preferred the ills he knew rather than run the risk of one dream-vision.

Yet remove the dream-world, and the loss is inconceivable. The magic spell which binds poetry together is broken. The splendor of art and the soaring might of imagination are lessened because no phantom of fadeless sunsets and flowers urges onward to a goal. Gone is the mute permission or connivance which emboldens the soul to mock the limits of time and space, forecast and gather in harvests of achievement for ages yet unborn. Blot out dreams, and the blind lose one of their chief comforts; for in the visions of sleep they behold their belief in the seeing mind and their expectation of light beyond the blank, narrow night justified. Nay, our conception of immortality is shaken. Faith, the motive-power of human life, flickers out. Before such vacancy and bareness the shock of wrecked worlds were indeed welcome. In truth, dreams bring us the thought independently of us and in spite of us that the soul

may right

Her nature, shoot large sail on lengthening  
cord,

And rush exultant on the Infinite.

#### DREAMS AND REALITY

It is astonishing to think how our real wide-awake life revolves around the shadowy unrealities of Dreamland. Despite all that we say about the inconsequence of dreams, we often reason by them. We stake our greatest hopes upon them. Nay, we build upon them the fabric of an ideal world. I can recall few fine, thoughtful poems, few noble works of art, or any system of philosophy, in which there is not evidence that dream-fantasies symbolize truths concealed by phenomena.

The fact that in dreams confusion reigns and illogical connections occur gives plausibility to the theory which Sir Arthur Mitchell and other scientific men hold, that our dream-thinking is uncontrolled and undirected by the will. The will—the inhibiting and guiding power—finds rest and refreshment in sleep, while

the mind, like a bark without rudder or compass, drifts aimlessly upon an uncharted sea. But, curiously enough, these fantasies and intertwistings of thought are to be found in great imaginative poems like Spenser's "Faerie Queene." Lamb was impressed by the analogy between our dream-thinking and the work of the imagination. Speaking of the episode in the cave of Mammon, Lamb wrote:

It is not enough to say that the whole episode is a copy of the mind's conceptions in sleep; it is, in some sort—but what a copy! Let the most romantic of us that has been entertained all night with the spectacle of some wild and magnificent vision, recombine it in the morning and try it by his waking judgment. That which appeared so shifting and yet so coherent, while that faculty was passive, when it comes under cool examination shall appear so reasonless and so unlinked, that we are ashamed to have been so deluded, and to have taken, though but in sleep, a monster for a god. But the transitions in this episode are every whit as violent as in the most extravagant dream, and yet the waking judgment ratifies them.

Perhaps I feel more than others the analogy between the world of our waking life and the world of dreams because before I was taught I lived in a sort of perpetual dream. The testimony of parents and friends who watched me day after day is the only means that I have of knowing the actuality of those early, obscure years of my childhood. The physical acts of going to bed and waking in the morning alone mark the transition from reality to Dreamland. As near as I can tell, asleep or awake, I felt only with my body. I can recollect no process which I should now dignify with the term of thought. It is true that my bodily sensations were extremely acute; but beyond a crude connection with physical wants, they were not associated or directed. They had little relation to one another, to me, or to the experience of others. Idea—that which gives identity and continuity to experience—came into my sleeping and waking existence at the same moment with the awakening of self-consciousness. Before that moment my mind was in a state of anarchy in which meaningless sensations rioted, and if thought existed, it was so vague and inconsequent that it cannot be

made a part of discourse. Yet before my education began, I dreamed. I know that I must have dreamed because I recall no break in my tactual experiences. Things fell suddenly, heavily. I felt my clothing afire, or I fell into a tub of cold water. Once I smelled bananas, and the odor in my nostrils was so vivid that in the morning, before I was dressed, I went to the sideboard to look for the bananas. There were no bananas, and no odor of bananas anywhere. My life was in fact a dream throughout.

The likeness between my waking state and the sleeping one is still marked. In both states I see, but not with my eyes. I hear, but not with my ears. I speak, and am spoken to, without the sound of a voice. I am moved to pleasure by visions of ineffable beauty which I have never beheld in the physical world. Once in a dream I held in my hand a pearl. I have no memory-vision of a real pearl. The one I saw in my dreams must, therefore, have been a creation of my imagination. It was a smooth, exquisitely molded crystal. As I gazed into its shimmering deeps, my soul was flooded with an ecstasy of tenderness, and I was filled with wonder, as one who should for the first time look into the cool, sweet heart of a rose. My pearl was dew and fire, the velvety green of moss, the soft whiteness of lilies, and the distilled hues and sweetness of a thousand roses. It seemed to me, the soul of beauty was dissolved in its crystal bosom. This beauteous vision strengthens my conviction that the world which the mind builds up out of countless subtle experiences and suggestions is fairer than the world of the senses. The splendor of the sunset my friends gaze at across the purpling hills is wonderful; but the sunset of the inner vision brings purer delight because it is the worshipful blending of all the beauty that we have known and desired.

I believe that I am more fortunate in my dreams than most people; for as I think back over my dreams, the pleasant ones seem to predominate, although we naturally recall most vividly and tell most eagerly the grotesque and fantastic adventures in Slumberland. I have friends, however, whose dreams are always troubled and disturbed. They wake fatigued and bruised, and they tell me that they would give a kingdom for one dreamless night. There is one friend who declares that she has never had a felicitous dream in her life. The grind and worry of the day invade the sweet domain of sleep and weary her with incessant, profitless effort. I feel very sorry for this friend, and perhaps it is hardly fair to insist upon the pleasure of dreaming in the presence of one whose dream-experience is so unhappy. Still, it is true that my dreams have uses as many and sweet as those of adversity. All my yearning for the strange, the weird, the ghostlike is gratified in dreams. They carry me out of the accustomed and commonplace. In a flash, in the winking of an eye, they snatch the burden from my shoulder, the trivial task from my hand, and the pain and disappointment from my heart, and I behold the lovely face of my dream. It dances round me with merry measure, and darts hither and thither in happy abandon. Sudden, sweet fancies spring forth from every nook and corner, and delightful surprises meet me at every turn. A happy dream is more precious than gold and rubies.

I like to think that in dreams we catch glimpses of a life larger than our own. We see it as a little child, or as a savage who visits a civilized nation. Thoughts are imparted to us far above our ordinary thinking. Feelings nobler and wiser than any we have known thrill us between heart-beats. For one fleeting night a princelier nature captures us, and we become as great as our aspirations.







PRAYER IN THE DESERT  
PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN





# A NEW WAY OF WOOING

BY EDITH RICKERT

Author of "The Reaper," "The Golden Hawk," etc.

AT Klompenkerk there is a deadly stillness. The rare stranger, entering through the breach in the ancient ramparts, is troubled by the echo of his own footsteps. Two other sounds there are: the *klomp-klomp-klomp* of the wooden klompjes on the cobbles when school is out and the broken tinkle of "Wilhelms van Nassau" from the stadhuis bells. A cart is an event of municipal importance.

Now, in the old days the Kirk of Klompenkerk would hold ten thousand; to-day it is boarded up, all but a tiny limpet-like chapel at the west end, which holds a hundred or more. Between the canal and the sea is grass-land, where once thickly huddled mansions of merchants wealthy enough to have built a city of cinnamon-sticks; and in the shrunken harbor, where long ago men-of-war were lodged nose to nose with trading-ships to Cathay, hovers and sidles a meek, little, fresh-painted fishing-fleet, owned by an inland village five miles away. At Klompenkerk you may walk an hour round the ramparts built by the dead; but in five minutes you may compass the homes of the living. At Klompenkerk all the clocks were regulated three hundred years ago, and the only orphan that the town supports is turned sixty-nine. At Klompenkerk, when I was last there, the folk numbered 401; there may be one more or less by now. But however rapidly the place may be said to grow, there is one event in its history which will not be forgotten while the burghers have tongues to talk: and that is the ineffable offense of Jaap van Hoorn the Younger, which threatened to subvert the whole political, social, and moral order of the town. It proves beyond a doubt that unbridled intellect is as perilous to a community as a run-away mule.

Now, for eighteen years or thereabouts this Jaap, though much admired as the burgomaster's son, did nothing out of the

way. He even passed through half his university course at Leyden without attracting the attention of the town; but in the third summer he came home and fell in love with Pietje Klein. This was the root of the black business.

At first, indeed, Jaap's intellect had very little to do with the matter. Pietje was only a pretty peasant of substantial means, but no pedigree at all, who lived with her family at the Farm-of-the-Little St. John, Vrouwe'polder-way; but Jaap lost his head so completely that he refused to go back to Leyden, and took a humble post on the ship of the Layer-down of Buoys and Inspector of Tides and Shoals in the Katschegaat rather than leave off this courtship.

Presumably Pietje was not so anxious. She held him off and on for seven years. For seven long-drawn years he tramped the dike, six miles thither and six miles back, when the weather was worst, and between cold shoulders from the girl and parental abuse he had a bad time of it. But, I am told on the best authority, he never missed a Sunday afternoon; and likewise that all that while, his intellect being in abeyance, he never came to the point.

But he showed a streak of greatness, none the less, for when Pietje scoffed at him for a gentleman, he appeared the following Sunday in the dress of a Boer, with the silent vow, as I happen to know, never to lay it aside until the prize was won. Picture him, then, in braided broadcloth, with four great silver disks to clasp his belt, buttons, brooches, and earrings of gold, and a small, square cap on his long hair, which was trimmed in a semi-circle about the ears in the fashion of the fifteenth century.

The first time he appeared in this costume, the family was at dinner.

"Jaap," said the burgomaster, "is that a gentleman's dress?"

"Father," said Jaap, tilting the cut-glass carafe of beet-juice, which, except when there were visitors, kept up the appearance of claret, "is this a gentleman's drink?"

With this easy victory he resumed his wooing, but had no more kindness as Boer than as burgomaster's son. But he was heard to swear that he would tramp the dike until he wore it out—and indeed it had to be repaired in the sixth year of his wooing—before he would give up Pietje Klein.

All this pother made some stir in the two villages, and from time to time there was gossip. Certain young farmers even had annual bets out, in gold and in silver, for and against Jaap's chances.

The old women, peering unseen into their little mirrors that reflect the whole street, and the old men smoking by the fire as immovable as wooden dolls, wagged their tongues a good deal during exchanges of visits.

Said Klompenkerk: "Find me another young blade to match Jaap."

Vrouwe'polder was unimpressed. "Look at Pietje—just look at her, I say, going to church with her stove in her hand. Look at her corkscrews, her trefails, her brooches, her rings, her strings of coral, her silver buckles, her silver-bound prayer-book!"

Klompenkerk shrugged. "The boy comes from nobility."

"Decayed as an old tooth," snapped Vrouwe'polder. "Baas Klein has sixty-seven cows, and Pietje can milk them."

"But," said Klompenkerk, "Jaap has more brains in his head than all Vrouwe'polder put together."

"Certainly, however," said Vrouwe'polder, "if you come to a question of good looks—"

"But—" urged Klompenkerk, anxious to change this subject.

"And—" insisted Vrouwe'polder.

It seemed as if this state of things might go on forever. But all the while Jaap's brain was maturing in its own way, until one Sunday, early in July of the seventh year, he suddenly discovered that it was ripe.

In the first place, he observed that his sweetheart, sitting among her family in the room, for a time concealed something beneath her great, blue apron, became ex-

ceedingly short with him, and finally went out to her cows long before the usual hour. His spirit swung so high in the full tide of summer that he rose and followed her, regardless of family opinion.

"Now," said he, folding his arms, "I'm coming to be out of temper."

"You've been slow about it," she answered, and then added to the cow: "When a man's a noodle—"

"Seven years," he interrupted. "But these are past. The question now is, When shall the banns be read?"

"Men," she said, disregarding him, "are uncertain. I can trust my cows, and I won't leave them except for—"

"But," said he, "my father—"

She laughed up into his face. "But—you? What of you?"

He stared at her blankly.

"What do men say of you?"

Chance favored him. As she jerked away to move her stool to the next cow, she forgot what her apron had concealed, and the "Adventures of Junker Bal" fell to the ground.

Now, Jaap perceived at once that this was a chap-book of the sort carried about by hawkers and sold slyly to farmers' daughters when their mothers' backs were turned; and he divined that Pietje had been poring over it when she should have been embroidering her dowry linen. And he also perceived, by this new light in his brain, that undoubtedly such reading would have put notions into her head.

"Some things," said he quietly, "I have done for you. What is it more that you want?"

She would not answer directly, but pouted: "I like a man who makes a stir in the world."

He flipped a contemptuous thumb toward the book. "Like him? What did he do to get talked about?"

Knowing that Junker Bal had suffered imprisonment and torture for love of his lady, I can well understand that Pietje was loath to tell.

"Potdoorie!" said Jaap, with an oath that loses all flavor in English, "it is difficult to make a stir in Klompenkerk, but a man can only try."

He left her with scarcely a jerk of the head. She nearly upset her pail in gaping after him, and maidenlike began to wonder whether he was such a milksop, after



all. She had heard it said that he owned the blackest eye, the hottest tongue, the biggest fist, and the strongest stomach on the island; and in the light of his present anger, these qualities seemed somehow strangely attractive. And, alas! the Kermis began the following week, and he had gone away without a word of invitation. It would be dull work trapesing along between two brothers. Pietje felt herself beginning to slip along the road to repentance.

Jaap walked away briskly until he had rounded the curve of the dike; then he sat down on a post and read "Junker Bal." This gentleman gave him the clue. To attract his lady's favor, it seemed necessary only to break a few laws. But how? All the way home he meditated upon ways and means. First, he thought of calling out the fire department upon a false alarm; but the quarterly drill, attended by the entire town, took away the spice of this. To set a house afire involved an awkward choice, as there were none to spare, and no builders nearer than Dumburg. Upon his arrival home, he hunted out a copy of the statute-book of which his father was, as chief legislator, justly proud, and read up the things a man may or may not do without breaking a law in Klompenkerk.

Now, in Klompenkerk the wonder is that any law is intact. Jaap, who never before had troubled to acquaint himself with the matter, found a bewildering choice of things he might not do. He might not sit on a neighbor's gate or cellar-door; he might not let grass grow in front of his house (if he had one), or even trust the weeding-process to the teeth of his cow or goat grazing thereon; he might not sing in the open air, or tie two carts together for any purpose whatever; he might not so much as lean against a wall (for fear of gradual wear and tear of the bricks): but to his intellect, newly awakened by love and Junker Bal, all these things seemed dull and tame.

He went early to the Kermis, his brain seething and boiling over in lavish expenditure of good florins. To his father's disgust, he wore all his bosses and brooches, and spent the day out in low coffee-houses, with such companions as happened along. By nightfall, if he was

none the worse for drink, certainly he was none the better for ideas.

With a crowd of Boers and fishermen he made his way into the theater tent, where the touching play of "Genevieve of Brabant" was about to be performed. Doubtless it was the sight of Pietje sitting demurely between two brothers, like a strawberry between two slugs, that completed the illumination of his brain. He was inspired. Here was his audience—all Klompenkerk and Arnemui'e and Vrouwe'polder, Pietje included. There was the policeman, a harmless citizen innocently vain of his uniform, leaning idly against a tent-pole; close at hand stood an empty chair. Break the laws? Sjouges was here law in person; why not break him? It was all too easy.

As for creating a stir—in two seconds excitement was at fever-point. "Genevieve of Brabant" was killed before she was born. The players followed with the crowd to the town-hall, hugging fat purses, for nobody had remembered to ask his money back.

The innocent policeman had been bowled over like a ninepin; so also had been four stout farmers who rushed to the rescue. But in course of time the proud and happy Jaap was overborne and conveyed in the clutch of six citizens, attended by the entire population, and as many visitors from adjacent villages as could squeeze into the market-place.

The secretary was very cross at having to unlock the stadhuis at that time of night. It was not only because the Kermis had already spoiled his digestion, but also because for a long time he could not remember where he had put the key.

However, after some delay, the burgo-master and council were seated properly on the ancient carved oak benches, and the assistant chief of the fire department was appointed deputy policeman, with a reserve force of six able citizens.

The doors were closed against the hammering public, the accused was removed to an anteroom, while the question whether the prison was safe was debated.

Now, the importance of the problem lay in the fact that this structure lacked a roof. It was begun at the time of the second republic in France by a burgomaster who anticipated similar disturbances at Klompenkerk; but as nothing hap-

pened, it progressed slowly until it was about ten feet square by fifteen feet high, and there stopped for lack of public funds. It had not been used within the memory of the present generation.

Hither, then, the burgomaster, spectated, judicial, for the time being soulless, despatched a committee of two with a lantern. Another delay followed, with inquiry for the prison key. It appeared that the prisoner had it in his pocket all the while, he having used the place recently for the confinement—in fish-baskets—of certain pet rats tabooed at home.

The crowd hung breathless upon the solemn movements of the committee, who bore themselves as men used to responsibility. Word passed that the prisoner in the anteroom was chewing licorice-root.

Presently the committee returned and announced that the prison was in fair condition, considering; but that they also advised the placing of a sentry. To this office was appointed the assistant chief of the fire department, who, being informed of the second honor thrust upon him that night, drew his knees as near together as they would go, and indulged widely in military salutes.

Fortunately, the secretary kept minutes of this extraordinary occasion. I have read them. Prisoner, questioned as to the motive of act, smiled; informed as to state of policeman's nose and skull, chuckled; asked whether he bore this official a grudge, laughed aloud; asked whether he regretted his deed of violence, shook his head; informed that he would be punished with the full rigor of the law, behaved in a most unseemly manner. Here the scribe's pen granted no further detail.

In conclusion, the council could make nothing of the accused, so marched him away with the deputy policeman, closely attended by the valiant six, and as near as might be by the crowd that thronged the market-place.

Long after the booths of the Kermis and the coffee-houses were dark, Jaap and the sentry were still making a night of it. Jaap began by shouting ribald songs through the keyhole into the shocked ears of the assistant chief, who could not stop him or move away, or even, by the law of the town, to which the prisoner was now indifferent, join in the chorus. A heavy shower came on, and Jaap politely in-

vited the sentry to step in for shelter. The sting of the irony lay not so much in the fact that the prison was roofless as that the door had been locked, and the key given in charge to the battered policeman's wife, who stored it for safe-keeping, I am told, in an empty pickle-pot.

Now the insulted and weary deputy policeman avoided leaning against the wall as long as nature permitted; but when the rain became unendurable, he sought shelter by lifting a neighbor's cellar-door, whence he was dragged ignominiously the next morning, fast asleep, and informed that his prisoner had escaped.

It fell out presently that Jaap, being familiar with the place, had made his way homeward, over tiles and garden walls; and in due course was arrested again, snoring in his own bed.

At this point, any one but a Klompenkerker—I will go further; any one but a Jaap—might have considered that he had made sensation enough; but Jaap was bent on seeing the thing through with style and ceremony.

The interval before his trial in Dumburg he passed very proudly, not once treading the dike toward Pietje Klein, although the word came from Vrouwe'-polder folk that her eyes were near shut from constant weeping.

Upon the day of the assizes he drove to Dumburg in the one cab that Klompenkerk possessed. It was bruited about that the man took him free of charge in order to have a share in his glory. Certain it is that they attracted quite as much attention as if the equipage of royalty had passed.

Half-way along the straight, bricked road under the elms, they encountered the plaintiff trudging along, very hot under his bandages, and assuming interest in the landscape when he heard wheels and knew them by instinct for those of his adversary. He was therefore unprepared to be pounced upon and installed unceremoniously at Jaap's right hand.

What they said to each other on the way will never be known; but many witnesses can testify that they drove into town with their arms round each other, singing different stanzas of "Wilhelmns van Nassau"; and the cabman said that the horses had been refreshed at Jaap's expense, at every coffee-house along the way.





Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

PIETJE

Called upon to bring his charge, the policeman, his bandage rakishly aslant over one ear, broke down and wept bitterly, for, as he said, giving so much trouble. The case was therefore terminated in confusion, the magistrate assigning three-days' imprisonment only as a warning to the town and the world at large.

Knowing that his brief incarceration was likely to be his last experience of such a mode of life, Jaap made the most of it, hoping that the echoes of his deeds might reach the ears of his Pietje.

I must confess that, in comparison with Klompenkerk, Dummburg was a wicked town. The prison to which Jaap was consigned held already no fewer than five criminals; down-stairs were four men of evil name—two drunkards, a reputed thief, and a fellow who declared himself innocent of arson; up-stairs was a gipsy woman accused of witchcraft. Now, these unfortunates Jaap proceeded to enliven.

Among the various reports which spread about the villages afterward was one that he obtained constant supplies of sweet things by bribing the warden with half; also, that he managed to communicate with the woman above, by means of impromptu ropes, so exchanged sweets for some of her contraband tobacco, smoking being against the prison rules. Another tale says that he conducted mock trials, himself the judge, of every case there; and, further, that having convicted the incendiary beyond a doubt, he gave him valuable points, which contributed to his subsequent acquittal. The jailer told all the world that his hair went gray during those seventy-two hours; and the fact is well known that he sent for each of

the five governors of the prison in turn, and that singly and collectively they could find no law that limited the carryings-on of Jaap, now that he was safe under lock and key.

When at last he was delivered to the street again, the jailer said, with tears of joy in his eyes: "God bless you, Jaap! You have freed me from the greatest anxiety of my life."

Scarcely outside, Jaap was encountered by a correspondent of the "Dummburg Daagblatt," and his fame was established.

Instead of returning by the road to Klompenkerk, he went round by the fields to Little St. John, by Vrouwe'polder, where he found his Pietje with her cows. His reception was not cold.

"Idiot! Ninny! Stupid! Dummy! Fool!"—so ran her vocabulary.

"Did I or did I not?" he grinned.

She stopped in her speech, looked at him out of the corner of her eyes, and milked hard.

"Am I talked about enough?" he asked.

"Quite enough,"—her voice was as acid as the beet-root claret at home,—  
"I shall see to it that you are talked about no more."

At this point, I take it, he kissed her. And she had waited seven years!

He walked the six miles of the newly mended dike as a man who had achieved the object of his life; so came under the shadow of his own home, and confronted the paternal wrath of the burgomaster.

"I should like to know," thundered Jaap the Elder, "the meaning of all this law-breaking in Klompenker-r-rek!"

"It was all in the wooing of Pietje Klein," said Jaap the Younger, meekly.

## OLD CAIRO

BY ROBERT HICHENS

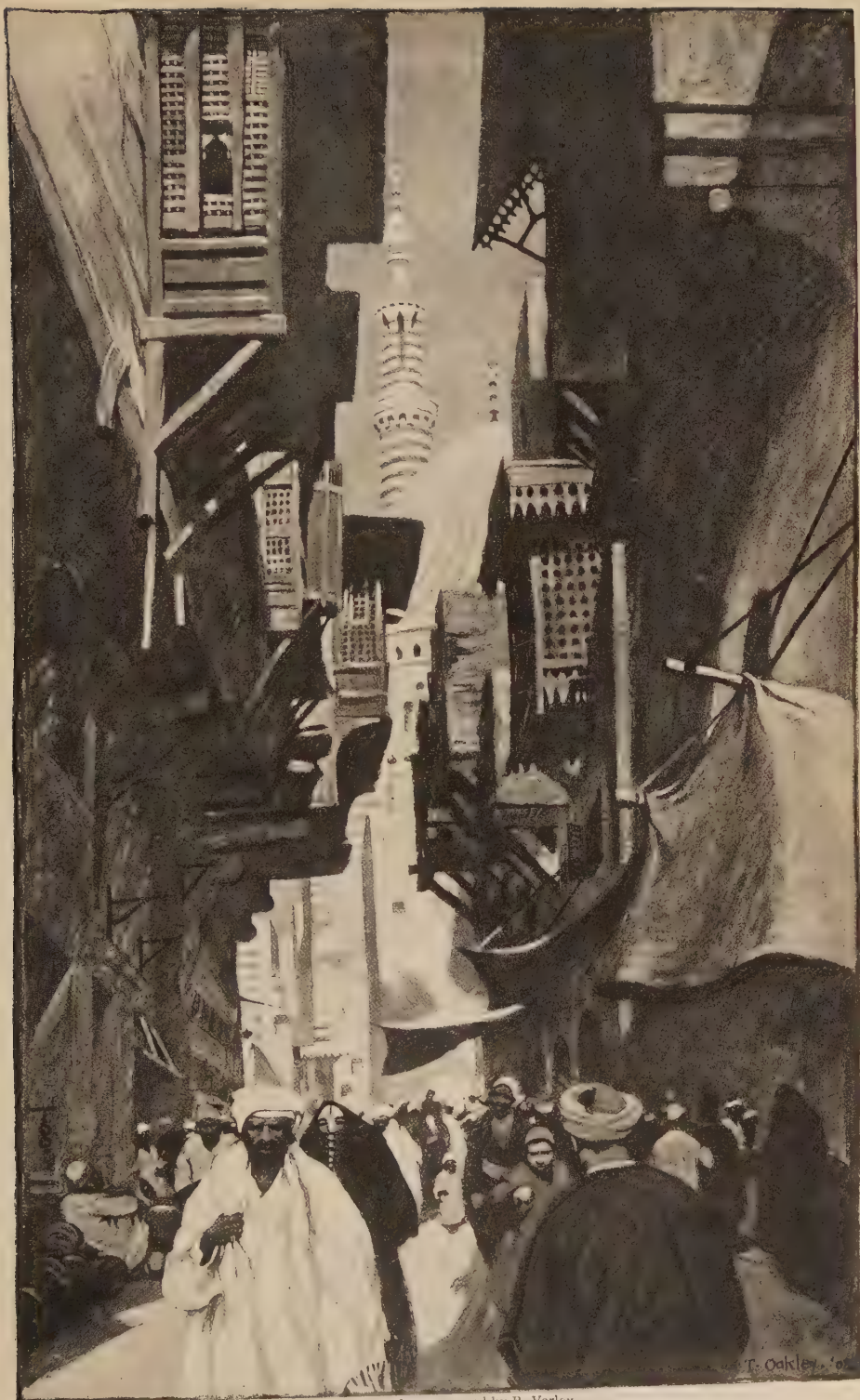
Author of "The Garden of Allah," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THORNTON OAKLEY

**B**y old Cairo I do not mean only "le vieux Caire" of the guide-book, the little, desolate village containing the famous Coptic church of Abu Sergius, in the crypt of which the Virgin Mary and

Christ are said to have stayed when they fled to the land of Egypt to escape the fury of King Herod; but the Cairo that is not new, that is not dedicated wholly to officialdom and tourists, that, in the midst





Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

CAIRO, THE CITY OF MOSQUES



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

A SHOP



of changes and the advance of civilization,—civilization that does so much harm as well as so much good, that showers benefits with one hand and defaces beauty with the other,—preserves its immemorial calm or immemorial tumult; that stands aloof, as stands aloof ever the Eastern from the Western man, even in the midst of what seems, perhaps, like intimacy; Eastern to the soul, though the fantasies, the passions, the vulgarities, the brilliant ineptitudes of the West, beat about it like waves about some unyielding wall of the sea.

When I went back to Egypt, after a lapse of many years, I fled at once from Cairo, and upon the long reaches of the Nile, in the great spaces of the Libyan Desert, in the luxuriant palm-groves of the Fayyum, among the tamarisk-bushes and on the pale waters of Kurun, I forgot the changes which, in my brief glimpse of the city and its environs, had moved me to despondency. But one cannot live in the solitudes forever. And at last from Madinat-al-Fayyum, with the first pilgrims starting for Mecca, I returned to the great city, determined to seek in it once more for the fascinations it used to hold, and perhaps still held in the hidden ways where modern feet, nearly always in a hurry, had seldom time to penetrate.

A mist hung over the land. Out of it, with a sort of stern energy, there came to my ears loud hymns sung by the pilgrim voices—hymns in which, mingled with the enthusiasm of devotees en route for the holiest shrine of their faith, there seemed to sound the resolution of men strung up to confront the fatigues and the dangers of a great journey through a wild and unknown country. Those hymns led my feet to the venerable mosques of Cairo, the city of mosques, guided me on my lesser pilgrimage among the cupolas and the colonnades, where grave men dream in the silence near marble fountains, or bend muttering their prayers beneath domes that are dimmed by the ruthless fingers of Time. In the buildings consecrated to prayer and to meditation I first sought for the magic that still lurks in the teeming bosom of Cairo.

Long ago I had sought it elsewhere, in the brilliant bazaars by day, and by night in the winding alleys, where the dark-eyed Jews look stealthily forth from the low-browed doorways; where the Circassian

girls promenade, gleaming with golden coins and barbaric jewels; where the air is alive with music that is feverish and antique, and in strangely lighted interiors one sees forms clad in brilliant draperies, or severely draped in the simplest pale-blue garments, moving in languid dances, fluttering painted fingers, bending, swaying, dropping down, like the forms that people a dream.

In the bazaars is the passion for gain, in the alleys of music and light is the passion for pleasure, in the mosques is the passion for prayer that connects the souls of men with the unseen but strongly felt world. Each of these passions is old, each of these passions in the heart of Islam is fierce. On my return to Cairo I sought for the hidden fire that is magic in the dusky places of prayer.

A mist lay over the city as I stood in a narrow byway, and gazed up at a heavy lattice, of which the decayed and blackened wood seemed on guard before some tragic or weary secret. Before me was the entrance to the mosque of Ibn-Tulun, older than any mosque in Cairo save only the mosque of Amru. It is approached by a flight of steps, on each side of which stand old, impenetrable houses. Above my head, strung across from one house to the other, were many little red and yellow flags ornamented with gold lozenges. These were to bear witness that in a couple of days' time, from the great open place beneath the citadel of Cairo, the Sacred Carpet was to set out on its long journey to Mecca. My guide struck on a door and uttered a fierce cry. A small shutter in the blackened lattice was opened, and a young girl, with kohl-tinted eyelids, and a brilliant yellow handkerchief tied over her coarse, black hair, leaned out, held a short parley, and vanished, drawing the shutter to behind her. The mist crept up about the tawdry flags, a heavy door creaked, whined on its hinges, and from the house of the girl there came an old, fat man bearing a mighty key. In a moment I was free of the mosque of Ibn-Tulun.

I ascended the steps, passed through a doorway, and found myself on a piece of waste ground, flanked on the right by an old, mysterious wall, and on the left by the long wall of the mosque, from which close to me rose a gray, unornamented



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

GROUP OF MOHAMMEDANS BY THE WALL OF THE MOSQUE EL MOVAYAD



minaret, full of the plain dignity of unpretending age. Upon its summit was perched a large and weary-looking bird with dragged feathers, which remained so still that it seemed to be a sad ornament set there above the city, and watching it forever with eyes that could not see. At right angles, touching the mosque, was such a house as one can see only in the East—fantastically old, fantastically decayed, bleared, discolored, filthy, melancholy, showing hideous windows like windows in the slum of a town set above coal-pits in a colliery district, a degraded house, and yet a house which roused the imagination and drove it to its work. In this building once dwelt the High Priest of the mosque. This dwelling, the ancient wall, the gray minaret with its motionless bird, the lamentable waste ground at my feet, prepared me rightly to appreciate the bit of old Cairo I had come to see.

People who are bored by Gothic churches would not love the mosque of Ibn-Tulun. No longer is it used for worship. It contains no praying life. Abandoned, bare, and devoid of all lovely ornament, it stands like some hoary patriarch, naked and calm, waiting its destined end without impatience and without fear. It is a fatalistic mosque, and is impressive, like a fatalistic man. The great court of it, three hundred feet square, with pointed arches supported by piers, double, and on the side looking toward Mecca quintuple arcades, has a great dignity of somber simplicity. Not grace, not a light elegance or soaring beauty, but massiveness and heavy strength are the distinguishing features of this mosque. Even the octagonal basin and its protecting cupola that stand in the middle of the court lack the charm that belongs to so many of the fountains of Cairo. There are two minarets, the minaret of the bird, and a larger one, approached by a big stairway up which, so my dragoman told me, a Sultan whose name I have forgotten loved to ride his favorite horse. Upon the summit of this minaret I stood for a long time, looking down over the city.

Gray it was that morning, almost as London is gray; but the sounds that came up softly to my ears out of the mist were not the sounds of London. Those many minarets, almost like columns of fog ris-

ing above the cupolas, spoke to me of the East even upon this sad and sunless morning. Once from where I was standing at the time appointed went forth the call to prayer, and in the barren court beneath me there were crowds of ardent worshippers. Stern men paced upon the huge terrace just at my feet fingering their beads, and under that heavy cupola were made the long ablutions of the faithful. But now no man comes to this old place, no murmur to God disturbs the heavy silence. And the silence, and the emptiness, and the grayness under the long arcades, all seem to make a tremulous proclamation; all seem to whisper, "I am very old, I am useless, I cumber the earth." Even the mosque of Amru, which stands also on ground that looks gone to waste, near dingy and squat houses built with gray bricks, seems less old than this mosque of Ibn-Tulun. For its long façade is striped with white and apricot, and there are lebbek-trees growing in its court near the two columns between which if you can pass you are assured of heaven. But the mosque of Ibn-Tulun, seen upon a sad day, makes a powerful impression, and from the summit of its minaret you are summoned by the many minarets of Cairo to make the pilgrimage of the mosques, to pass from the "broken arches" of these Saracenic cloisters to the "Blue Mosque," the "Red Mosque," the mosques of Mohammed Ali, of Sultan Hassan, of Kait Bey, of El-Azhar, and so on to the Coptic church that is the silent center of "old Cairo." It is said that there are over four hundred mosques in Cairo. As I looked down from the minaret of Ibn-Tulun, they called me through the mist that blotted completely out all the surrounding country, as if it would concentrate my attention upon the places of prayer during these holy days when the pilgrims were crowding in to depart with the Holy Carpet. And I went down by the staircase of the horse, and in the mist I made my pilgrimage.

As every one who visits Rome goes to St. Peter's, so every one who visits Cairo goes to the mosque of Mohammed Ali in the citadel, a gorgeous building in a magnificent situation, the interior of which always makes me think of court functions, and of the pomp of life, rather than of prayer and self-denial. More attractive



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE WHARVES AT BULAK. UNLOADING POMEGRANATES



to me is the "Blue Mosque," to which I returned again and again, enticed almost as by the fascination of the living blue of a summer sky.

This mosque, which is the mosque of Ibrahim Aga, but which is familiarly known to its lovers as the "Blue Mosque," lies to the left of a ramshackle street, and from the outside does not look specially inviting. Even when I passed through its door, and stood in the court beyond, at first I felt not its charm. All looked old and rough, unkempt and in confusion. The red and white stripes of the walls and the arches of the arcade, the mean little place for ablution,—a pipe and a row of brass taps,—led the mind from a Neapolitan ice to a second-rate school, and for a moment I thought of abruptly retiring and seeking more splendid precincts. And then I looked across the court to the arcade that lay beyond, and I saw the exquisite "love color" of the marvelous tiles that gives this mosque its name.

The huge pillars of this arcade are striped and ugly, but between them shone, with an ineffable luster, a wall of purple and blue; of purple and blue so strong and yet so delicate that it held the eyes and drew the body forward. If ever color calls, it calls in the blue mosque of Ibrahim Aga. And when I had crossed the court, when I stood beside the pulpit, with its delicious, wooden folding-doors, and studied the tiles of which this wonderful wall is composed, I found them as lovely near as they are lovely far off. From a distance they resemble a nature effect, are almost like a bit of Southern sea or of sky, a fragment of gleaming Mediterranean seen through the pillars of a loggia, or of Sicilian blue watching over Etna in the long summer days. When one is close to them, they are a miracle of art. The background of them is a milky white upon which is an elaborate pattern of purple and blue, generally conventional and representative of no known object, but occasionally showing tall trees somewhat resembling cypresses. But it is impossible in words adequately to describe the effect of these tiles, and of the tiles that line to the very roof the tomb-house on the right of the court. They are like a cry of ecstasy going up in this otherwise not very beautiful mosque; they make it unforgettable, they draw you back to it again and yet

again. On the darkest day of winter they set something of summer there. In the saddest moment they proclaim the fact that there is joy in the world, that there was joy in the hearts of creative artists years upon years ago. If you are ever in Cairo, and sink into depression, go to the "Blue Mosque" and see if it does not have upon you an uplifting moral effect. And then, if you like, go on from it to the Gamia El Movayad, sometimes called El Ahmar, "The Red," where you will find greater glories, though no greater fascination; for the tiles hold their own among all the wonders of Cairo.

Outside the "Red Mosque," by its imposing and lofty wall, there is always an assemblage of people, for prayers go up in this mosque, ablutions are made there, and the floor of the arcade is often covered with men studying the Koran, calmly meditating, or prostrating themselves in prayer. And so there is a great coming and going up the outside stairs and through the wonderful doorway: beggars crouch under the wall of the terrace; the sellers of cakes, of syrups and lemon water, and of the big and luscious water-melons that are so popular in Cairo, display their wares beneath awnings of orange-colored sackcloth; or in the full glare of the sun, and, their prayers comfortably completed or perhaps not yet begun, the worshipers stand to gossip, or sit to smoke their pipes, before going on their way into the city or the mosque. There are noise and perpetual movement here. Stand for a while to gain an impression from them before you mount the steps and pass into the spacious peace beyond.

Orientals must surely revel in contrasts. There is no tumult like the tumult in certain of their market-places. There is no peace like the peace in certain of their mosques. Even without the slippers carefully tied over your boots you would walk softly, gingerly, in the mosque of El Movayad, the mosque of the columns and the garden. For once within the door you have taken wings and flown from the city, you are in a haven where the most delicious calm seems floating like an atmosphere. Through a lofty colonnade you come into the mosque, and find yourself beneath a magnificently ornamental wooden roof, the general effect of which



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

BAB ZOUWELEH



-is of deep brown and gold, though there are deftly introduced many touches of very fine red and strong, luminous blue. The walls are covered with gold and superb marbles, and there are many quotations from the Koran in Arab lettering heavy with gold. The great doors are of chiseled bronze and of wood. In the distance is a sultan's tomb, surmounted by a high and beautiful cupola, and pierced with windows of jeweled glass. But the attraction of this place of prayer comes less from its magnificence, from the shining of its gold, and the gleaming of its many-colored marbles, than from its spaciousness, its airiness, its still seclusion, and its garden. Mohammedans love fountains and shady places, as can surely love them only those who carry in their minds a remembrance of the desert. They love to have flowers blowing beside them while they pray. And within the immensely high and crenelated walls of this mosque long ago they set a fountain of pure-white marble, covered it with a shelter of limestone, and planted trees and flowers about it. There beneath palms and tall eucalyptus-trees even on this misty day of the winter, roses were blooming, pinks scented the air, and great red flowers, that looked like emblems of passion, stared upward almost fiercely, as if searching for the sun. As I stood there among the worshipers in the wide colonnade, near the exquisitely carved pulpit in the shadow of which an old man who looked like Abraham was swaying to and fro and whispering his prayers, I thought of Omar Khayyam and how he would have loved this garden. But instead of water from the white marble fountain, he would have desired a cup of wine to drink beneath the boughs of the sheltering trees. And he could not have joined without doubt or fear in the fervent devotions of the undoubting men, who came here to steep their wills in the great will that flowed about them like the ocean about little islets of the sea.

From the "Red Mosque" I went to the great mosque of El-Azhar, to the wonderful mosque of Sultan Hassan, which unfortunately was being repaired and could not be properly seen, though the examination of the old portal covered with silver, gold, and brass, the general color effect of which is a delicious dull green, repaid me for my visit, and to the exquis-

itely graceful tomb-mosque of Kait Bey, which is beyond the city walls. But though I visited these, and many other mosques and tombs, including the tombs of the Khalifas, and the extremely smart modern tombs of the family of the present Khedive of Egypt, no building dedicated to worship, or to the cult of the dead, left a more lasting impression upon my mind than the Coptic church of Abu Sergius, or Abu Sargah, which stands in the desolate and strangely antique quarter called "Old Cairo." Old indeed it seems, almost terribly old. Silent and desolate is it, untouched by the vivid life of the rich and prosperous Egypt of to-day, a place of sad dreams, a place of ghosts, a place of living specters. I went to it alone. Any companion, however dreary, would have tarnished the perfection of the impression old Cairo and its Coptic church can give to the lonely traveler.

I descended to a gigantic door of palmwood which was set in an old brick arch. This door upon the outside was sheeted with iron. When it opened, I left behind me the world I knew, the world that belongs to us of to-day, with its animation, its impetus, its flashing changes, its sweeping hurry and "go." I stepped at once into, surely, some moldering century long hidden in the dark womb of the forgotten past. The door of palmwood closed, and I found myself in a sort of deserted town, of narrow, empty streets, beetling archways, tall houses built of gray bricks, which looked as if they had turned gradually gray, as hair does on an aged head. Very, very tall were these houses. They all appeared horribly, almost indecently, old. As I stood and stared at them, I remembered a story of a Russian friend of mine, a landed proprietor, on whose country estate dwelt a peasant woman who lived to be over a hundred. Each year, when he came from Petersburg, this old woman arrived to salute him. At last she was a hundred and four, and, when he left his estate for the winter, she bade him good-bye forever. Forever! But, lo! the next year there she still was—one hundred and five years old, deeply ashamed and full of apologies for being still alive. "I cannot help it," she said. "I ought no longer to be here, but it seems I do not know anything. I do not even know how to die!" The gray, tall houses of old Cairo do not



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

MARKET MORNING. SHAREH-EL-GAMALEYEH



know how to die. So there they stand, showing their haggard façades, which are broken by protruding, worm-eaten, wooden lattices not unlike the shaggy, protuberant eyebrows which sometimes sprout above bleared eyes that have seen too much. No one looked out from these lattices. Was there, could there be, any life behind them? Did they conceal harems of centenarian women with wrinkled faces, and corrugated necks and hands? Here and there drooped down a string terminating in a lamp covered with minute dust, that wavered in the wintry wind which stole tremulously between the houses. And the houses seemed to be leaning forward, as if they were fain to touch each other and leave no place for the wind, as if they would blot out the exiguous alleys, so that no life should ever venture to stir through them again. Did the eyes of the Virgin Mary, did the baby eyes of the Christ child, ever gaze upon these buildings? One could almost believe it. One could almost believe that already these buildings were there when, fleeing from the wrath of Herod, Mother and Child sought the shelter of the crypt of Abu Sargah.

I went on, walking with precaution, and presently I saw a man. He was sitting collapsed beneath an archway, and he looked older than the world. He was clad in what seemed like a sort of cataract of multicolored rags. An enormous white beard flowed down over his shrunken breast. His face was a mass of yellow wrinkles. His eyes were closed. His yellow fingers were twined about a wooden staff. Above his head was drawn a patched hood. Was he alive or dead? I could not tell, and I passed him on tiptoe. And going always with precaution between the tall, gray houses and beneath the lowering arches, I came at last to the Coptic church.

Near it, in the street, were several Copts, large, fat, yellow-skinned, apparently sleeping, in attitudes that made them look like bundles. I woke one up, and asked to see the church. He stared, changed slowly from a bundle to a standing man, went away and presently, returning with a key and a pale, intelligent-looking youth, admitted me into one of the strangest buildings it was ever my lot to enter.

The average Coptic church is far less

fascinating than the average mosque, but the church of Abu Sargah is like no other church that I visited in Egypt. Its aspect of hoary age makes it strangely, almost thrillingly, impressive. Now and then, in going about the world, one comes across a human being, like the white-bearded man beneath the arch, who might be a thousand years old, two thousand, anything, whose appearance suggests that he or she, perhaps, was of the company which was driven out of Eden, but that the expulsion was not recorded. And now and then one happens upon a building that creates the same impression. Such a building is this church. It is known and recorded that more than a thousand years ago it had a patriarch whose name was Shenuti; but it is supposed to have been built long before that time, and parts of it look as if they had been set up at the very beginning of things. The walls are dingy and white-washed. The wooden roof is peaked, with many cross-beams. High up on the walls are several small square lattices of wood. The floor is of discolored stone. Everywhere one sees wood wrought into lattices, crumbling carpets that look almost as frail and brittle and fatigued as wrappings of mummies, and worn-out matting that would surely become as the dust if one set his feet hard upon it. The structure of the building is basilican, and it contains some strange carvings of the Last Supper, the Nativity, and St. Demetrius. Around the nave there are mogolithic columns of white marble, and one column of the red and shining granite that is found in such quantities at Assuan. There are three altars in three chapels facing toward the East. Coptic monks and nuns are renowned for their austerity of life, and their almost fierce zeal in fasting and in prayer, and in Coptic churches the services are sometimes so long that the worshippers, who are almost perpetually standing, use crutches for their support. In their churches there always seems to me to be a cold and austere atmosphere, far different from the atmosphere of the mosques or of any Roman Catholic church. It sometimes rather repels me, and generally makes me feel either dull or sad. But in this immensely old church of Abu Sargah the atmosphere of melancholy aids the imagination.

In Coptic churches there is generally a

great deal of woodwork made into lattices, and into the screens which mark the divisions, usually four, but occasionally five, which each church contains, and which are set apart for the altar, for the priests, singers, and ministrants, for the male portion of the congregation, and for the women, who sit by themselves. These divisions, so different from the wide spaciousness and airiness of the mosques, where only pillars and columns partly break up the perspective, give to Coptic buildings an air of secrecy and of mystery, which, however, is often rather repellent than alluring. In the high wooden lattices there are narrow doors, and in the division which contains the altar the door is concealed by a curtain embroidered with a large cross. The Mohommedans who created the mosques showed marvelous taste. Copts are often lacking in taste, as they have proved here and there in Abu Sargah. Above one curious and unlatticed screen, near to a matted dais, droops a hideous banner, red, purple, and yellow, with a white cross. Peeping in, through an oblong aperture, one sees a sort of minute circus, in the form of a half-moon, containing a table with an ugly red-and-white striped cloth. There the Eucharist, which must be preceded by confession, is celebrated. The pulpit is of rosewood, inlaid with ivory and ebony, and in what is called the "haikal-screen" there are some fine specimens of carved ebony.

As I wandered about over the tattered carpets and the crumbling matting, under the peaked roof, as I looked up at the flat-roofed galleries, or examined the sculptures and ivory mosaics that, bleared by the passing of centuries, seemed to be fading away under my very eyes, as upon every side I was confronted by the hoary wooden lattices in which the dust found a home and rested undisturbed, and as I thought of the narrow alleys of gray and silent dwellings through which I had come to this strange and melancholy "Temple of the Father," I seemed to feel upon my breast the weight of the years that had passed since pious hands erected this home of prayer in which now no one was praying. But I had yet to receive another and a deeper impression of solemnity and heavy silence. By a staircase I descended to the crypt, which lies beneath

the choir of the church, and there, surrounded by columns of venerable marble, beside an altar, I stood on the very spot where, according to tradition, the Virgin Mary soothed the Christ child to sleep in the dark night. And, as I stood there, I felt that the tradition was a true one, and that there indeed had stayed the wondrous Child and the Holy Mother long, how long, ago.

The pale, intelligent Coptic youth, who had followed me everywhere, and who now stood like a statue gazing upon me with his lustrous eyes, murmured in English, "This very good place; this most interestin' place in Cairo."

Certainly it is a place one can never forget. For it holds in its dusty arms—what? Something impalpable, something ineffable, something strange as death, spectral, cold, yet exciting, something that seems to creep into it out of the distant past and to whisper: "I am here. I am not utterly dead. Still I have a voice and can murmur to you, eyes and can regard you, a soul and can, if only for a moment, be your companion in this sad, yet sacred, place."

Contrast is the salt, the pepper, too, of life, and one of the great joys of travel is that at will one can command contrast. From silence one can plunge into noise, from stillness one can hasten to movement, from the strangeness and the wonder of the antique past one can step into the brilliance, the gaiety, the vivid animation of the present. From Babylon one can go to Bulak; and on to Bab Zouweleh, with its crying children, its veiled women, its cake-sellers, its fruiterers, its turbaned Ethiopians, its black Nubians, and almost fair Egyptians; one can visit the bazaars, or on a market morning spend an hour at Shareh-el-Gamaleyeh, watching the disdainful camels pass, soft-footed, along the shadowy streets, and the flat-nosed African negroes, with their almost purple-black skins, their bulging eyes, in which yellow lights are caught, and their huge hands with turned-back thumbs, count their gains, or yell their disappointment over a bargain from which they have come out not victors, but vanquished. If in Cairo there are melancholy, and silence, and antiquity, in Cairo may be found also places of intense animation, of almost frantic bustle, of uproar that cries to



heaven. To Bulak still come the high-prowed boats of the Nile, with striped sails belling before a fair wind, to unload their merchandise. From the Delta they bring thousands of panniers of fruit, and from Upper Egypt and from Nubia all manner of strange and precious things which are absorbed into the great bazaars of the city, and are sold to many a traveler at prices which, to put it mildly, bring to the sellers a good return. For in Egypt if one leaves his heart, he leaves also not seldom his skin. The goblin men of the great goblin market of Cairo take all, and remain unsatisfied and calling for more. I said, in a former chapter, that no fierce demands for money fell upon my ears. But I confess, when I said it, that I had forgotten certain bazaars of Cairo.

But what matters it? He who has drunk Nile water must return. The golden country calls him; the mosques with their marble columns, their blue tiles, their stern-faced worshipers; the nar-

row streets with their tall houses, their latticed windows, their peeping eyes looking down on the life that flows beneath and can never be truly tasted; the Pyramids with their bases in the sand and their pointed summits somewhere near the stars; the Sphinx with its face that is like the enigma of human life; the great river that flows by the tombs and the temples; the great desert that girdles it with a golden girdle.

Egypt calls—even across the space of the world; and across the space of the world he who knows it is ready to come, obedient to its summons, because in thrall to the eternal fascination of the "land of sand, and ruins, and gold"; the land of the charmed serpent, the land of the after-glow, that may fade away from the sky above the mountains of Libya, but that fades never from the memory of one who has seen it from the base of some great column, or the top of some mighty pylon; the land that has a spell—wonderful, beautiful Egypt.



## A CONVERSATION ON MUSIC WITH PADEREWSKI

RECORDED BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

**T**IME: *a mild winter day shortly before Christmas.*

*Place: M. Paderewski's suite in his hotel in Boston. Seated at luncheon are M. and Mme. Paderewski, Mr. S——, and D. G. M. M. Paderewski wears the frock-coat, low collar, and curiously knotted white satin tie familiar to his audiences. Door opening into drawing-room, showing grand piano, etc.*

*M. Paderewski (after directions, in French, to man-in-waiting). Do you speak French, Mr. Mason?*

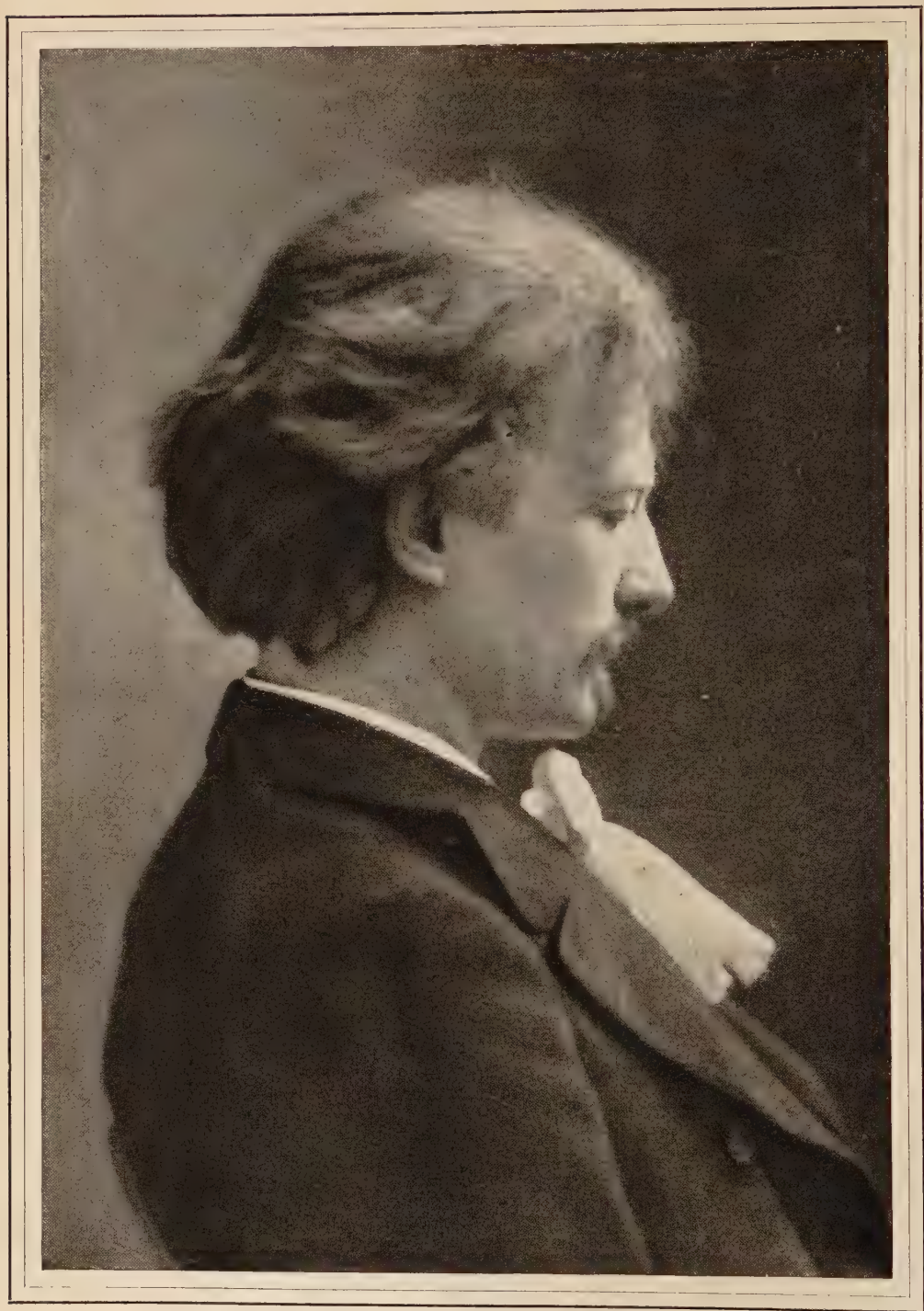
*D. G. M. Only a very little. We Americans, I fear, are poor linguists, like the English. Languages seem not to be easily acquired by the Anglo-Saxons.*

*M. Paderewski. Perhaps so. Yet it*

*is a good thing to know other languages besides one's own. You remember the saying: "The more languages one has, the more of a man one is." The French themselves, however, are poor linguists.*

*D. G. M. Because they are little interested in foreigners and in things foreign?*

*M. Paderewski. Also they have not needed, for many generations, to learn other languages, as French has been the court language everywhere. But it is true that they are not interested in things foreign; and indeed they hardly need to be, they are themselves such masters in so many ways. Their sculpture and their painting, for example, are the best in the world to-day.*



From a photograph, copyright, 1902, by Davis & Hickemeyer. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

*J. J. Paderewski*



*D. G. M.* But do you not think America has made great strides in the arts? There is Saint-Gaudens, for instance, in sculpture.

*M. Paderewski.* Undoubtedly Saint-Gaudens was a very talented man; yet there are different standards of excellence, and "the best in America" is not the same thing as "the best in the world." In painting the situation is quite different. Your painters will bear comparison with any. You have Whistler, and you have Sargent.

*Mme. Paderewski.* Should we call Sargent American? He was born in America, but he has lived so long in England, and he is so English in his feelings.

*M. Paderewski.* But if he was born in America, he is American. Feelings will not alter nationality. If I call myself a negro, does that make me one? (*General laughter.*) And what is more, Americans must be to a certain extent European in feeling, because, after all, that is what they are—transplanted Europeans. In several hundred years they may develop a completely separate individuality; at present their culture is of necessity largely European.

*D. G. M.* I am glad to hear you say that, for it has always seemed to me that the attempt to manufacture a distinctively "American" music out of the songs of negroes and Indians was a mistaken one, based on a superficial theory. We are neither negroes nor Indians; we are, as you say, transplanted Europeans, and if our music is to express us, it must be based on European music, modified of course by our peculiar temperament. Do you not think so?

*M. Paderewski.* Certainly. It is also to be considered that musical expression is never primarily national, but is personal and individual, rather. It is so deep, so profound, so intimate, that it goes beyond and below nationality, and gives voice to the most private feeling.

*Mme. Paderewski.* I never could understand, anyway, why the negro melodies should be used. The negroes were not even born here, as the Indians were.

*M. Paderewski.* Their music has been used simply because they have a natural sense for music, in which the Indians are lacking. But neither negro nor Indian

tunes should be so used, unless possibly in exceptional cases.

*D. G. M.* You say the French are great masters in painting and sculpture. How do you feel about their music?

*M. Paderewski.* I will tell you at once that I am not in sympathy with the modern French movement. I trust I do not speak with *parti pris*; I try to judge fairly. The modern French are witty, clever, brilliant, but they are not writing music. For all their talent, they seem not to realize that art must be a slow and normal evolution. They are not content with this; they are anxious to be "original," and so they are not sufficiently connected with the past. It is a mistake thus to break with traditions utterly; one then has no foundation.

*D. G. M.* Is not that what Emerson had in mind—the dependence of the artist on his fellows gone before—when he said "The greatest genius is the most indebted man"?

*M. Paderewski.* He says also the same thing in other words in the sentence, "Genius is frequency."

*D. G. M.* "Genius is frequency"? I do not remember that in Emerson. It is an odd use of "frequency."

*M. Paderewski.* He means that the genius is the man who has genuine and deep human relations with others, who does not cut himself off in the search for "originality," but who realizes the value of artistic tradition.

*D. G. M.* Does this criticism you make on the French school apply, for example, to a man like Debussy?

*M. Paderewski.* It was he I had in mind particularly when I spoke of the French cleverness and talent. He is a man of great skill in harmony, orchestration, and so on, but he writes music not for its own sake, but as a handmaid to something that is not music. He aims at description, at philosophy perhaps, at—

*D. G. M.* At realism?

*M. Paderewski.* Yes, at realism, even. Now, music is not a handmaid, a slave; it should not be made subordinate to poetry, a mere decoration; it should have its own form, its own meaning, its own *raison d'être*. Not long ago I heard "*Pelléas et Mélisande*" in Paris. It is ingenious, it has many beautiful effects, but from beginning to end it is subdued, soft, monoto-

nous—everything is subordinated to the text, nothing is musically salient—pages and pages without one chord [triad] and without rhythmic vigor—never one manly accent. . . . Or take his orchestral sketch, *L'Après-midi d'une Faune*. This has considerable charm, especially it is prettily orchestrated; but Debussy simply orchestrates pedal-effects.

*D. G. M.* Do you mean that he works from the piano to the orchestra?

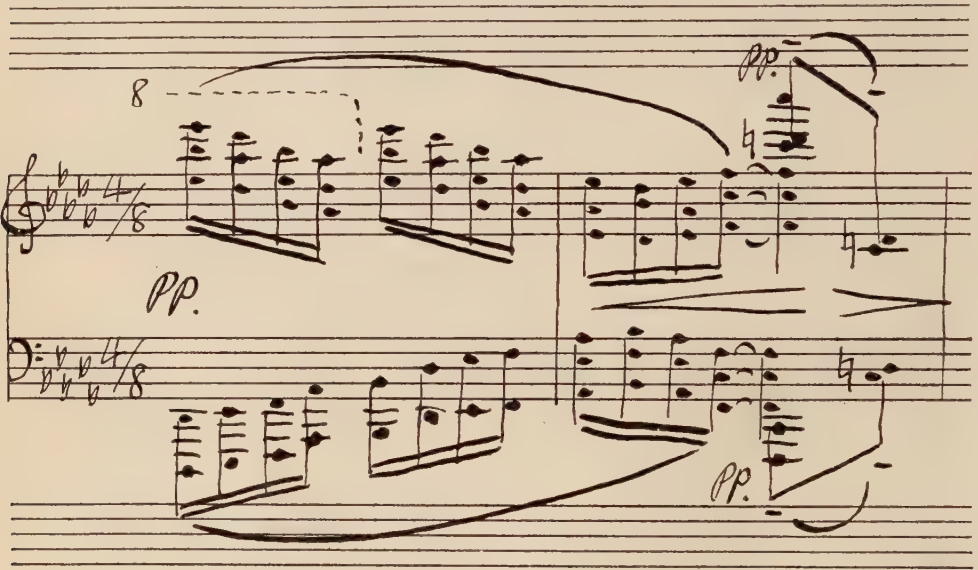
*M. Paderewski.* Yes; he makes his orchestra reproduce the fused sonorities

*fifths and octaves with both hands*) these fifths become a vicious mannerism—vicious because they have no object.

*D. G. M.* But you surely do not condemn parallel fifths for merely academic reasons, when they have some special purpose?

*M. Paderewski.* Not at all. They may be justified in order to attain special effects. Here, for instance, in Debussy's "*Reflets dans l'eau*"—

(Plays the following from Debussy's piano piece)



which the use of the damper-pedal and of sympathetic vibration gives to the piano. But there cannot be true orchestral writing without polyphony. [That is, concurrence of melodies.—*D. G. M.*] Polyphony is absolutely essential to large works. If your piece is in a small—how do you say? *cadre*—

*D. G. M.* —Frame?

*M. Paderewski.* If your piece is in a small frame, you can get on fairly well without polyphony, but not if it has large proportions. That is why the French impressionists make a mistake in neglecting the traditional polyphonic way of writing. They are sometimes very extreme in their search for "originality," even giving us page after page of those parallel fifths we have been taught to fear. In passages like this (*going to the piano and playing at random series of consecutive*

they are delightful—they are the "*reflets dans l'eau*."

*D. G. M.* And what is your opinion of M. d'Indy?

*M. Paderewski.* I should not class him with the extreme modern school. As a matter of fact, M. d'Indy is not excessively modern. Partly because of his age (he is, you know, a much older man than Debussy, Ravel, and the others) and partly because his work, unlike theirs, is founded on tradition, we do not think of him as an extremist. On the other hand, however, he is not a very original melodist, and is often lacking in genius. I heard, the other day, played by your Symphony Orchestra here, his "*Wallenstein*" Trilogy. I had not heard it for six years, but it sounded sixty years old. It does not wear well. One thing he has written which shows true power—his "*Chant de*



la Cloche," founded on Schiller's "Lied von der Glocke." This is a genuinely beautiful work, in which spontaneity and scholarship are perfectly combined.

*D. G. M.* Your general criticism of the modern French music would be, then, in a word, that it does not usually combine these qualities?

*M. Paderewski.* But of course there are exceptions. I should not like to forget the work of Rabaud, a young Frenchman of most remarkable talent. He has written a fine symphony, and an opera, "La Fille de Roland," which is a truly great work. As various circumstances were against it, it was a financial failure, but it will surely be performed again. It is thorough music—real art. Most of the modern Frenchmen, however, seem to forget that music is not merely an art, but also a science. Just look, by way of contrast, at Wagner's wonderful "Die Meistersinger." This work seems to me the supreme effort of the human mind. I constantly come back to it, I study it afresh each year, and always I find something new in it to admire.

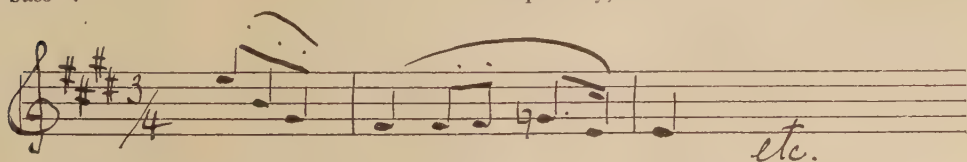
*D. G. M.* And Brahms? Are you one of those who feel that he represents the science of music without the art?

*M. Paderewski.* Oh, no! Brahms at his best has very deep and true emotion. His chamber-music, for example. The two splendid Quartets with piano—

*D. G. M.* The A-major Quartet?

*M. Paderewski.* Very beautiful, very beautiful. The Andante is as fine as Beethoven.

*D. G. M.* But his piano music—did I not read somewhere of your saying that Brahms's piano music was "all treble and bass"?



*M. Paderewski (laughing).* Ah, you must not take a single remark, apart from what went with it, and so get a wrong impression. When I said that, I was thinking of a curious feature of his *écriture*, his mode of writing for piano. A sort of atavistic freak of nature, a hereditary trait, made him abuse the bass. His

father, you know, was a contrabassist—(*D. G. M. laughs heartily*)—and through his infancy he hears constantly the *dum, dum, dum* (*imitating motion of contrabass-player*) of this instrument. Later, I suppose, an unconscious reaction made him try for contrast, and go to the other end as high as he could; and so in some things it is all the very low and the very high, without any middle at all. (*General laughter.*) This is the case in some of his song-accompaniments. At some cradles, you know, the angels stand; but at others it is the contrabass!

*D. G. M.* And his orchestral style?

*M. Paderewski.* He did not quite have the instinct of orchestration. His scoring lacks resonance, transparency, brightness. Brahms was born in Hamburg, and the North Germans are not a poetic people. They are prosaic, matter-of-fact. Later, when he got to Vienna, he underwent a great change. He expanded, melowed, and his music took on a new atmosphere.

*D. G. M.* You spoke of Beethoven in connection with his A-major Quartet. Should you call him a descendant of Beethoven?

*M. Paderewski.* In music there is never exact heredity. Each man is individual. Yet about Brahms there is something oddly heterogeneous. There is undoubtedly a Beethoven element in him, but it is mixed with an element of Schumann. Yes, there is a great deal of Schumann in Brahms. And then there is Schubert, too, as for example in his waltzes. In the andantes of his first and third symphonies there is even Mendelssohn, and not very good Mendelssohn at that. One phrase especially,

is pure Mendelssohn. And then, of course, the finale of the same C-minor Symphony has the theme so like Beethoven's "Hymn of Joy."

*D. G. M.* Is it not a curious thing to you, M. Paderewski, that there is so much music in the minor mode?

*M. Paderewski.* Music expresses, first

of all, sadness rather than joy. The first music was song. When people are sad and depressed, and therefore quiet and indisposed to activity, then they sing. Their state of quiescence, undisturbed by bodily motions, is favorable to song, and song is thus the natural means of expressing melancholy and grief. When people are full of joy, then they cannot sit still; they must let off their surplus energy by violent physical motion; and so dance is the expression of joy. But the quiet mood comes oftener than the lively one, and in music song comes before dance.

*D. G. M.* It interests me that you are formulating precisely the theory of the origin of music which Sir Hubert Parry, the English composer and writer, advances in his book, "The Evolution of the Art of Music." Do you know it?

*M. Paderewski.* No, I have not seen it.

*D. G. M.* Parry, however, does not believe that song comes before dance. What leads you to that conclusion?

*M. Paderewski.* It would of course be difficult to get evidence on a matter that lies so far back in musical history. But in our present-day music the song element is more important than the dance element, and, moreover, it is a strange fact that the greatest music is in the minor mode. Look at Schumann's piano-pieces, for instance. There are a few, such as the "Toccata," the "Carnival," the "Phantasie," etc., in major; but the "Études Symphoniques" are in minor, and the two sonatas also—F-sharp minor and G-minor—and the concerto is in A-minor. And think of how constantly Mendelssohn writes in minor.

*D. G. M.* In his Scotch Symphony one gets very tired of the everlasting A-minor, E-minor, and D-minor.

*M. Paderewski.* Yes. Mendelssohn's use of the minor mode may be connected with the Jewish tendency to complaint, to querulousness, which is in turn due to the trials and vicissitudes the race has suffered. But, in spite of this, I place Mendelssohn very high. His Violin Concerto is one of the most perfect works in this form ever written.

*D. G. M.* Nevertheless, I cannot help vastly preferring Schumann.

*M. Paderewski.* The trouble is that Mendelssohn was so long and constantly heard that he became hackneyed. Schumann had to wait long to get a hearing at all, whereas Mendelssohn at nineteen was unanimously acclaimed as a master by the public. And he was a master. Form came to him naturally, instinctively. Even in Beethoven we often see traces of a struggle with form; joints and seams obtrude themselves. In Mendelssohn this is never the case. Everything is fluent, spontaneous, and elegant. The content of his music is sometimes weak, flat, lacking in vigor, but the form is always consummate.

*D. G. M.* *M. Paderewski*, if you will allow me to say so, your own recent compositions seem to me very remarkable in their combination of rich coloring with masterly form. The Sonata I heard only once, at your New York recital, and it is too complex to appreciate without study; but the Variations<sup>1</sup> I have not only heard you play, but I have studied carefully, and I think them splendid. That you may not think I say this in empty flattery, I will tell you frankly that I do not care nearly so much for some of your earlier pieces.

*Mme. Paderewski.* What pieces? What do you not care for?

*D. G. M.* Well, for example, I do not care so much for the Concerto in A-minor, opus 17.

*Mme. Paderewski.* The concerto is one of my favorites among my husband's compositions. I love it more and more.

*M. Paderewski.* Yes, I wrote the concerto a good while ago, but it is well done.

*D. G. M.* Oh, I do not mean that it is not a fine composition. But it does not seem to me so strong, so rugged, so original, as the Variations. They seem to me to combine in a remarkable degree the most various and interesting tendencies of modern music. Besides the modern French impressionism<sup>2</sup> they have a Brahms-like solidity of structure and polyphony.

*M. Paderewski.* I utterly repudiate

<sup>1</sup> Variations and Fugue on an original theme, opus 23.

<sup>2</sup> By impressionism I mean a quality which it is difficult to explain to the layman. It is, however, somewhat analogous to one kind of impressionism in painting. Just

as in a picture a certain warmth and richness of tone may be produced by superimposing on the lines of the design a sort of haze, or penumbra, of coloring (attained often by thickly studded spots of pure pigment), so in much



any debt to the French impressionism. As I have just been telling you, I do not believe in the modern French school, because it is not founded on tradition. It is erratic, bizarre, wayward. It strives only for "originality"; it has no true mastery. No, there is nothing French in what you call my impressionism. I used these effects of dissonance, particularly of seconds,<sup>1</sup> long ago, many years ago, before they had come into common use. In my little "Barcarolle," in the "Album de Mai," published in 1883, you will already find this use of seconds. See here! (*Goes to piano and plays part of the "Barcarolle."*) Again I used them in my Toccata, "Dans le Desert," opus 15, and in the Concerto, opus 17, and in the French songs to texts by Catulle Mendès—do you know them? I have written in this way for years, and now you tell me it is "French impressionism."

D. G. M. Pardon me, M. Paderewski, I think you mistake my meaning. I do not mean in the least that you imitate the French composers. I mean simply that there is in your Variations (for example in that very lovely variation number XV, which is so deliciously *smear*ed, so to speak, with delicate dissonance) a kind of tonal effect which I naturally compare with the effects of Debussy and others, simply because we have heard so many of their works here that we are more familiar with them than with other impressionistic compositions.

M. Paderewski. My dear Mr. Mason, I am not offended with you. But I acknowledge no such debt as you suggest to the French composers. When I wrote that fifteenth variation I thought to myself, "Presently some one will label that 'French impressionism.'" You say I use dissonances in a certain way. I do this because I am an accomplished musical scholar. The modern French are, many of them, *not* accomplished musicians; they have not mastered their art; they are in some respects amateurs; they have no polyphony. Debussy is a man of great talent, of remarkable talent, corrupted by his admirers, who see in him an iconoclast,

an enemy to tradition. They applaud and acclaim him because he tears down the great, because he is an iconoclast. If he were himself to become a master,—an icon on his own account,—they would be the first to turn upon him and tear *him* down, too. And Maurice Ravel, with his "Miroirs" and his "Animaux," is an amateur—very ingenious, full of interesting effects, only they are not music. All of the modern French music of this kind put together is not worth one quartet of Brahms! Originality, originality—is it original to drink like this? (*Taking up a glass and holding it in the reverse of the usual position, with wrist strained backward.*)

D. G. M. Indeed, I feel quite as you do about the French music, and, as I have said, I sincerely admire your Variations.

M. Paderewski. I am not much interested in my compositions after they are done. I play them in my recitals, and I prepare them as carefully and conscientiously as I prepare everything, but I play them as if they were not my own. Composers are of two kinds, you see: those who love their children, and those who are indifferent to them. I belong to the latter class.

Mme. Paderewski. Yes, he is a stepfather, and a very bad one! (*Consults watch and rises.*) And now, Mr. Mason, as we must go out at three o'clock, you have just seventeen minutes in which to finish your discussion.

D. G. M. Will you tell me, M. Paderewski, your opinion of Richard Strauss?

M. Paderewski. Ah, Strauss is a man of remarkable talent, of wonderful skill. I have great reverence for him. Nevertheless, he has few themes, few really musical ideas, and he develops these by an intellectual, rather than by an emotional, process. At least his development of them is not what I might call creative. There are few lyrical melodies of deep emotional power in his works outside of his songs, some of which are exceedingly beautiful. In fact, Strauss seems to be

modern music a similar richness of tonal effect is produced by superimposing on the salient melodies and fundamental harmonies a penumbra of dissonant tones—tones which do not merge with the others, but veil and cloud them. A more or less systematic study of these effects, so im-

portant in contemporary music, will be found in my essay on Chopin, in "The Romantic Composers."—D. G. M.

<sup>1</sup> "Seconds" are the most dissonant of musical intervals, consisting of adjacent tones; e. g. C and D, or C and D-flat (major or minor second).—D. G. M.

primarily interested not in emotional expression, but in characterization. Besides Strauss, there is in Germany another young composer, a man of great promise.

*D. G. M.* Do you mean Max Reger?

*M. Paderewski.* Yes. Max Reger may do great things. He has remarkable technique, especially a wonderful polyphonic skill. You must look at his Variations for two pianos on a theme of Bach, and at his Variations and Fugue (one piano) on a theme of Beethoven. They are marvels. His fugues, I do not hesitate to say, are the best since Bach.

*D. G. M.* What, better than the fugue in Brahms's Handel Variations?

*M. Paderewski.* Not better, but differ-

ent—more Bach-like. Reger has an instinct for the veritable Bach style. Niskisch, who played his "Sinfonietta" in Leipsic, thought it ugly; but it is not so to me.

*Mme. Paderewski* (entering, dressed to go out). You will hate me, Mr. Mason—

*D. G. M.* Quite the contrary, I assure you—

*Mme. Paderewski.* But we must positively be going now.

*M. Paderewski* (rising and shaking hands). Good-by, good-by. Do not forget to look up the seconds in the "Barcarolle," and the songs on texts by Catulle Mendès. Good-by.

(*Exeunt M. and Mme. Paderewski.*)



## THE GLAD DAY

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

**I** HAVE not thought of sorrow  
The whole day long, nor now.  
I wandered out, and, oh, what winds  
Laid kisses on my brow!

And all the world was kind to me,  
Each spear of grass was gay;  
The brown brooks had a mind to me  
And sang me on my way.

I conquered many a climbing road,  
And always at the crest  
The winds of all the world abode,  
And shadows stopped to rest.

The hills like lazing gods of eld  
With sleepy shoulders lay,  
And all the soaring vault upheld  
Of all the high blue day.

Far, far below the village spire  
Pricked sharply to the sky.  
"Strong pagan hills of my desire!  
Frail house of God!" thought I.

Far, far below the river crept;  
The willow leaves made stir  
Of blowing silver, touched and swept  
By wind, wild lute-player.

(The river wind a minstrel is,  
A minstrel deft and blind:  
The willows know his finger's kiss  
As strings the player's mind.)

The sweet shorn fields, the fairy fern,  
The roadside's gipsy bloom,  
Young goldenrod—oh, every turn  
Was blithe with green and gloom!

I did not meet a single face  
That would not smile at me.  
Perhaps the sun's vast golden grace  
Set love and laughter free.

The gravestones by the poplar tree  
Full carelessly I passed.  
I thought that Death himself must see  
How sweet was Life, at last.

And I came home at evening time,  
And still my heart doth sing,—  
So have I wrought this wavering rhyme  
For my remembering.

I have not thought of sorrow  
The whole day long, nor now.  
Good night, fair world! and oh, what stars  
Weave splendor round my brow!





# THE GREAT BIG MAN

OR THE ROAD TO VACATION

BY OWEN JOHNSON

Author of "In the Name of Liberty," "The Run that Turned the Game," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



THE noon bell was about to ring, the one glorious spring note of that inexorable "Gym" bell that ruled the school with its iron tongue. For at noon, on the first liberating stroke, the long win-

ter term died and the Easter vacation became a fact.

Inside Memorial Hall the impatient classes stirred nervously, counting off the minutes as they sat gingerly on the edge of their seats for fear of wrinkling the carefully pressed suits, or shifted solicitously the sharpened trousers in peril of a bagging at the knees. Heavens! how interminable the hour was, sitting there in a planked shirt and a fashion-high collar—and what a recitation! Would Easter ever begin, that long-coveted vacation when the growing boy, according to theory, goes home to rest from the fatiguing draining of his brain, but in reality re-

turns exhausted by dinners, dances, and theaters, with perhaps a little touch of the measles to exchange with his neighbors. Even the masters droned through the perfunctory exercises, flunking the boys by twos and threes, by groups, by long rows, but without malice or emotion.

Outside, in the roadway, by the steps, waited a long, incongruous line of vehicles, scraped together from every stable in the country-side, forty-odd. A few buggies for nabobs in the Upper House, two-seated rigs (holding eight), country buckboards, excursion wagons to be filled according to capacity at twenty-five cents the trip, hacks from Trenton, and the regulation stage-coach—all piled high with bags and suit-cases, waiting for the bell that would start them on the scramble for the Trenton station, five miles away. At the horses' heads the lazy negroes lolled, drawing languid puffs from their cigarettes, unconcerned.

Suddenly the bell rang out, and the supine teamsters, galvanized into life, jumped to their seats. The next moment,

down the steps, pell-mell, scrambling and scuffling, with joyful clamor, the school arrived, swarming over the carriages. In an instant the first buggies were off, with whips frantically plied, disputing at a gallop the road to Trenton.

Then the air was filled with shouts.

"Where 's Butsey?"

"Oh, you, Red Dog!"

"Where 's my bag?"

"Jump in!"

"Oh, we 'll never get there!"

"Drive on!"

"Don't wait!"

"Where 's Jack?"

"Hurry up, you loafer!"

and disappeared in the houses, to fling last armfuls into the already bursting trunks.

On the top of Memorial steps the Great Big Man remained, solitary and marooned, gazing over the fields, down the road to Trenton, where still the rising dust-clouds showed the struggle toward vacation. He stood like a monument, gazing fixedly, struggling with all the might of his twelve years to conquer the awful feeling of homesickness that came to him. Homesickness—the very word was an anomaly: what home had he to go to? An orphan without ever having known his father, scarcely remembering his mother in the hazy reflection of years,



"POMMELING HIS BIG FRIENDS . . . WITHOUT  
FEAR OF REPRISALS"

"Get in!"

"Pile in!"

"Haul him in!"

"We 're off!"

"Hurrah!"

Wagon after wagon, crammed with joyful boyhood, disappeared in a cloud of dust, while back returned a confused uproar of broken cheers, snatches of songs, with whoops and shrieks for more speed dominating the rest. The last load swept away to join the mad race, where far ahead a dozen buggies, with foam-flecked horses, vied with one another, their youthful jockeys waving their hats, hurling defiance back and forth, or shrieking with delight as each antagonist was caught and left behind.

The sounds of striving died away, the campus grew still once more. The few who had elected to wait until after luncheon scattered hurriedly about the circle

little Joshua Tibbets had arrived at the school at the beginning of the winter term (under the guidance of an uncle), to enter the shell,<sup>1</sup> and gradually pass through the forms in six or seven years.

The boys of the Dickinson, after a glance at his funny little body and his plaintive, doglike face, had baptized him the "Great Big Man" (Big Man for short), and had elected him the child of the house.

He had never known what homesickness was before. He had had a premonition of it, perhaps, from time to time during the last week, wondering a little in the class-room as each day Snorky Green, beside him, calculated the days until Easter, then the hours, then the minutes. He had watched him with an amused, uncomprehending interest. Why was he so anxious to be off? After all, he, the Big Man, found it a pleasant place, after the wear-

<sup>1</sup> The "shell" is the lowest class.



some life from hotel to hotel. He liked the boys; they were kind to him, and looked after his moral and spiritual welfare with bluff but affectionate solicitude. It is true, one was always hungry, and only ten and a half hours' sleep was a refinement of cruelty unworthy of a great institution. But it was pleasant running over to the Jigger shop and doing errands for giants like Turkey Reiter and Butcher Stevens, with the privileges of the commission. He liked to be tumbled in the grass by the great tackle of the foot-ball eleven, or thrown gently from arm to arm like a medicine-ball, quits for the privileges of pommeling his big friends *ad libitum* and without fear of reprisals. And then what a privilege to be allowed to run out on the field and fetch the nose-guard or useless bandage, thrown down haphazard, with the confidence that he, the Big Man, was there to fetch and guard! Then he was permitted to share their studies, to read slowly from handy literal translations, his head cushioned on the Egghead's knee, while the lounging group swore genially at Pius Æneas or sympathized with Cataline. He shagged elusive balls and paraded the bats at shoulder-arms. He opened the mail, and sorted it, fetching the bag from Farnum's. He was even allowed to stand treat to the mighty men of the house whenever the change in his pocket became too heavy for comfort.

In return he was taught to box, to wind tennis rackets, to blacken shoes, to crease trousers, and to sew on the buttons of the house. Nothing was lacking to his complete happiness.

Then lately he had begun to realize that there was something else in the school life, outside it, but very much a part of it—vacation.

At first the idea of quitting such a fascinating life was quite incomprehensible to him. What gorging dinner-party could compare with the thrill of feasting at midnight on crackers and cheese, deviled ham, boned chicken, mince-pie and root-beer, by the light of a solitary candle, with the cracks of the doors and windows smothered with rugs and blankets, listening at every mouthful for the tread of the master who sometimes (oh, acme of delight!) actually passed unsuspecting by the door?

Still, there was a joy in leaving all this. He began to notice it distinctly when the trunks were hauled from the cellar and the packing began. The packing—what a lark that had been! He had folded so many coats and trousers, carefully, in their creases, under Macnooder's generous instructions, and, perched on the edge of the banisters like a queer little marmoset, he had watched Wash Simmons throw great armfuls of assorted clothing into the trays and churn them into place with a base-ball bat, while the Triumphant Egghead carefully built up his structure with nicety and tenderness. Only he, the Big Man, sworn to secrecy, knew what Wash Simmons had surreptitiously inserted in the bottom of the Egghead's trunk, and also what, from the depths of Wash's muddled clothing, would greet the fond mother or sister who did the unpacking; and every time he thought of it he laughed one of those laughs that pain. Then gleefully he had watched Macnooder stretching a strap until it burst with consequences dire, to the complete satisfaction of Hickey, Turkey, Wash, and the Egghead, who, embracing fondly on the top of another trunk, were assisting Butcher Stevens to close an impossible gap.

Yet into all this amusement a little strain of melancholy had stolen. Here was a sensation of which he was not a part, an emotion he did not know. Still, his imagination did not seize it; he could not think of the halls quiet, with no familiar figures lolling out of the windows, or of a campus unbrokenly green.

Now from his lonely aery on Memorial steps, looking down the road to vacation, the Great Big Man suddenly understood—understood and felt. It was he who had gone away, not they. The school he loved was not with him, but roaring down to Trenton. No one had thought to invite him for a visit; but then, why should any one?

"I'm only a runt, after all," he said angrily to himself. He stuck his fists deep in his pockets, and went down the steps like a soldier and across the campus chanting valorously the foot-ball slogan:

"Cap kicked,  
Dunham kicked,  
They both kicked together;  
But Cap kicked mighty hard.

Dibble ran,  
Charley ran,  
Then Andover lost its grip;  
They also lost the championship—  
Siss, boom, ah!"

After all, he could sleep late; that was something. Then in four days the baseball squad would return, and there would be long afternoon practices to watch, lolling on the turf, with an occasional foul to retrieve. He would read "The Count of Monte Cristo," and follow "The Three Musketeers" through a thousand far-off adventures, and "Lorna Doone." There was always the great John Ridd, bigger even than Turkey or the Waladoo Bird.

He arrived resolutely at the Dickinson, and started up the deserted stairs for his room. There was only one thing he feared; he did not want Mrs. Rogers, wife of the house master, to "mother" him. Anything but that! He was glad that after luncheon he would have to take his meals at the Lodge. That would avert embarrassing situations, for, whatever his friends might think, he, the Great Big Man, was a kid in stature only.

To express fully the excessive gaiety he enjoyed, he tramped to his room, bawling out,

"'T is a jolly life we lead:  
Care and sorrow we defy."

All at once a gruff voice spoke:  
"My, what a lot of noise for a Great Big Man!"

The Big Man stopped thunderstruck. The voice came from Butcher Stevens's room. Cautiously he tiptoed down the hall and paused, with his funny little nose and eyes around the door-jamb. Sure enough, there was Butcher, and there were the Butcher's trunk and bags. What could it mean?

"I say," he began, according to etiquette, "is that you, Butcher?"

"Very much so, Big Man."

"What are you doing here?"

"The faculty, Big Man, desire my presence," said the Butcher, sarcastically. "They would like my *ex-pert* advice on a few problems that are *per*-plexing them."

"Ah," said the Great Big Man, slowly. Then he understood. The Butcher had been caught two nights before returning by Sawtelle's window at a very late hour. He did not know exactly the facts because he had been told not to be too inquisitive, and he was accustomed to obeying instructions. Supposing the faculty should expel

him! To the Big Man such a sentence meant the end of all things, something too horrible to contemplate. So he said, "Oh, Butcher, is it serious?"

"Rather, youngster; rather, I should say."

"What *will* the base-ball team do?" said the Big Man, overwhelmed.

"That 's what 's worrying me," replied the crack first-baseman, gloomily. He rose and went to the window, where he stood beating a tattoo.

"You don't suppose Crazy Opdyke could cover the bag, do you?" said the Big Man.

"Lord, no!"

"How about Stubby?"

"Too short."

"They might do something with the Waladoo."

"Not for first; he can't stop anything below his knees."

"Then I don't see how we're going to beat Andover, Butcher."

"It does look bad."

"Do you think the faculty will—will—"

"Fire me? Pretty certain, youngster."

"Oh, Butcher!"

"Trouble is, they've got the goods on me—dead to rights."

"But does the Doctor know how it 'll break up the nine?"



"LISTENING AT EVERY MOUTHFUL FOR  
THE TREAD OF THE MASTER"



Butcher laughed loudly.

"He does n't *ap*-preciate that, youngster."

"No," said the Big Man, reflectively. "They never do, do they?"

The luncheon bell rang, and they hurried down. The Big Man was overwhelmed by the discovery. If Butcher did n't cover first, how could they ever beat Andover and the Princeton freshmen? Even Hill School and Pennington might trounce them. He fell into a brown melancholy until he suddenly caught the sympathetic glance of Mrs. Rogers on him, and for fear that she would think it was due to his own weakness, he began to chat volubly.

He had always been a little in awe of the Butcher. Not that the Butcher had not been friendly; but he was so blunt and rough and unbending that he rather repelled intimacy. He watched him covertly, admiring the bravado with which he pretended unconcern. It must be awful to be threatened with expulsion and actually to be expelled, to have your whole life ruined, once and forever. The Big Man's heart was stirred. He said to himself that he had not been sympathetic enough, and he resolved to repair the error. So, luncheon over, he said with an appearance of carelessness:

"I say, old man, come on over to the Jigger shop. I 'll set 'em up. I 'm pretty flush, you know."

The Butcher looked down at the funny face and saw the kindly motive under the exaggerated bluntness. Being touched by it, he said gruffly:

"Well, come on, then, you old billionaire!"

The Big Man felt a great movement of sympathy in him for his big comrade. He would have liked to slip his little fist in the great brown hand and say something appropriate, only he could think of nothing appropriate. Then he remembered that among men there should be no letting down, no sentimentality. So he lounged along, squinting up at the Butcher and trying to copy his rolling gait.

At the Jigger shop, Al lifted his eyebrows in well-informed disapproval, saying curtly:

"What are you doing here, you Butcher, you?"

"Building up my constitution," said Stevens, with a frown. "I 'm staying because I like it, of course. Lawrenceville 's just lovely at Easter: spring birds and violets, and that sort of thing."

"You 're a nice one," said Al, a baseball enthusiast. "Why could n't you behave until after the Andover game?"

"Of course; but you need n't rub it in," replied the Butcher, staring at the floor. "Give me a double strawberry, and leave it over."

Al, seeing him not insensible, relented. He added another dab to the double jigger already delivered, and said, shoving over the glass:

"It 's pretty hard luck on the team, Butcher. There 's no one hereabouts can hold down the bag like you. Heard anything definite?"

"No."

"What do you think?"

"I 'd hate to say."

"Is any one doing anything?"

"Cap Keifer is to see the Doctor to-night."

"I say, Butcher," said the Big Man, in sudden fear, "you won't go up to Andover and play against us, will you?"

"Against the school! Well, rather not!" said the Butcher, indignantly. Then he added: "No; if they fire me, I know what I 'll do."

The Big Man wondered if he contemplated suicide; that must be the natural thing to do when one is expelled. He felt that he must keep near Butcher, close all the day. So he made bold to wander about with him, watching him with solicitude.

They stopped at Lalo's for a hot dog, and lingered at Bill Appleby's, where the Butcher mournfully tried the new mitts and swung the bats with critical consideration. Then feeling hungry, they trudged up to Conover's for pancakes and syrup. Everywhere was the same feeling of dismay: what would become of the base-ball nine? Then it suddenly dawned upon the Big Man that no one seemed to be sorry on the Butcher's account. He stopped with a pancake poised on his fork, looked about to make sure no one could hear him, and blurted out:

"I say, Butcher, it 's not only on account of first base, you know; I 'm darn sorry for *you*, honest!"

"Why, you profane little cuss," said the Butcher, frowning, "who told you to swear?"

"Don't make fun of me, Butcher," said the Great Big Man, feeling very little; "I meant it."

"Conover," said the Butcher, loudly, "more pancakes, and brown 'em!"



"THERE WAS BUTCHER, AND THERE WERE THE BUTCHER'S TRUNK AND BAGS"

He, too, had been struck by the fact that in the general mourning there had been scant attention paid to his personal fortunes. He had prided himself on the fact that he was not susceptible to "feelings," that he neither gave nor asked for sympathy. He was older than his associates, but years had never reconciled him to Latin or Greek or, for that matter, to mathematics in the simple or the aggravated form. He had been the bully of his village out in northern Iowa, and when a stranger came, he rounced him first, and cemented the friendship afterward. He liked hard knocks, give and take. He liked the school because there was the long foot-ball season in the autumn, with the joy of battling, with every sinew of the body alert and the humming of cheers indistinctly heard, as he rammed through the yielding line. Then the spring meant long hours of romping over the smooth diamond, making seemingly impossible

plays, guarding first base like a bulldog, pulling down the high ones, smothering the wild throws that came ripping along the ground, threatening to jump up against his eyes—throws that other fellows dodged. He was in the company of equals, of good fighters, like Charley De Soto, Flash Condit, and Turkey, fellows it was a joy to fight alongside of. Besides, it was good to feel that four hundred-odd wearers of the red and black put their trust in him, and that trust became very sacred to him. He played hard—very hard, but cleanly, because combat was the joy of life to him. He broke the rules not as a lark, but out of the same fierce desire to battle, to seek out danger wherever he could find it. He had been caught fair and square, and he knew that for that offense there was only one punishment. Yet he hoped against hope, suddenly realizing what it would cost him to give up the great school where, however, he had never sought friendships or anything beyond the admiration of his mates.

The sympathy of the Big Man startled him, then made him uncomfortable. He had no intention of crying out, and he did not like or understand the new emotion that rose in him as he wondered when his sentence would come.

"Well, youngster," he said gruffly, "had enough? Have another round?"

"I've had enough," said the Big Man, heaving a sigh. "Let me treat, Butcher."

"Not to-day, youngster."

"Butcher, I—I'd like to. I'm awfully flush."

"Not to-day."

"Let's match for it."

"What!" said the Butcher, fiercely. "Don't let me hear any more of that talk. You've got to grow up first."

The Big Man, thus rebuked, acquiesced meekly. The two strolled back to the campus in silence.

"Suppose we have a catch," said the Big Man, tentatively.

"All right," said the Butcher, smiling.

Intrenched behind a gigantic mitt, the Big Man strove valorously to hold the difficult balls. After a long period of this mitigated pleasure they sat down to rest. Then Cap Keifer's stocky figure appeared around the Dickinson, and the Butcher went off for a long, solemn consultation.



The Big Man, thus relieved of responsibility, felt terribly alone. He went to his room and getting down volume two of "The Count of Monte Cristo," settled himself on the window-seat. Somehow the stupendous adventures failed to enthrall him. It was still throughout the house. He caught himself listening for the patter of Hickey's shoes above, dancing a breakdown, or the rumble of Egg-head's laugh down the hall, or a voice calling, "Who can lend me a pair of suspenders?"

And the window was so empty. It seemed so strange to look up from the printed page and find no one in the Woodhull opposite, shaving painfully at the window, or lolling like himself over a novel, all the time keeping an eye on the life below. He could not jeer at Two Inches Brown and Crazy Opdyke practising curves, nor assure them that the Dickinson nine would just fatten on those easy ones. No one halloed from house to house, no voice below drawled out:

"Oh, you Great *Big Man*! Stick your head out the window!"

There was no one to call across for the time o' day, or for just a nickel to buy stamps, or for the loan of a base-ball glove, or a sweater, or a collar button, or some other of the fifty and one articles that were always borrowed.

The Great Big Man let "The Count of Monte Cristo" tumble unheeded on the floor, seized a tennis-ball, and went across the campus to the esplanade of the Upper House, where for half an hour he bounced the ball against the rim of the ledge, a privilege that only a Fourth Former may enjoy. Tiring of this, he wandered down to the pond, where he skimmed innumerable flat stones until he had exhausted the attractions of this limited amusement.

"I—I 'm getting homesick," he admitted finally. "I wish I had a dog—something living—around."

At supper-time he saw the Butcher again, and forgot his own loneliness in the concern he felt for his big friend. He remembered that the Butcher had said that if he were expelled he knew what he would do. What had he meant by that? Something terrible. He glanced up at the Butcher, and, being very apprehensive, made bold to ask:

"Butcher, I say, what does Cap think?"

"He has n't seen the Doctor yet," said the Butcher. "He 'll see him to-night. I guess I 'll go over myself, just to leave a calling-card accordin' to *et-iquette*!"

The Big Man kept his own counsel, but when the Butcher, after dinner, disappeared through the awful portal of Foundation House, he sat down in the dark under a distant tree to watch. In a short five minutes the Butcher reappeared, stood a moment undecided on the steps, stooped, picked up a handful of gravel, flung it into the air with a laugh, and started slowly along the circle.

"Butcher!"

"Hello, who 's that?"

"It 's me, Butcher," said the Big Man, slipping his hand into the other's; "I—I wanted to know."

"You are n't going to get sentimental, are you, youngster?" said Stevens, disapprovingly.

"Please, Butcher," said the Great Big



"VOLUME TWO OF 'THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'"

Man, pleadingly, "don't be cross with me! Is there any hope?"

"The Doctor won't see me, young one," said the Butcher, "but the *at-mos-phere* was not encouraging."

"I 'm sorry."

"Honest?"

"Honest."

"Why, you damn little runt!" said the Butcher, in the purely affectionate use of the expletive.

They went hand in hand over to the chapel, where they chose the back steps and settled down, with the great walls at their back and plenty of gravel at their feet to fling aimlessly into the dusky night.

"Butcher?"

"Well, Big Man?"

"What will you do if—if they fire you?"

"Oh, lots of things. I'll go hunting for gold somewhere, or strike out for South America or Africa."

"Oh!" The Big Man was immensely relieved; but he added incredulously, "Then you'll give up foot-ball and base-ball?"

"Looks that way."

"You won't mind?"

"Yes," said the Butcher, suddenly, "I will mind. I'll hate to leave the old school. I'd like to have one chance more."

"Why don't you tell the Doctor that?"

"Never! I don't cry out when I'm caught, youngster. I take my punishment."

"Yes," said the Big Man, reflecting. "That's right, I suppose; but, then, there's the team to think of, you know."

They sat for a long time in silence, broken suddenly by the Butcher's voice, not so gruff as usual.

"Say, Big Man—feeling sort of homesick?"

No answer.

"Just a bit?"

Still no answer. The Butcher looked down, and saw the Big Man struggling desperately to hold in the sobs.

"Here, none of that, youngster!" he exclaimed in alarm. "Brace up, old man!"

"I—I'm all right," said the Great Big Man with difficulty. "It's nothing."

The Butcher patted him on the shoulder, and then drew his arm around the little body. The Big Man put his head down and blubbered, just as though he had been a little fellow, while his com-

panion sat perplexed, wondering what to do or say in the strange situation.

"So he's a little homesick, is he?" he said lamely.

"N-o-o," said the Great Big Man, "not just that; it's—it's all the fellows I miss."

The Butcher was silent. He, too, began to understand that feeling; only he, in his battling pride, fiercely resisted the weakness.

"You've got an uncle somewhere, have n't you, youngster?" he said gently.

"Does he look after you in vacation-time?"

"I don't miss *him*," replied the Big Man, shaking his head. Then he pulled himself together and said apologetically: "It's just being left behind that makes me such a damned cry-baby."

"Youngster," said the Butcher, sternly, "your language is getting *at-rocious*. Such words do not sound well in the mouth of a suckling of your size."

"I did n't mean to," said the Big Man, blushing.

"You must leave something to grow up for, young man," said the Butcher, profoundly. "Now tell me about that uncle of yours. I don't fancy his silhouette."

The Great Big Man, thus encouraged, poured out his starved and lonely heart, while the Butcher listened sympathetically, feeling a certain comfort in sitting with his arm around a little fellow-being. Not that he was sensible of much comfort; his comments, he felt were certainly inadequate; nor did he measure in any way up to the situation.

"Now it's better, eh, Big Man?" he said at last when the little fellow had stopped. "Does you sort of good to talk things out?"

"Oh, yes; thank you, Butcher."

"All right then, youngster?"

"All right. I say, you—you don't ever feel that way do you—homesick, I mean?"

"Not much."



"INTRENCHED BEHIND A GIGANTIC MITT"



"You 've got a home, have n't you?"

"Quite too much, young one. If they fire me, I 'll keep away from there—strike out for myself."

"Of course, then, it 's different."

"Young one," said the Butcher, suddenly, "that 's not quite honest. If I have to clear out of here, it will cut me up *con-siderable*."

"Honest?"

"A fact. I did n't know it before; but it will cut me up to strike out and leave all this behind. I want another chance; and do you know why?"

"Why?"

"I 'd like to make friends. Oh, I have n't got any real friends, youngster; you need n't shake your head. It 's my fault. I know it. You 're the first mortal soul who cared what became of me. All the rest are thinking of the team."

"Now, Butcher—"

"Lord! don't think I 'm crying out!" said the Butcher, in instant alarm. "It 's all been up to me. Truth is, I 've been too darned proud. But I 'd like to get another whack at it."

"Perhaps you will, Butcher."

"No, no; there 's no reason why I should." The Butcher sat solemnly a moment, flinging pebbles down into the dark tennis-courts. Suddenly he said: "Look here, Big Man, I 'm going to give you some good advice."

"All right, Butcher."

"And I want you to tuck it away in your thinker—*savez?*"

"I will."

"You 're a nice kid now, a good sort, but you 've got a lot of chances for being spoiled. Don't get 'fresh. Don't get a swelled head just because a lot of the older fellows let you play around. There 's nothing so hateful in the sight of God or man as a fresh kid."

"You don't think—" began the Big Man in dismay.

"No; you 're all right now. You 're quiet, and don't tag around, and you 're a good sort, darned if you are n't, and that 's why I don't want to see you spoiled. Now a straight question: Do you smoke?"

"Why, that is—well, Butcher, I did try once a puff on Snookers's cigarette."

"You ought to be spanked!" said the

Butcher, angrily. "And when I get hold of Snookers, I 'll tan him. The idea of his letting you! Don't you monkey around tobacco yet a while. First of all, it 's fresh; and second, you 've got to *grow*. You want to make a team, don't you, while you 're here?"

"O-o-oh!" said the Great Big Man with a long sigh.

"Then just stick to growing. 'Cause you 've got work cut out for you there, and I 'm not preaching; I 'm saying that you want to fill out and grow up and do something. Understand?"

"All right."

"Cut out Snookers and that gang. Pick out the fellows that count, as you go along, and just remember this, if you forget the rest: if you want to put ducks in Tabby's bed or nail down his desk, do it because *you* want to do it, not because



"SAY, BIG MAN—FEELING SORT OF HOMESICK?"

some other fellow wants you to do it. D'ye hear?"

"Yes, Butcher."

"Remember that, youngster; if I 'd stuck to it, I 'd kept out of a peck of trouble." He reflected a moment and added: "Then I 'd study a little. It 's not a bad thing, I guess, in the long run, and it gets the masters on your side. And now jump up, and we 'll trot home."

The following night the Big Man, again under his tree, waited for the result of the conference that was going on inside Foundation House between the Doctor and the Butcher and Cap Keifer. It was long, very long. The minutes went slowly, and it was very dark there, with hardly a light showing in the circle of houses that ordinarily seemed like a procession of lighted ferry-boats. After an interminable hour, the Butcher and Cap came out. He needed no word to tell what their attitudes showed only too plainly: the Butcher was expelled!

The Big Man waited until the two had passed into the night, and then, with a sudden resolve, went bravely to the door-bell and rang. Before he quite appreciated the audacity of his act, he found himself in the sanctum facing a much perplexed Head Master.

"Doctor, I—I—" The Big Man stopped, overwhelmed by the awful majesty of the Doctor, on whose face still sat the grimness of the past conference.

"Well, Joshua, what 's the matter?" said the Head Master, relaxing a bit before one of his favorites.

"Please, sir, I 'm a little—a little embarrassed, I 'm afraid," said the Great Big Man, desperately.

"Am I so terrible as all that?" said the Doctor, smiling.

"Yes, sir—you are," the Big Man replied frankly. Then he said, plunging in, "Doctor, is the Butcher—is Stevens—are you going to—expel him?"

"That is my painful duty, Joshua," said the Doctor, frowning.

"Oh, Doctor," said the Big Man all in a breath, "you don't know—you 're making a mistake."

"I am? Why, Joshua?"

"Because—you don't know. Because the Butcher won't tell you, he 's too proud, sir; because he does n't want to cry out, sir."

"What do you mean exactly?" said the Doctor in surprise. "Does Stevens know you 're here?"

"Oh, Heavens, no, sir!" said the Big Man in horror. "And you must never tell him, sir; that would be too terrible."

"Joshua," said the Doctor, impressively, "I am expelling Stevens because he is just the influence I don't want boys of your age to come under."

"Oh, yes, sir," said the Big Man, "I know you think that, sir; but really, Doctor, that 's where you are wrong; really you are, sir."

The Doctor saw there was something under the surface, and he encouraged the little fellow to talk. The Big Man, forgetting all fear in the seriousness of the situation, told the listening Head Master all the Butcher's conversation with him on the chapel steps the night before—told it simply and eloquently, with an ardor that bespoke absolute faith. Then suddenly he stopped.

"That 's all, sir," he said frightened.

The Doctor rose and walked back and forth, troubled and perplexed. There was no doubting the sincerity of the recital: it was a side of Stevens he had not guessed. Finally he turned and rested his hand on the Big Man's shoulders.

"Thank you," he said; "It does put another light on the question. I 'll think it over."

WHEN, ten days later, the school came trickling home along the road from vacation, they saw, against all hope, the Butcher holding down first base frolicking over the diamond in the old familiar way, and a great shout of joy and relief went up. But how it had happened no one ever knew, least of all Cap and the Butcher, who had gone from Foundation House that night in settled despair.

To add to Butcher's mystification, the Doctor, in announcing his reprieve, had added:

"I 've decided to make a change, Stevens. I 'm going to put Tibbets in to room with you. I place him in your charge. I 'm going to try the responsibility cure on you."







See "Open Letters"

"THE GOLDEN HOUR"

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLARD L. METCALF  
(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)





# THE RED CITY

A NOVEL OF THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION  
OF WASHINGTON

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

XXIV

THE widow allowed no one to care for Schmidt's library except her daughter or herself. It contained little of value except books, but even those Indian arrow-heads he found on Tinicum Island and the strange bones from near Valley Forge were dusted with care and regarded with the more curiosity because, even to the German, they spoke no language the world as yet could read.

As she turned from her task and Margaret entered, she saw in her face the signal of something to be told. It needed not the words, "Oh, mother," as she closed the door behind her—"oh, mother, I am afraid I have done a wrong thing; but I met Friend de Courval,—I mean, he met me,—and—and he asked me to marry him—and I will; no one shall stop me." There was a note of anticipative defiance in the young voice as she spoke.

"Sit down, dear child."

The girl sunk on a cushion at her feet, her head in the mother's lap. "I could not help it," she murmured, sobbing.

"I saw this would come to thee, long ago," said the mother. "I had hoped thou wouldst be so guided as not to let thy heart get the better of thy head."

"It is my head has got me into this—this sweet trouble. You know that I have had others, and some who had thy favor; but, mother, here for two years I have lived day by day in the house with René, and have seen him so living as to win esteem and honor, a tender son to his mother, and so respectful to thee, who, for her, art only the keeper of a boarding-

house. Thou knowest what Friend Schmidt says of him. I heard him tell Friend Hamilton. He said—he said he was a gallant gentleman, and he wished he were his son. You see, mother, it was first respect and then—love. Oh, mother, that duel! I knew as I saw him carried in that I loved him." She spoke rapidly, with little breaks in her voice, and now was silent.

"It is bad, very bad, my child. I see no end of trouble—oh, it is bad, bad, for thee and for him!"

"It is good, good, mother, for me and for him. He has waited long. There has been something, I do not know what, kept him from speaking sooner. It is over now."

"I do not see what there could have been, unless it were his mother. It may well be that. Does she know?"

"When he comes back he will tell her."

"I do not like it, and I dislike needless mysteries. From a worldly point of view, —and I at least, who have drunk deep of poverty, must somewhat think for thee. Here are two people without competent means—"

"But I love him."

"And his mother?"

"But I love him." She had no other logic. "Oh, I wish Mr. Schmidt were here! René says he will like it."

"That, at least, is a good thing." Both were silent a little while. Mrs. Swanwick had been long used to defer to the German's opinions, but looking far past love's limited horizon, the widow thought of the certain anger of the mother, of the trap she in her pride would

think set for her son by designing people, her prejudices intensified by the mere fact of the poverty which left her nothing but exaggerated estimates of her son and what he was entitled to demand of the woman he should some day marry. And then, René had often spoken of a return to France. She said at last: "We will leave the matter now, and speak of it to no one; but I should say to thee, my dear, that apart from what for thy sake I should consider, and the one sad thing of his willingness to avenge a hasty word by possibly killing a fellow-man,—how terrible!—apart from these things, there is no one I had been more willing to give thee to than René de Courval."

"Thank thee, mother." The evil hour when the vicomtesse must hear was at least remote, and something akin to anger rose in the widow's mind as she thought of it.

René came in to supper. Mrs. Swanwick was as usual quiet, asking questions in regard to Margaret's errand of charity, but of a mind to win time for reflection, and unwilling as yet to open the subject with René.

When, late in the evening, he came out of the study where he had been busy with the instruction left by Schmidt, he was annoyed to learn that Margaret had gone up-stairs. There was still before him the task of speaking to his mother of what he was sure was often in her mind, Cardeaux. She had learned from the gossip of guests that a Frenchman had been set upon near Bristol and had been robbed and wounded. Incurious and self-centered, the affairs of the outer world had for her but little real interest. Now she must have her mind set at ease, for René well knew that she had not expected him to sit contented or to be satisfied with the result of his unfortunate duel. Her puritan creed was powerless here as against her social training, and her sense of what so hideous a wrong as her husband's murder should exact from his son.

"I have something to tell you, *maman*," he said; "and before I go, it is well that I should tell you."

"Well, what is it?" she said coldly, and then, as before, uneasily anxious.

"On the twenty-ninth of November I learned that Cardeaux had started for New York an hour before I heard of it, on his way to France. I had waited

long—undecided, fearing that again some evil chance might leave you alone in a strange land."

"You did wrong, René. There are duties which ought to permit of no such indecision. You should not have considered me for a moment. Go on."

"How could I help it, thinking of you, mother? I followed, and overtook this man near Bristol. I meant no chance with the sword this time. He was unarmed. I gave him the choice of my pistols, bade him pace the distance, and give the word. He walked away some six feet, half the distance, and, turning suddenly, fired, grazing my shoulder. I shot him—ah, a terrible wound in arm and shoulder. Schmidt had found a note I left for him, and, missing his pistols, inquired at the French legation, and came up in time to see it all and to prevent me from killing the man."

"Pre—vent you! How did he dare!"

"Yes, mother; and it was well. Schmidt found, when binding up his wound, that he was carrying despatches from the Republican Minister Fauchet to go by the corvette *Jean Bart*, waiting in New York Harbor."

"What difference did that make?"

"Why, mother, I am in the State Department. To have killed a member of the French legation, or stopped his journey, would have been ruin to me and a weapon in the hands of these mock Jacobins."

"But you did stop him."

"Yes; but I delivered the despatch myself to the corvette."

"Yes, you were right; but what next? He must have spoken."

"No. The threat from Schmidt that he would tell the whole story of Avignon and his treachery to me has made him lie and say he had been set upon by unknown persons and robbed of his papers. He has wisely held his tongue. He is crippled for life and has suffered horribly. Now he goes to France a broken, miserable man, punished as death's release could not punish."

"I do not know that. I have faith in the vengeance of God. You should have killed him. You did not. And so I suppose there is an end of it for a time. Is that all, René?"

— "Yes, that is all. The loss of the de-



spatch remains a mystery, and the Democrats are foolish enough to believe we have it in the foreign office. No one of them but Carteaux knows and he dare not speak. The despatch will never come back here, or if it does, Carteaux will have gone. People have ceased to talk about it, and now, mother, I am going away with an easy mind. Do not worry over this matter. Good night."

"Worry?" she cried. "Ah, I would have killed the Jacobin dog!"

"I meant to," he said, and left her.

At dawn he was up and had his breakfast and there was Pearl in the hall and her hands on his two shoulders. "Kiss me," she said. "God bless and guard thee, René!"

## XXV

WHILE Schmidt was far on his homeward way, De Courval rode through the German settlements of Pennsylvania and into the thinly settled Scotch-Irish clearings beyond the Alleghenies, a long and tedious journey, with much need to spare his horse.

His letters to government officers in the village of Pittsburg greatly aided him in his more remote rides. He settled some of Schmidt's land business, and rode with a young soldier's interest over Braddock's fatal field, thinking of the great career of the youthful colonel who was one of the few who kept either his head or his scalp on that day of disaster.

He found time also to prepare for his superiors a reassuring report, and on July 18 set out on his return. He had heard nothing from his mother or from any one else. The mails were irregular and slow,—perhaps one a week,—and very often a flood or an overturned coach accounted for letters never heard of again. There would be much to hear at home.

On July Fourth of 1795, while the bells were ringing in memory of the nation's birthday, Fauchet sat in his office at Oeller's Hotel. He had been recalled and was for various reasons greatly troubled. The reaction in France against the Jacobins had set in, and they, in turn were suffering from the violence of the returning royalists and the outbreaks of the Catholic peasantry in the south. Marat's bust had been thrown into the gutter and the Jacobin clubs closed. The

minister had been able to do nothing of value to stop the Jay treaty. The despatch on which he had relied to give such information as might enable his superiors to direct him and assure them of his efforts to stop the treaty had disappeared eight months ago, as he believed by a bold robbery in the interest of the English party, possibly favored by the cabinet, which, as he had to confess, was less likely. He was angry as he thought of it and uneasy as concerned his future in distracted France. He had questioned Carteaux again and again but had never been quite satisfied. The theft of the despatch had for a time served his purpose, but had been of no practical value. The treaty with England would go to the senate and he return home, a discredited diplomatic failure. Meanwhile, in the trying heat of summer, as during all the long winter months, Carteaux lay for the most part abed, in such misery as might have moved to pity even the man whose bullet had punished him so savagely. At last he was able to sit up for a time every day and to arrange with the captain of a French frigate, then in port, for his return to France.

Late in June he had dismissed Chovet with only a promise to pay what was in fact hard-earned money. Dr. Glentworth, Washington's surgeon, had replaced him, and talked of an amputation, upon which, cursing doctors in general, Carteaux swore that he would prefer to die.

Chovet, who dosed his sick folk with gossip when other means failed, left with this ungrateful patient one piece of news which excited Carteaux's interest. Schmidt, he was told, had gone to Europe, and then, inaccurate as usual, Chovet declared that it was like enough he would never return, a fact which acquired interest for the doctor himself as soon as it became improbable that Carteaux would pay his bill. When a few days later Carteaux learned from De la Forêt that his enemy De Courval was to be absent for several weeks, and perhaps beyond the time set for his own departure, he began with vengeful hope to reconsider a situation which had so far seemed without resource.

Resolved at last to make for De Courval all the mischief possible before his

own departure, with such thought as his sad state allowed he had slowly matured in his mind a statement which seemed to him satisfactorily poisonous. Accordingly on this Fourth of July he sent his black servant to ask the minister to come to his chamber.

Fauchet, somewhat curious, sat down by the bedside and parting the chintz curtains, said, "I trust you are better."

The voice which came from the shadowed space within was weak and hoarse. "I am not well—I never shall be, and I have little hope of reaching home alive."

"I hoped it not as bad as that."

"And still it is as I say. I do not want to die without confessing to you the truth about that affair in which I was shot and my despatch stolen."

Men who had lived through the years of the French Revolution were not readily astonished, but at this statement the minister sat up and exclaimed: "*Mon Dieu!* What is this?"

"I am in damnable pain; I must be brief. I was waylaid near Bristol by Schmidt and De Courval, and when I would not stop, was shot by De Courval. They stole the despatch, and made me swear on threat of death that I had been attacked by men I did not know."

Fauchet was silent for a while, and then said: "That is a singular story—and that you kept this promise, still more singular."

"I did keep it. I had good reason to keep it." He realized, as he told the tale, how improbable it sounded, how entirely Fauchet disbelieved him. If he had not been dulled by opiates and racked past power of critical thought, he was far too able a man to have put forth so childish a tale. He knew at once that he was not believed.

"You do not believe me, Citizen."

"I do not. Why did you not tell me the truth at first?"

"It was not the threat to kill me which stopped me. I was of the tribunal at Avignon which condemned the ci-devant vicomte, the young man's father. To have had it known here would have been a serious thing to our party and for me ruin. I was ill, feeble, in their hands, and I promised Schmidt that I would put it all on some unknown person."

Fauchet listened. He entirely dis-

trusted him. "Is that all? Do you expect any reasonable man to believe such a story?"

"Yes, I do. If I had told you at the time, you would have used my statement at once and I should have suffered. Now that both these cursed villains are gone, I can speak."

"Indeed," said Fauchet, very desirous of a look at the face secure from observation within the curtained bed, "but why do you speak now? It is late. Why speak at all?"

"For revenge, Monsieur. I am in hell."

Fauchet hesitated. "That is a good reason; but there is more in this matter than you are willing to tell."

"That is my business. I have told you enough to satisfy my purpose and yours."

"Rather late for mine. But let us understand each other. This man, then, this De Courval, had a double motive—to avenge his father's death and to serve his masters, the Federalists. That is your opinion?"

"Yes, his desire for revenge made him an easy tool. I cannot talk any more. What shall you do about it?"

"I must think. I do not know. You are either a great fool or a coward or both. I only half trust you."

"Ah, were I well, Monsieur, no man should talk to me as you are doing."

"Luckily for me you are not well; but will you swear to this, to a written statement?"

"I will." Whether it was to be a truthful statement or not concerned the minister but little if he could make use of it. Upon this, the consul-general and a secretary, Le Blanc, being called in, to their amazement Carteaux dictated a plain statement and signed it with his left hand, the two officials acting as witnesses.

The minister read it aloud:

*Oeller's Hotel, July 4, 1795.*

I, George Carteaux, being *in extremis*, declare that on the 29th of November, about 5 P.M., near Bristol, I was set upon and shot and a despatch taken from me by one Schmidt and a Frenchman by name De Courval. No valuables were taken. By whom they were set on or paid I do not know.

[Signed]

*George Carteaux.*



The two members of the legation silently followed the minister out of the room.

"That is a belated story," said De la Forêt. "Do you credit it?"

"It is not all, you may be sure; a rather lean tale," replied Le Blanc, whose career in the police of Paris had taught him to distrust men. "He lied both times, but this time it is a serviceable lie."

"A little late, as you say," remarked Fauchet. "Once it might have helped us."

"Ah, if," said the consul-general, "he could tell who has your despatch!"

"Not Mr. Randolph," said Le Blanc.

"No," returned Fauchet; "or if he has, it will never be seen by any one else."

"Why?" asked Le Blanc.

The minister, smiling, shook his head. "If ever it turns up in other hands, you will know why, and Mr. Randolph, too."

The minister later in the day assured Carteaux that he would make such use of the deposition as would force the administration to rid itself of a guilty clerk. He was in no haste to fulfil his pledge. Two or three months earlier, when the general opposition to the English treaty promised to delay or prevent it, this damaging paper would have had some value. Apart, however, from any small practical utility the confession might still possess, it promised Fauchet another form of satisfaction. Being a man of great vanity, he felt injured and insulted by the coolness of his diplomatic reception and by the complete absence of pleasant social recognition in the homes of the great Federalist merchants. He would give Carteaux's statement to the Secretary of State and demand that De Courval be dismissed and punished. He felt that he could thus annoy and embarrass the administration; but still, distrusting Carteaux, he waited. His delay was ended by the gossip which began to be rumored about in regard to the attack on Carteaux, and concerning the mysterious loss of Despatch No. 10.

Chovet had been abruptly dismissed, unpaid, and the German having gone away in some haste with no thought of his promise to pay, none knew when he would return. The little doctor was furious. His habit of imprudent gossip had

been controlled by Schmidt's threats and still more surely by his pledge of payment. By and by, in his exasperation, he let drop hints, and soon the matter grew. He had been cheated by Carteaux, and if people only knew the truth of that story, and so on, while he won self-importance from holding what he half believed to be a state secret.

At last, increasingly uneasy about his fee, it occurred to him to ask Miss Wynne if it was certain that Schmidt would not return. If not—ah, there was the young man who must pay, or the whole story should be told.

That Miss Gainor kept him waiting for half an hour he felt as a slight and regarded it as an addition to the many wrongs he had suffered at the hands of a woman who had learned from time and experience no lessons in prudence.

Increasingly vexed at her delay, when she came in he was walking about with reckless disregard of the priceless china with which she delighted to crowd her drawing-room. As she entered he looked at his watch, but Mistress Gainor was today in high good humor, having won at piquet of Mrs. Bingham the night before enough to make her feel comfortably pleased with Gainor Wynne.

"Bonjour, Monsieur," she said in her fluent anglicized French. "I beg pardon for keeping you waiting; I was dressing." Chovet had rarely been able to sacrifice his liking to annoy to the practical interests of the moment, and now, disbelieving her, he said, "If you will speak English, I may be able to understand you." This was a little worse than usual.

"Sir," she said, with dignity, "your manners are bad. Never do I permit such things to be said to me. I might say something such as you have said to me in regard to your English and there would be an end of our conversation," upon which she laughed outright. "What makes you so cross, Doctor, and to what do I owe the honor of a visit?"

Then he broke out. "I have been cheated by Mr. Carteaux. He has not paid me a cent. He has got another doctor."

"Wise man, Mr. Carteaux; but what on earth have I to do with that Jacobin?"

In his anger the doctor had quite lost sight for the moment of the object of his

visit, which was to know if Schmidt had gone never to return, as was freely reported. Now he remembered.

"I desire to know if Mr. Schmidt will come back. He promised to pay if Car-teaux did not. Oh, it is a fine story—of him and De Courval. A despatch has been stolen—every one knows that. I am not to be trifled with, Madame. I can tell a nice tale."

"Can you, indeed? I advise you to be careful what you say. Mr. Schmidt will return and then you will get some unusual interest on your money. Have you no sense of honor that you must talk as you have done?"

"I do never talk," he said, becoming uneasy.

Miss Gainor rose, having heard all she wished to hear. "Lord! man, talk! You do nothing else. You have been chattering about this matter to Mrs. Byrd. If I were you, I should be a bit afraid. How much money is owing you?"

"Three hundred dollars, and—I have lost patients, too. I have—"

"Sit down," she said. "Don't behave like a child." She went to her desk, wrote a check and gave it to him. "May I trouble you for a receipt?" He gave it, surprised and pleased. "And now do hold your tongue if you can, or if Mr. Schmidt does not beat you when he comes home, I will. You have no more decency than you have hair."

This set him off again. "Ah, you think it is only money, money. You, a woman, can say things. I am insult," he cried. "I will have revenge of Schmidt, if he do come. I will have blood."

"Blood, I would," she said. "Get your lancet ready." She broke into laughter at the idea of a contest with the German. "I will hear no more. These are my friends." When in one of her fits of wrath, now rare, she was not choice of her words. Both were now standing. "A flea and a bear, you and Schmidt! Lord, but he will be scared—poor man!"

He too was in a fine rage, such as he never allowed himself with men. "Oh, I am paid, am I? That will not be all of it." He rose on tiptoe, gesticulating wildly, and threw his hands out, shaking them. There was a sudden clatter of broken china.

"Great heavens!" cried Gainor. "Two

of my gods gone, and my blue mandarin!"

For a moment he stood appalled amid the wreck of precious porcelain, looking now at Miss Wynne and now at the broken deities.

The owner of the gods towered over the little doctor. Wrath and an overwhelming sense of the comic contended for expression. "Two gods, man! Where now do you expect to go when you die—"

"Nowhere," he said.

"I agree with you. Neither place would have you. You are not good enough for one and not bad enough for the other." She began to enjoy the situation. "I have half a mind to take away that check. It would not pay, but still—"

"I regret—I apologize." He began to fear lest this terrible old woman might have a whole mind in regard to the check.

"Oh," she laughed, "keep it. But I swear to you by all my other gods that if you lie any more about my friends, I shall tell the story Dr. Abernethy told me. In your greed and distrust of men whose simple word is as sure as their bond, you threaten to tell a tale. Well, I will exchange stories with you. I shall improve mine, too."

"Ah," he cried, "you do promise, and keep no word. You have told already Schmidt of me."

"I did—and one other; but now the whole town shall hear. You were ingenious, but the poor highwayman was too well hanged."

Chovet grew pale. "Oh, Madame, you would not. I should be ruined."

"Then be careful and—go away. I sometimes lose my temper, but never my memory. Remember."

He looked up at the big woman as she stood flushed with anger, and exclaiming under his breath, "Quelle diablesse!" went out scared and uneasy.

Looking from the window, she saw him walk away. His hands hung limp at his sides, his head was dropped on his breast; not even Ça Ira looked more dejected.

"Good heavens! the man ought to have a bearing-rein. I much fear the mischief is done. The little brute! He is both mean and treacherous."

She turned to look down at the wreckage of her household Lares and rang the bell.



Cæsar appeared. "Sweep up my gods, and take them away. Good heavens! I ought to have flattered the man. I promised the blue mandarin to Darthea Wynne because he always nodded yes to her when she wanted advice to her liking. Well, well, I am a blundering old idiot." She had indeed made mischief, and repentance, as usual with her, came late. She had, however, only added to the mischief. Chovet had already said enough, and the loss of the despatch and the attack on Carteaux by a clerk of the Department of State aroused anew the Jacobins and fed the gossip of the card-tables, while René rode on his homeward way with a mind at ease. Nothing had so disturbed the social life of the city for many a day. Before long the matter came to the ear of the Secretary of State, who saw at once its bearing upon his department and the weapon it would be in the hands of party. It was, however, he said to Mr. Bingham, too wild a story for ready credence, and De Courval would soon be at home.

A day later, Fauchet presented to the amazed and angry Secretary of State Carteaux's formal statement, but made no explanation of its delay except the illness of his attaché. The man was near to death. He himself believed his statement, the words of a man about to die. Randolph stood still in thought. "Your charge, sir," he said, and he spoke French well, "is that my clerk, the Vicomte de Courval, has stolen your despatch and perhaps fatally wounded the gentleman commissioned to deliver it."

"You state it correctly. I am not surprised."

The tone was so insolent that Randolph said sharply: "You are not surprised? Am I to presume that you consider me a party to the matter?"

"I have not said so, but subordinates are sometimes too zealous and—"

"And what, sir?"

"It is idle to suppose that the theft had no motive. There was some motive, but what it was perhaps the English party may be able to explain. My despatch is lost. Your secretary took it with the help of one Schmidt. The loss is irreparable and of great moment. I insist, sir, that the one man who has not fled be dealt with by you, and by the law."

"I shall wait, sir, until I hear the vicomte's story. He is a gentleman of irreproachable character, a man of honor who has served us here most faithfully. I shall wait to hear from him. Your secretary seems to have lied at first and waited long to tell this amazing story."

The minister did not explain, but said sharply:

"It will be well if that despatch can be found. It was meant only for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs."

"I do not understand you."

Fauchet laughed. "I trust that you may never have occasion to understand me better." He was angry, and lost both his prudence and what little manners he ever possessed. "It is desirable, or at least it is to be hoped that the thief destroyed it."

"The gentleman you condemn, sir, is not yet on trial, and this has gone far enough and too far. I shall lay the matter in due time before the President." Upon which he bowed out the Republican envoy.

Greatly annoyed, Mr. Randolph put the matter before the members of the cabinet, who agreed that in justice they must wait for De Courval's return.

Meanwhile Chovet's gossip had done its work, and there were a dozen versions which amused many, made others angry, and fed the strife of parties; for now Fauchet spoke of it everywhere with the utmost freedom.

"It is incredible," said Governor Penn; and the women, too, were all on the side of De Courval, while Mr. Wynne, in great anxiety, thought fit to call at Mrs. Swanwick's for news of the vicomte.

He saw in a moment that the widow had heard some of the stories so freely talked about. She had found to her relief some one to whom she could speak. "What is all this," she asked, "I hear about Friend de Courval? My Uncle Josiah has been to tell me and I could make nothing of it."

"I know, Mary, only the wildest tales. But when De Courval returns, I desire to see him at once."

"His mother heard from him to-day and we look for him possibly to-morrow. Gainor Wynne has been here, in a fine rage. The young man has very warm

friends, Hugh. I cannot believe a word of it."

"Nor I, what I hear. But let him see me at once." The widow was distressed. "Something there must have been. Alas, my poor Margaret!"

Her life had been for many years a constant struggle with poverty, made harder by remembrance of early days of ease and luxury. She bore it all with high-hearted courage and the pride which for some inexplicable reason will accept any gift except money. It became an easier life when Schmidt took of her his two rooms and became by degrees their friend, while the fact that the daughter, inheriting her beauty, was like herself of Friends, did in a measure keep their lives simple and free from the need for many luxuries she saw in the homes of their cousins. Mrs. Swanwick thought, too, of these strangers whom she had nursed, of the vicomtesse, at times a little trying with her sense of what was due to her; of her son, kindly, grave, thoughtful of others, religious,—that was singular,—and twice, as it was said, engaged in bloody quarrels. How could one understand that?

She knew what her bountiful nature had given these exiles. Now she was again to be a reproach among Friends and to feel that these people had brought into her quiet home for her child only misfortune and sorrow. If Schmidt were but here! Margaret was at home, busy and joyful, knowing nothing of what lay before her or of this sinister story of attempted murder and robbery. Resolutely setting it all aside, Mrs. Swanwick went out to provide for the wants of the day.

A half hour later De Courval crossed the city, riding along High Street. A pleasant comrade—Joy—went with him as he turned down Front Street, past widely separated houses and gardens gay with flowers. Once they had been country homes, but now the city was slowly crowding in on them with need for docks. He left his horse at the stable and walked swiftly homeward.

Mrs. Swanwick's house was still remote enough to be secure from the greed of commerce. The dusty, gray road before him, dry with the intense heat of August, ran southward. No one was in sight.

There was something mysteriously depressing in the long highway without sign of life, a reminder of that terrible summer when day by day he had come out of the house and seen no one.

As he drew near Mrs. Swanwick's door, he met Captain Biddle. "Oh, by George!" said the sailor, "so you are come at last, and none too soon. I have been here thrice."

"What is the matter, Captain? Is any one ill?"

"No; but there is a lot of lies about you. There is neither decency nor charity ashore. Have you been at the State Department or seen any one?"

"No. I am this moment come back. But, for God's sake, Captain, tell me what it is."

"A fellow named Carteaux has charged you with half killing him and stealing his despatches. That is all I know."

"Is that all? *Diable!* I am sorry I did not wholly kill him. I knew this would come out soon or late. Of course he is lying; but I did shoot him."

"There is a malignant article in the 'Aurora' to-day—there, I marked it."

René looked it over as he stood. "So I am the thief, I am the agent of the cabinet or the Federal party, and *mon Dieu*, Schmidt—"

"It is serious," said the captain. "A horsewhip is the weapon needed here, but I am at your service in every way."

"Thank you; but first of all, I must see Mr. Randolph; and, oh, worst of all, Schmidt is absent!" He felt that he could not meet Margaret until he had put an end to this slander. He foresaw also that to meet it with success would, in Schmidt's absence, be difficult. Thanking his sailor friend, he made haste to see his official superior.

"Ah," said Randolph, "I am both glad and sorry to see you. Sit down. Have you heard of the charges against you made by Mr. Fauchet for his secretary, Carteaux?"

"Nothing very clear, sir; but enough to bring me here instantly to have the thing explained to me."

"Pray read this statement."

De Courval read Carteaux's deposition and, flushing with sudden anger he threw the paper on the table. "So it seems I deliberately waylaid and shot the secre-



tary of an envoy in order to steal his despatches."

"That is the charge, made by a man who I am assured is dying. You can have no objection to my asking you a few questions."

"None. I shall like it."

"Did you shoot this man?"

"I did. He was of the mock court which murdered my father at Avignon. Any French gentleman here can tell you—Du Vallon for one, and De Noailles. Of the direct personal part this man took in causing my father's death I have not talked. Twice he has had the equal chance I would have given a gentleman. Yes, I meant to kill him."

"But, Vicomte—"

"Pardon me." And he told briefly the story of Carteaux's treacherous shot and of why for a while it seemed well to Schmidt to silence the man.

"It was unwise. A strange and sad affair," said the secretary, "but, Monsieur, it is only this recent matter which concerns me, and the fact, the unfortunate fact, that your enemy was a bearer of despatches. Who can substantiate your statement as against that of a man said to be dying? Who can I call upon?"

"No one. Mr. Schmidt saw it. He is in Europe. The man lies. It is his word or mine. He says here nothing of its being only a personal quarrel; and why did he wait? Ah, clearly until Schmidt, who saw it all, had gone to Europe and I was absent."

"Why he waited I cannot say. The rest concerns me greatly. Did you destroy his despatches?"

"*Mon Dieu!* I? No. Mr. Schmidt, in cutting open his clothes to get at his wound, found those papers, and then seeing what I had done, and how the department might be credited with it, or at least the English party, I myself carried the despatch to its address, the captain of the *Jean Bart*."

"Did you get a receipt?"

"I asked for it. It was refused. The captain was angry at what he said had been dangerous delay, and refused unless I would come on board and talk to him. I of course declined to do so, I would certainly have been carried to France."

"She has sailed, the *Jean Bart*?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then what proof have you as against the deposition of a man *in extremis*?"

"None but my word, that I gave to an officer of the corvette a package of papers."

"The minister was insolent enough to hint that this was a robbery in the interest of my service and a plot of the Federalist English sympathizers. In fact, he implied even more. I am asked to dismiss you as proof that we at least are in no way a party to the matter."

"One moment, Mr. Secretary—would that be proof?"

"No, sir. Pardon me. This affair has been twice before the cabinet, where, to be frank, some difference of opinion existed. The President—but no matter. You admit the fact of the assault and, well, the taking of the paper. You do not deny either. You have no evidence in favor of your explanation,—none."

"Pardon me; I have said De Noailles could assure you that I had cause for a personal quarrel."

"Admit the personal motive, it does not help you. The Republicans are using this scandal freely, and we have quite enough complications, as you know. If these people urge it, the law may be appealed to. To conclude, this is not a cabinet matter, and it was so decided. It affects the honor of my own department."

"Sir, the honor!" De Courval rose as he spoke. "You have said what I could permit no one but my official superior to say."

"I regret to have been so unpleasant, but having duly considered the matter, I must reluctantly ask you not to return to the office until you can clear yourself by other evidence than your own. I deeply regret it."

"You are plain enough, sir, and I most unfortunate. It does seem to me that my life here might at least give my word value as against that of this lying Jacobin."

The Secretary made no reply. Randolph, although a kindly man and courteous, had nothing more to say to the young clerk. He was but one of many *émigré* nobles cast on our shores, and his relations with the Secretary had been simply official, although, as the latter

would have admitted, the service rendered had been of the best.

Still standing, René waited a moment after his personal appeal for justice, but, as I have said, the Secretary did not see fit to answer. To have bluntly refused Fauchet's demand would have been his desire and decision; but as a matter of policy he must do something to disarm party criticism. With this in mind he had offered the young man a compromise; and not quite sure that he should not have dismissed him, he seemed to himself, considering all things, to have acted with moderation.

De Courval, who had waited on the Secretary's silence, said at last, "I judge, sir, that you have no more to say."

"No. I am sorry that nothing you have told me changes this very painful situation."

"Then I resign my position. I have many friends and time will do me justice."

The Secretary would have preferred the young vicomte to have accepted his offer. He was not assured that Car-teaux's story was correct; but what else could he do? "Are you not hasty?" he said.

"No. You believe me to have lied, and my sole witness, Mr. Schmidt, is in Germany. It is he who is slandered as well as I. I shall come here no more. Here is my report on the condition of the frontier counties."

"No, Vicomte. I did not doubt your word, but only your power to prove your truth for others who do not know you."

"It amounts to the same thing," said De Courval, coldly. "Good morning."

He went to his own office, and stood a moment in the small, whitewashed room, reflecting with indignant anger on the sudden ending of a career he had enjoyed. Then he gathered his personal belongings and calling the old negro caretaker, bade him carry them to Mrs. Swanwick's.

As for the last time he went down the steps, he said to himself: "So I am thrown to the wolves of party! I knew I should be, and I said so," which was hardly just to the man he left, who would have been pleased if his compromise had been accepted. Little could Randolph have imagined that the remote agency of

the man he had thus thrown over would result for himself in a situation not unlike that which he had created for his subordinate.

"I am ruined," murmured De Courval. "Who will believe me? and Margaret! My God! that is at an end! And my mother!"

He walked slowly homeward, avoiding people and choosing the alley by-ways so numerous in Penn's city.

The hall door was usually open in the afternoon to let the breeze pass through. He went into Schmidt's room, and then into the garden, seeing only Nanny and black Cicero, with whom he was a favorite. No one was in but madame, his mother. Mr. Girard had been to ask for him and Mr. Bingham and Mr. Wynne, and others. So it was to be the mother first.

He was used to the quiet, unemotional welcome. He kissed her hand and her forehead, saying, "You look well, mother, despite the heat."

"Yes, I am well. Tell me of your journey. Ah, but I am glad to see you! I have had but one letter. You should have written more often." The charm of his mother's voice, always her most gracious quality, just now affected him almost to tears.

"I did write, mother, several times. The journey may wait. I have bad news for you."

"None is possible for me while you live, my son."

"Yes, yes," he said. "The man Car-teaux, having heard of Schmidt's absence and mine, has formally charged me with shooting him without warning in order to steal his despatches."

"Ah, you should have killed him. I said so."

"Yes, perhaps. The charge is clearly made on paper, attested by witnesses. He is said to be dying."

"Thank God."

"I have only my word." He told quietly of the weakness of his position, of the political aspect of the affair, of his interview and his resignation.

"Did you ask Mr. Randolph to apologize, René?"

"Oh, mother, one cannot do that with a cabinet minister."

"Why not? And is this all? You re-



sign a little clerkship. I am surprised that it troubles you."

"Mother, it is ruin."

"Nonsense! What is there to make you talk of ruin?"

"The good word of men lost; the belief in my honor. Oh, mother, do you not see it? And it is a case where there is nothing to be done, nothing. If Randolph, after my long service, does not believe me, who will?"

She was very little moved by anything he said. She lived outside of the world of men, one of those island lives on which the ocean waves of exterior existence beat in vain. The want of sympathy painfully affected him. She had said it was of no moment, and had no helpful advice to give. The constantly recurring thought of Margaret came and went as they talked, and added to his pain. He tried to make her see both the shame and even the legal peril of his position. It was quite useless. He was for her the Vicomte de Courval, and these only common people whom a revolution had set in high places. Never before had he fully realized the quality of his mother's unassailable pride. It was a foretaste of what he might have to expect when she should learn of his engagement to Margaret; but now that, too, must end. He went away, exhausted as from a bodily struggle.

In the hall he met Margaret just come in, the joy of time-nurtured love on her face. "Oh, René!" she cried. "How I have longed for thee! Come out into the garden. The servants hear everything in the house."

They went out and sat down under the trees, she talking gaily, he silent.

"What is the matter?" she inquired at last, of a sudden anxious.

"Pearl," he said, "I am a disgraced and ruined man."

"René, what dost thou mean? Disgraced, ruined!"

He poured out this oft-repeated story of Avignon, the scene on the Bristol road, the despatch, and last, his talk with Randolph and his resignation.

"And this," she said, "was what some day I was to hear. It is terrible, but—ruined—oh, that thou art not. Think of the many who love thee! And disgraced? Thou art René de Courval."

"Yes; but, Pearl, dear Pearl, this ends my joy. How can I ask you to marry a man in my position?"

For a moment she said no word. Then she kissed him. "There is my answer, René."

"No, no. It is over. I cannot. As a gentleman, I cannot."

Again the wholesome discipline of Friends came to her assistance. It was a serious young face she saw. He it was who was weak, and she strong.

"Trouble comes to all of us in life, René. I could not expect always to escape. It has come to us in the morning of our love. Let us meet it together. It is a terrible story, this. How can I, an inexperienced girl, know how to regard it? I am sure thou hast done what was right in thine own eyes. My mother will say thou shouldst have left it to God's justice. I do not know. I am not sure. I suppose it is because I so love thee that I do not know. We shall never speak of it again, never. It is the consequences we—yes, we—have to deal with."

"There is no way to deal with them." He was in resourceless despair.

"No, no. Friend Schmidt will return. He is sure to come, and this will all be set right. Dost thou remember how the blessed waters washed away thy care? Is not love as surely good?"

"Oh, yes; but this is different. That was a trifle."

"No; it is the waiting here for Friend Schmidt that troubles me. What is there but to wait? Thou art eager to do something. That is the man's way, and the other is the woman's way. Take thy daily swim, ride, sail; the body will help the soul. It will all come right; but not marry me! Then, René de Courval, I shall marry thee."

A divine hopefulness was in her words, and for the first time he knew what a firm and noble nature had been given the woman at his side, what power to trust, what tenderness, what common sense, and, too, what insight; for he knew she was right. The contrast to his mother was strange, and in a way distressing.

"I must think it over," he said.

"Thou wilt do no such thing. Thou, indeed! As if it were thy business alone! I am a partner thou wilt please to remember. Thou must see thy friends, and,

above all, write to Mr. Hamilton at once, and do as I have said. I shall speak to my mother. Hast thou—of course thou hast seen thy mother?"

"I have; and she takes it all as a matter of no moment, really of not the least importance."

"Indeed, and so must we. Now, I am to be kissed—oh, once, for the good of thy soul—I said once. Mr. Bingham has been here. See him and Mr. Wynne, and swim to-night, René, and be careful, too, of my property, thy—dear self."

Even in this hour of mortification, and with the memory of Randolph's doubt in mind, René had some delightful sense of being taken in hand and disciplined. He had not said again that the tie which bound them together must be broken. He had tacitly accepted the joy of defeat, a little ashamed, perhaps.

Every minute of this talk had been a revelation to the man who had lived near Margaret for years. An older man could have told him that no length of life will reveal to the most observant love all the possibilities of thought or action in the woman who may for years have been his wife. There will always remain surprises of word or deed.

Although René listened and said that he could do none of the things she urged, the woman knew that he would do all of them.

At last she started up, saying: "Why, René, thou hast not had thy dinner, and now, as we did not look for thee, it is long over. Come in at once."

"Dear Pearl," he said, "I am better let alone. I do not need anything." He

wished to be left by himself to brood over the cruel wrong of the morning, and with any one but Pearl he would have shown some sense of irritation at her persistence.

The wild creatures are tamed by starvation, the animal man by good feeding. This fact is the sure possession of every kindly woman; and so it was that De Courval went meekly to the house and was fed,—as was indeed needed,—and having been fed, with the girl watching him, was better in body and happier in mind.

He went at once into Schmidt's study and wrote to Hamilton, while Margaret, sitting in her room at the eastward window, cried a little and smiled between the tears and wondered at the ways of men.

What she said to her mother may be easily guessed. The vicomtesse was as usual at the evening meal, where René exerted himself to talk of his journey to Mrs. Swanwick, less interested than was her way.

The day drew to a close. The shadows came with coolness in the air. The endless embroidery went on, the knitting needles clicked, and a little later in the dusk, Margaret smiled as René went down the garden to the river, a towel on his arm.

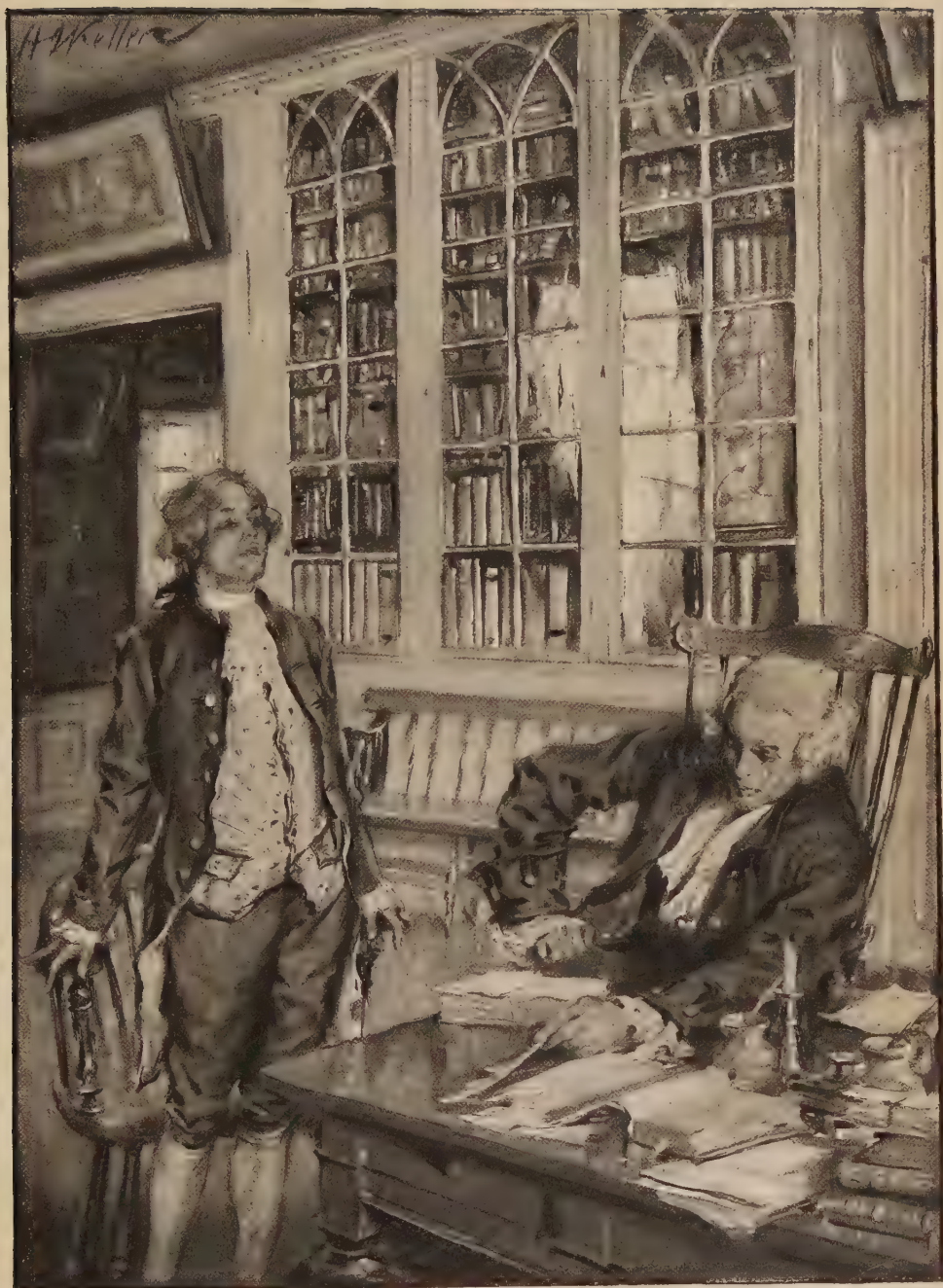
"I did him good," she murmured proudly.

Later in the evening they were of one mind that it was well to keep their engagement secret, above all, not to confide it to their relatives or to Miss Wynne until there was some satisfactory outcome of the serious charge which had caused Randolph to act as he had done.

( Conclusion in the December number )

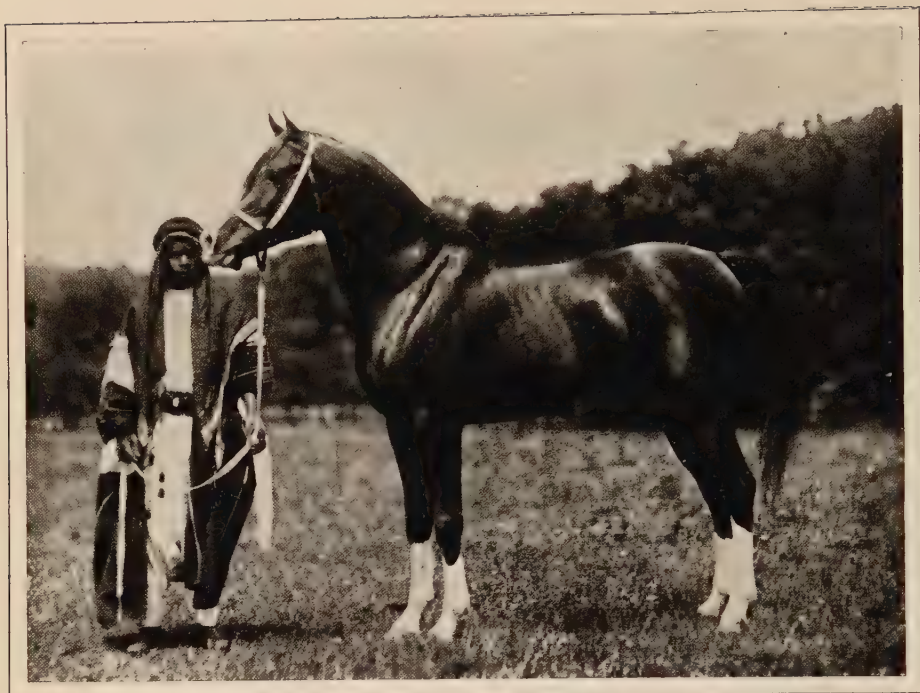






Drawn by A. L. Keller Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THEN I RESIGN MY POSITION"



THE CHESTNUT ARAB STALLION, "MAHRUSS," SEGLAWIE JEDRAN  
FAMILY OF THE IBN ED DERRI STRAIN

From the Homer Davenport collection, and owned by Eleanor Gates, El Rancho de las Rosas, California.

## ABOUT HORSE BREEDING

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED

THE cry of those who, in various parts of the Union, are endeavoring to prohibit gambling on races between horses is that it is not so important to improve the breed of horses as it is to improve the breed of men. This assumes it to be a proved fact that gambling on the race tracks is injurious to men, and concedes the claim that the thoroughbred race-horse improves the breed of horses. On the other hand, the race-horse breeders and owners maintain that the sport of racing cannot be continued without the adjunct of gambling. In these three propositions there is wide room for honest differences of opinion. I shall not discuss the

first of these propositions as to the moral aspects of the case.

Now, as to the third of these propositions, passing by the second for a moment, is gambling a necessary adjunct of the sport? As the sport is conducted at present, this is unquestionably so; but I believe the sport is not conducted in a sufficiently conservative fashion. The prizes are too valuable, the prices of the horses are too great, the rewards to the jockeys are large beyond all reason. Let the breeders and the owners cut all these things down, and horse-racing could be maintained without gambling and the rewards that come from it.<sup>1</sup> Our great national sport is base-ball.

<sup>1</sup> On August 29, 1908, after the passage of the New York State legislation against race-track gambling, took place the Futurity race at Sheephead Bay, won by "Maskette" in record time. "The New York Times" said of it editorially: "The Futurity was successful enough, as

an exhibition, to prove that there is a future for horse racing divorced from gambling. Pool-selling and book-making are not needed to sustain the interest of a reasonably large part of the public in an exhilarating sport, when the race is one worth seeing on its own account."—THE EDITOR.



It is maintained for seven or eight months in the year without the aid or assistance of the book-makers, and I venture to assert without the fear of successful contradiction that very many more people in the United States see base-ball games from year's end to year's end than see horse-races; yet at base-ball games betting is so inconspicuous as to be negligible.

Why should a race-horse be worth twenty or thirty or even a hundred thousand dollars when as a general thing he completes his life's work at the end of or during his three-year-old form? If he survives through his fourth year, he is regarded as a toughened veteran. The most skilful and successful breeder and owner to-day has not more than one or two four-year-olds in his large stable, and this season has had to retire several of his three-year-olds because they have broken down or because the characteristic unsoundnesses of the modern thoroughbred have so developed as to make them worthless in the sole employment for which they are

way. This shortness of racing careers was not always the case with thoroughbreds in America. In 1823, on Long Island, when American Eclipse ran four-mile heats against Henry,—the North *versus* the South,—the former was nine years old and the latter four. The older horse was the winner, three heats being run.

And the jockeys? Why, some of these lads in their teens earn more in a year than we pay the President of the United States. The thing is too absurd to discuss.

With the second proposition, the improvement of the breed of horses, we come to that part of the discussion which interests me more particularly. I concede that the thoroughbred cross has been invaluable in the creation of the recognized horse types that now exist in America. The English thoroughbred, as every one knows, was developed by a mixture of several strains of Oriental blood—Arab, Barb, and Turk—combined to a great degree with the common blood existing in England, say, in 1700. The thor-



THE BAY MORGAN STALLION, "BOB. MORGAN"

Tracing twenty-three times to the founder, "Justin Morgan." Owned by A. R. Van Tassel, Du Bois, Pa.

suited, namely, racing. If these horses lasted longer and cost less, an owner would not have to win in excess of \$100,000 in a season to make his stable pay its

oroughbred or racer in England, when the records of the Messrs. Weatherby's stud-book began, was a pony much nearer fourteen than fifteen hands in

height. He was stout and sturdy, and though not fleet at short distances, compared with the racer of to-day, his career more frequently than not lasted till he was a veteran in years as well as in deeds. In the intervening two hundred years the thoroughbred has been bred up till he is on an average more than eight inches taller and certainly also very much faster. But he has become a long-legged fellow, very nervous, lacking in stamina, and no-

of breeding, "Like begets like" is violently violated.

The three thoroughbreds that have had a lasting beneficial effect on American stock, other than race-horses, were Messenger, the sire of Justin Morgan<sup>1</sup> and Denmark—Messenger being the founder of our fast trotting families, Justin Morgan of the Morgans of Vermont and Denmark of the American saddle-horse. But none of these horses was at all similar to



THE BAY MORGAN MARE, "BONNIE JEAN"

Tracing twenty-four times to the founder, "Justin Morgan." Owned by Mrs. H. C. Kelley, Watercress Manor, Nyack, N. Y.

toriously unsound, so that, as has been said, he usually runs to the end of his career before he is four years old, very frequently, indeed, before he is three. In his present form I do not see how, as a general thing, he can be beneficial in the improvement of the general utility horses from which we must get our cavalry remounts as well as the horses used to till the fields. Nature abhors great contrasts, and the modern race-horse is so totally different in conformation, blood, and action from the horses of the basic American stock that the very cardinal principle

the modern thoroughbred. The contrast was not too great to mix kindly with the ordinary stock in their several neighborhoods, so that the prepotency of their blood was splendidly expressed in their progeny and has lasted to this day. The modern thoroughbred grafted on the progeny of either of these three strains could not conceivably be beneficial.

But if racing be stopped in this country, and the gift of prophecy is not needed to know that if it depends for its life on gambling, it will be ended in a short course of time, any of us will be able to buy a thor-

<sup>1</sup> Justin Morgan's sire may not have been a thoroughbred,—no one knows with certainty,—but if he was not, he was surely an Arab, which in the end comes to the same thing.





THE CHESTNUT STALLION, "HIGHLAND EAGLE"

A closely inbred Denmark, sired by "Highland Denmark." Owned by Thomas F. Ryan, New York City.

oughbred for a song. The long-existing belief that the thoroughbred is useful in improving the breed of horses will then do its baneful work, for the temptation will be almost irresistible to cross these high-spirited, hot-tempered, and spindling racing machines with our common stock. This will do great harm. We have great breeding farms where much care is taken in the matings of proper sires and dams; still the greatest numbers of our horses are not bred on these large places, but by the every-day ordinary farmers who breed a colt or so, each year. This is just as it should be. A colt should be a farmer's savings-bank, or one of his savings accounts at least. A colt can be fed from his weaning until he is ready for the market on the farm's surplus, which would otherwise go to waste, and a thrifty farmer with some pastureland ought to have a few matured colts each year either for his own use or for market that had cost him next to nothing. But if these farmers

breed wrongly or in haphazard fashion, they will realize a minimum rather than a maximum of profit.

Every one who has intelligently watched the horse markets during the last few seasons has seen the handwriting on the wall: "None but high-class horses are in demand." To be sure, the hucksters' and peddlers' carts will still have to have horses, for I do not apprehend that in the near future there will be large enough profits in such business to justify the substitution of automobiles, but it has never paid and never will pay to breed horses for such work. This work has been done and will probably continue to be done by the derelicts, the lame, the halt, and the blind—the outcasts of the equine world.

Farmers, and others, for that matter, as well, must breed to type. They must know what kind of horses they wish to produce and strive to that end. To do this, they should know what kind of material is at hand, and how it can be used.



From a painting by George Ford Morris

#### TYPE OF THE DENMARK STALLION

Here is something that the United States Department of Agriculture should do. And the War Department might also assist, for proper cavalry remounts are difficult to secure. In European countries, where great standing armies are maintained, there are not only governmental breeding farms, but the farmers are encouraged to breed army horses by the giving of prizes, and by permitting government-owned stallions of proper breeding to stand to approved stock at merely nominal fees. In Austria I have seen a whole regiment of cavalry mounted on horses so true to type that it would take study and acquaintance to tell one horse from another. In Germany the government has been breeding for the cavalry since the time of Frederick the Great, and with most satisfactory results. In these continental countries much enterprise is shown in securing the best blood that may be had in other countries, not omitting the Desert of Arabia, whence comes the best

and purest equine blood in all the world. In this matter of horse-breeding the Italians are not the least enterprising, nor, by the way, are the Italians by any means inferior in their horsemanship.

The Department of Agriculture is conducting experiments in horse-breeding in Colorado and Vermont, and in both places with careful deliberation is producing mongrels—crossing types in an entirely haphazard fashion. My prediction is that the coach horses of Colorado when matured will be waddling and light-boned pacers and the “improved” Morgan in Vermont, the kind of semi-Hambletonian that originally brought this invaluable little horse into a disrepute which nearly resulted in his extermination.

The most of the good blood that we got in this country in the Colonial era, and for many years after the War of the Revolution, was from England. Since we became established as horse-breeders, we have bred better horses in all lines save thor-





THE CHESTNUT STALLION, "CLOUD KING"

Being an inbred Harrison Chief with a strain of Indian Chief, and also a Denmark strain.  
Bred and owned by J. Gano Johnson, Mount Sterling, Ky.

oughbreds—better driving horses and better saddle-horses; and if we had not followed the English too closely in breeding thoroughbreds for sprinting, we should probably have beaten them in this as well. But the English are better horse-traders than we are, and for several decades they have been unloading on us whatever was undesirable at home. In this they have been immensely assisted by the Anglomaniacs among what in the slang of the day is known as the "Smart Set." We have imported into this country millions of dollars' worth of hackneys, horses that have no place whatever in our world—horses whose blood does not mingle kindly with that of any of the strains that distinctively belong to America. What good can they possibly do? They cannot go the road if it be long, they cannot keep pace if it be fast. They can only make a splurge for a few minutes in the show ring, lifting their forefeet to a great elevation, and moving their hocks in almost the same fashion. Yet the judges in our so-called National Horse Show pretty nearly always select them in preference to our own

horses, as though these cold-blooded English products should be a standard to which we should strive to breed. I should like to see a prize offered for heavy harness horses that were required to go thirty miles in three hours, and then appear in the show ring to be judged by conformation, manners, action, and so on. Where would the hackney be? I suspect none would be entered. Its limitations are too well known.

And so with the saddle classes. An English dealer has been brought here in recent years to judge these classes. Whenever it is possible he selects a thoroughbred; that to him is the type *par excellence*. We have in the Kentucky-bred horse the best, the handsomest, the most handy, and the most amiable saddle-horse in all the world. This type makes the best park hack a gentleman or lady ever mounted, and the more rugged of them the best cavalry horse in the world. For cavalry purposes the thoroughbred is virtually worthless. Bred only for short distances, under light weight, and to last only a few years, what would he do



From a painting by George Ford Morris

#### THE CHESTNUT STALLION, "GOLDEN KING"

The result of the union of the Indian Chief and the Harrison Chief blood. Bred and owned by J. Gano Johnson, Mount Sterling, Ky.

in a campaign on short rations, where his rider, accoutrements, and other impedimenta weighed more than two hundred pounds? He would do as he did in South Africa during the Boer War, where the English suffered only defeat until they obtained horses from this and other countries. This saddle-horse standard as to the thoroughbreds does not obtain far beyond the confines of Madison Square Garden.

At the International Show held in London in 1907 were exhibited a few Kentucky saddle-horses. They attracted much attention and excited great admiration. One of these, Poetry of Motion, won everything for which he was eligible. One of those admiring this class of horse is a British officer of very high rank and world-wide fame. In his campaigns he has usually ridden Arabs; but he is now anxious to have a Denmark, a five-gaited Kentucky saddle-horse, and

only a little while before this paper was written he wrote a letter asking a Kentuckian to secure such a horse for him. When the animal to be selected is shown in England, no doubt it will excite curiosity, as two of the five gaits it will perform are quite unknown in that part of the world except among those who have visited or lived in those parts of this country where these gaits are appreciated.

The two gaits referred to are the rack, or single foot, and the running walk. These are artificial gaits, though, to be sure, some breeds of horses are trained to them so easily that they seem to do them by a kind of second nature. The running walk is a glide. The feet are moved in the same progression as in a walk but much faster and are scarcely lifted from the ground. It is the easiest of all gaits and, so far as I can learn, came into being when the journeys from the Kentucky frontier to the sea-board had to be made



on horse-back. The rack, or single foot, is hard to describe, but I can tell the rhythmic beat of a racking horse's feet though he be out of sight. That accomplished horseman, Mr. Charles Railley of Kentucky, says the rack is a concentrated trot. That is true with a slight difference. In the trot the left hind foot follows the front right foot, the right hind foot following the left front foot, the front and hind foot on each side striking the ground at the same instant so that the sound of the hoof beats is one, two, one, two; in the rack the order of progression is the same except that there is an appreciable difference between the striking of the front and the following hind foot and the sound of the hoof beats is one, two, three, four, each foot making its distinct sound—hence the name single foot. The rack is a very smooth gait for the rider, but even when a horse does it without friction or apparent effort it is wearing upon him. A very fast racking horse can cover a short distance at the rate of a mile in three minutes. The other three gaits, the walk, trot, and canter, are natural gaits and common to all horses.

Our farmers need to be made better acquainted with the material ready at hand. In the Morgans we have a priceless possession; our Denmarks are finished to a perfection almost beyond criticism; the Chief families (Indian Chief and Harrison Chief), which are rich in Morgan blood, are suitable to give finish and style to their progeny of whatever strain and so assist in making the much needed cavalry horse and the coach horse, as the case may be. At the present time we have difficulty in mounting even our small cavalry force in proper fashion. In case of war, we should have to take anything the farms could give us, and also go to the range country of the West, as the English did in the Boer War. If attention were paid to this type, a most useful general utility

horse would be produced, and the general utility horse is the ideal cavalry horse. Every now and again an almost perfect specimen would be produced fit alike for the park and the show ring. These Chief families are being largely utilized for breeding in Kentucky, and the farmers so using them are not in the least panic-stricken over the fate of gambling on horse racing. It does not concern them at all. The Chief horses are valuable as stock horses by reason of the singular prepotency of their blood, and their wonderful capacity to impress their own characteristics upon their progeny. Of Indian Chief Mr. Railley says that "he was the best harness horse Kentucky has had within her borders." And of Harrison Chief qualified authorities speak almost as highly.

The coach horse in America has happened rather than been bred by design, though efforts have been made in desultory fashion to create a reproducing type. The French coach horse has been used by crossing that type with our trotting-bred families. The result has been most unsatisfactory. The hackney has also been tried in the same way. Unsatisfactory is too mild a word to characterize the result. But the Chief families, though the members are more frequently called saddle-horses, produce ideal coach horses. The great Montgomery Chief (sixteen hands high and weighing over 1200 pounds) is an ideal coach horse, and so also are Cloud King and Golden King. Montgomery Chief is of Harrison Chief ancestry; Cloud King and Golden King are both the result of mixtures of Indian Chief and Harrison Chief blood. These horses and many of their kindred originated and are bred in the Blue Grass section of Kentucky, where the horse will still be the thing though it should soon become unprofitable to bother with thoroughbreds.



# GUS

BY JAMES HOPPER

Author of "Caybigan," etc.

THE shaven hills were copper-gold with the rising sun, and the day-shift of the "Grizzly" were going down to their work. When the turn of the men of his level came, Gus was pushed, almost thrown, to the bottom of the great bucket that hung waiting from the gallows-frame above the yawning shaft; and as he crouched there, the men avalanched about and upon him, treading upon his feet, poking their elbows into his face. Jerry Dinan, the big level-boss, was the last one on. As he stepped upon the bucket's rim (he always went down thus, standing upright, feet outspread upon the rim, his hands holding the taut sustaining cable), he carefully rubbed the hobnails of his right boot across Gus's cheek.

"I don't tank," Gus began to protest, raising his pathetic nose toward his tormentor—"I don't tank you god—"

"Scuse me, Gus," answered Dinan, with humorous mouth; "beg your pardon, Gus. Did n't mean it. Them pesky shoes of mine they *will* cavort around when I want them to be still."

And shifting his left foot, he brought it down crushingly upon his victim's fingers, which clutched the rim.

"I don't tank you god de right," Gus began again. "I don't tank you—"

But the bucket, with a smooth swoop, had slid into the black tube. A last "I tank" floated up, like a hollow groan from a grave, a wave of laughter passed like an exhalation, and Gus, with his rights, had vanished into the bowels of the earth.

To be a Swede among Irishmen is not specially conducive to happiness. Besides, unfortunately, he had been ill used of nature. He was small and badly shapen, had a mouth that touched both ears, and a long, white, flexible nose. The men

called him "Gus" after the clown of a traveling circus that had made a one night's stand in the camp. He wore with persistence a small, round hat, sprinkled with alkali dust as with flour, and had the complexion of a baker's apprentice. This clinched the resemblance already more than suggested by his wide mouth and that unlucky, pale nose.

He was the butt of the rough risibility of the camp. He was stepped upon when in the cage, his hat was constantly being knocked off; down below, it was considered exquisite fun to trip him as he was scooting along the tunnels after lighting the fuse of a blast, or to drop a drill down the shaft at the bottom of which he was working. Above ground, when he got up in the morning, he found his clothes tied up in knots; at meal-time his beans mysteriously bloomed with red pepper, salt was in his coffee, and he had only to sit at the end of a bench to have it immediately tilt up, spilling him to the floor on his back.

At such a time he would recover slowly, and then, turning his long nose solemnly from one to the other like a telescope, "I don't tank you god de right do dat," he would say with a whining intonation; "I don't tank you god de right." And when the provocation had been particularly stinging, he would add, "You ma-ak me ma-ad."

This curious inadequacy of anger amused the men greatly.

"If I was to slice off that long trunk of his," Jerry Dinan, chief of the persecutors, would say, elucidating this trait, "he 'd yell, 'Don'd you gud off anudder inch, Dcherry—or I geds mad.' And if he was married, and I 'd steal his wife, and throw him out of his own house, he 'd peep in at the window, I bet, and say,



'Dcherry, I tank you not god de right do dat.'"

Wherein Jerry exaggerated, as was proved later. At the time he spoke thus, Gus had no wife, and to imagine him with one was in itself a joke. But one day, to the stupefaction of the camp, he got himself one.

She came from Sweden, across the Atlantic, across the continent, on his savings, and one evening, as the white-capped Sierra glowed rosy with sunset, and from the pines there descended a cool wind that blew away the pool of heat, stagnant all day in the gulch, she stepped down from the stage, in front of the Wells Fargo office, into his arms. "Into his arms," here, is purely figurative. He did not open his arms. He stood a moment before her on one leg, very much embarrassed, then, taking her by the hand, led her to a little shack newly built behind the great dump of the "Grizzly." He slept that night as usual in the lodging-house of the mine, but early in the morning left with his meager kit, packed in a valise of varnished canvas. She was waiting for him at the door of the little house. He dropped his bag inside, took her by the hand, and together, like children newly acquainted and yet a bit timid, they went to the parlor of the Methodist minister and were married.

That afternoon they "received" in the living-room—a living-room in the absolute sense of the word, in that it was bedroom and everything else except kitchen. In one corner, beneath a flaming lithograph, stood a barrel of beer, with a dipper above it. All day the men of the "Grizzly," in squads that nudged and urged, trooped in to congratulate.

She stood all the afternoon in the same place, her back against the wall without leaning against it, meeting felicitation and curiosity with a vague, absent smile. She was large, statuesque, and passive-armed. Her skin was milk-white, two pale braids dropped forward over her breast, and her blue eyes had a pearly haze in them. For hours she stood thus, and all the time her smile was vague and her eyes were veiled. But once when Jerry Dinan, who had assumed the mastership of the ceremonies, gently took a too festive visitor by the shoulder and pirouetted him out through the door, she seemed to become sharply cognizant of her surroundings. She gave

him a look, a profound and calm stare; a tremor as light as the shiver of a pool passed over her bosom; then her eyes again took on the slight opalescence that draped them from the immediate present, and the faint smile returned to her lips.

It was night when Dinan left. The broken-backed pianos were all tinkling as he went down the main street. Sudden gusts of brawling men eddied through the swinging doors, but he went on heavily, his eyes on his feet.

And now there came a change in the routine of the camp. The following morning, when Tom Hardy, taking his place in the bucket, playfully rapped Gus over the head with a stick of dynamite (Gus had never acquired the miner's non-chalant contempt of the stuff; he had a horror of it), he felt himself lifted bodily upon the ground again, and shaken as by a tornado. Through the dizziness produced by the unusual motion he heard the thunder of Dinan's voice: "No more of that, you son-of-a-dog! No more! He's married now. If ye can't respect him, respect the missus."

Ordinarily the establishment of a new rule such as this would have meant for the propounder of it a series of arguments in which every man in the mine would have stepped forward cheerfully, one after the other, to support the negative—with fist, knees, butting head, and, failing these, teeth. But this time Dinan was merely crystallizing a sentiment already vaguely in existence. The Western chivalry, apt to be illogical and exaggerated, and always most happy when tyrannical, had been aroused. The men felt that the hazing of Gus meant disrespect toward Mrs. Gus, and with all the candid ardor of their savage souls they meant to show respect for her, even to the point of self-sacrifice. The camp with magnanimity gave up its prime recreation; and Gus, by proxy, as it were, became invested with a new dignity.

He held this general consideration, with slight temporary reversals due to the absent-minded, for two months. He must have been happy in his small, inefficient way, for he could not do, or be, anything perfectly. From derisive hostility Dinan had suddenly passed to a solicitous protectorate. He worked Gus nearly always within his reach; he kept him under his

wings like a fledgling. It must have been rather an extraordinary experience for the fledgling. It must have been like coming out of a storm into a sudden calm, or rather, to be more accurate, like passing from the turmoil of the whirling outskirts of a typhoon into the petrified center, suddenly, weirdly, without warning.

He held his new dignity for two months, and then slowly a cold sea of contempt rose about him and submerged him. The scandal-voice of the camp had definitely linked the name of his wife with that of Dinan.

It linked the names of his wife and Dinan, and explained thus the new relation between the two men: the protection of the one, its acceptance by the second. Broadly it hinted that Gus knew, and that with his silence he bought immunity from the persecution that he had hitherto suffered.

The truth may have been that Gus did not know; but the accusations of the camp were so loud, the innuendoes surrounding him so brutally transparent, that the evidence tips the balance toward the more ugly hypothesis. Probably he did know. And, after all, it might be natural that, after his days of cruel insecurity, of constant ill-treatment, the peace of Dinan's guardianship, come to him so unexpectedly, like a good windfall, should be so dear, so sweet, so precious, that for a while he should slumber in it, callous, as in the vapors of some ineffable soporific.

But if he did, it was only for a time. Finally he shook himself free and stood erect a man. He did this characteristically, as he voiced anger or showed resentment, with inadequacy, in a way that left an irritating sense of incomplete vengeance; but, all in all, with a certain splendor.

He had been taken by Jerry down an abandoned shaft at the bottom of which it had been decided to set off a chance blast. The shaft was in bad condition; they found the timbering, which stopped some thirty feet from the bottom, rotten, and the ladder crazy, with whole series of rungs out. They were standing at the bottom, their bowed heads close, picking out the spot to set the drill, when a trickle of sand, as slight and smooth as the result of an insect's burrowing, passed down the wall and spread about their feet.

The two men raised their heads. With wide nostrils, they looked and listened. The trickling had stopped. Suddenly it began again, a loose, free flow, as if a giant sower had let slip through his fingers grains of yellow wheat; and it rippled out over the floor up to their knees.

Dinan shook his head, kicked himself loose, and looked at Gus. "Better go up, maybe," he said tentatively.

And as if in answer, far above them there sounded a knocking. The knocking descended, grew in volume, each stroke, reverberated, caught up by the next,—*bang, bang, bang*,—and a timber, man-size, struck by their side, embedded upright in the soft earth. A silence followed, then, before their frozen eyes they saw the lower edge of the timbering slide down for several feet with a swaying, creaking motion.

"She 's cavin' on us!" said Dinan, and sprang.

Above them, some ten feet, was a niche in the wall, the probable beginning of a tunnel never pushed on. Dinan sprang, reached the bottom of it with his hands, his knees, and stood up in it, temporarily safe from falling things. Gus tried it, slipped, and fell back; tried it again, slipped, and fell back. It was too high for him. Dinan reached him a hand. He tried again,—but making no use of the inviting hand,—and fell back. Then, with a singular, stony set of his eyes, he sank to his haunches and remained there, squatting, motionless. A slight avalanche of earth and stone slipped down the wall, and in successive ripples rose to his knees.

"Jump!" said Dinan. "Take my hand! I'll hoist you up."

But Gus remained as he was, crouched and silent, his eyes stony with stubbornness. Another timber bounded from side to side down upon him, struck the bottom, rebounded, and fell across his left shoulder, which immediately went limp.

"Take my hand quick! Take my hand and jump!" shouted Dinan.

Then Gus spoke. He said, "No, Dcherry, I tank I no tak' *your* hand."

"Come, Gus, don't be a fool; grab my hand!" implored Jerry, his big, red hand held out to Gus. But Gus, raising his long, white nose to him, said, "No, Dcherry, I tank I no tak' *your* hand."



There was a premonitory creaking, then a crackling, a roar. An avalanche of earth and rock came down, and Gus, still squatting, his eyes, full of concentrated refusal, upon the proffered hand, disappeared.

Jerry saw him vanish, saw the whole bottom of the shaft fill, and the earth-tide rise to the floor of his niche, about his feet, about his knees, his hips, up to his heart. For a moment he had his punishment.

There, at his heart, the tide of debris stopped. He disengaged himself. The timbering of the shaft had given way, had slipped, and then, clogging, caught again. Up through an intricacy of broken, bent, and splintered beams, he climbed toward the blue wafer of sky above. The mass swayed, trembled under him; it groaned, cried, and seemed to call him. When he had reached the top, he whirled on himself and slapped the earth with the whole length of his body.

An hour later, surrounded by a curious group, he was telling the superintendent about it.

"I was safe there in the hole," he was

saying, "and he would n't take my hand. He would n't, I tell you."

He was still very much excited. His face was red and wet; his voice trembled, there were tears in his eyes.

"I held out my hand, and he would n't take it. The damned Swede fool! He just squatted there and looked and would n't take my hand."

He almost sobbed, as with a sense of great slight, of enormous injustice. "He would n't take my hand, Mr. Jones; the crazy galoof, he would n't take my hand."

Tom Hardy, listening on the outside of the circle, turned, spat upon the ground, and walked away. "I guess he would n't," he shouted back over his shoulder; "I guess he would n't take your hand, Jerry Dinan."

The cry, clear, sharp, venomous, hit the group like a whip stinging a sleeper. As if suddenly remembering their work, the men began to leave, their eyes on the earth, thoughtful. And Jerry, alone, red-faced, and humid, looked down at his shoes and mumbled to himself his protest.



## THE CASE FOR AMERICAN ART

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

Author of "Modern Artists"

**A**LTHOUGH the moment had long been preparing, the assured triumph of native art has taken place only within the past decade. From the outset it has been an arduous battle. Conditions were anything but propitious, and one circumstance after another conspired to retard spontaneous racial expression. Fundamentally, American art, and particularly American painting, is a transplanted product. The early limner took nothing from the Indian; nor, indeed, had the Indian much to offer. The difficulty all along has been the total lack of a substratum of primitive esthetic tradition. We began at the top instead of at the bottom. Our art had perforce to come from overseas, not from the deep-rooted sympathies

and deft, patient hands of simple folk. It arrived brand-new and ready-made from Continental atelier and academy rather than struggling upward through the ages from wayside cottage or hut among the hills. And this has clearly been the chief obstacle toward the development of a consistent individual style. In place of relying upon our own resources, we have been compelled to submit by turns to the dictates of the dealer, and the domination of Düsseldorf, Munich, Antwerp, or Paris. During the Colonial period very properly English, it has taken our art over a century to achieve anything approaching a national physiognomy. And yet there were always grounds for hope. Behind this or that

foreign mask, and despite accent French or dialect Bavarian, could be discerned qualities which are to-day counted among our most cherished artistic possessions. It is, moreover, obvious that matters could hardly have progressed much faster. Manifestly a social expression, our art, like that of Europe, or the Orient, could not attain conscious existence until we ourselves had advanced toward more pronounced definition of type.

There are few things more absorbing than to note how, in the face of so many conflicting currents, and without a vestige of inherited bias, or the saving strength of what the Teutons call *Volksleben*, American esthetic endeavor has finally evolved features which are both distinctive and characteristic. It is not, however, a study of origins and development which here presents itself for consideration, but rather a survey of the increased appreciation of that which has actually been accomplished. Until recently enthusiasm for the native product has largely been a record of broken promises. Numerous early academies and societies were founded with the express purpose of fostering local talent, yet with few exceptions they soon began running after false and foreign gods. That naïve mixture of wonder and patriotic pride which greeted the panoramic chromolithographs of Church and Bierstadt shortly gave place to admiration for the grave romanticists of Fontainebleau. From the decline of Hudson River and Rocky Mountain theme almost to the close of the century, various European ideals were paraded before a sadly confused public. Aglow with the magic of pure technic, and dazzled by the brilliancy of the modern palette, our later artists lived or studied mainly abroad and painted Continental and also American subjects in the most approved cosmopolitan manner. Profiting by this absence from home and general apathy toward domestic effort, the professional dealer tolerated little save Barbizon and Dutch pictures or classic canvases the authenticity of which was more ambitious than exact. For years there seemed small hope of breaking this ignominious régime, and yet all the while there were, beneath the surface, certain hints that deliverance was not impossible. Although the dealer would

naturally rather sell a Corot or a Roussseau—even an unimpeachable one—for \$10,000 than an Inness, a Wyant, or a Martin for \$100, there were, nevertheless, certain discriminating amateurs who, even before the advent of these particular painters, began assiduously to collect American pictures. And it is to these few courageous pioneers that the ultimate success of the cause is largely due. They stood alone, and fortunately some have lived to witness the vindication of their faith and their liberality.

While it would perhaps be pedantic to recall in detail the doings of the American Art Union, which flourished in the forties, and was formed "for the purchase of American pictures and to encourage American art," neither this body, nor its pendant, the Artist Fund Society, should be neglected in any survey of the field. Such associations lack, however, that element of personal interest which characterizes the efforts of our early individual collectors, the most important among whom were A. M. Cozzens, Robert M. Olyphant; Le Grand B. Cannon, and Thomas Dickson, all devoted and sagacious patrons of the domestic output. The Cozzens sale, which took place in 1868, and the Olyphant sale, held at Chickering Hall in 1877, were both indicative of the status of local taste at their respective periods. By the time of the latter sale the inflated post-bellum prices obtained by Church and Bierstadt, which ranged anywhere from \$5000 to \$25,000 began to shrink, and the names of Inness, Wyant, Winslow Homer, and Homer Martin began to figure in the catalogues. Little by little progress in appreciation made itself felt, and in 1889 when an exhibition of paintings by American artists was held in Washington, D. C., under the auspices of the Lady Managers of the Garfield Hospital, it was apparent that native art was considered a distinct social as well as financial asset. The formation of the Society of American Artists, in 1877, was also a brave forward step, and meanwhile several gentlemen, more discerning and ambitious than any of their predecessors, were quietly amassing extensive collections of works by representative contemporary American painters.

There are three events, all of which have taken place within the last ten years,



which, more than anything else, have placed American art before the public in its true significance both positive and relative. They are the Clarke sale in 1899, the Evans sale in 1900, and the memorable Comparative Exhibition held in New York City in 1904. The various general expositions, beginning with the Centennial, and continuing with those of Chicago, Buffalo, and St. Louis, together with the current displays in Philadelphia, New York, and elsewhere, had of course done their share toward cultivating popular taste; but, after all, it was on such an occasion as the dispersal of a great private collection that interest was most sharply focused and the actual commercial value of American art could best be gaged. There was no disputing the fact that the native painter had at last come into his own when, at the Clarke sale, a Winslow Homer brought \$4700, a Homer Martin, \$5500, two Innesses \$8100 and \$10,150 respectively, and the grand total for 372 pictures reached \$234,505. While less sensational figures were recorded at the Evans sale, it is interesting to note that Martin's "Westchester Hills" brought \$4750, Inness's "Georgia Pines—Afternoon," \$5900, and Wyant's "In the Adirondacks," \$6300, the total for 270 canvases being \$159,340. Nor were these merely feverish auction-room figures, some of the same pictures having subsequently changed hands more than once at distinct advances in price. After such a showing there could be no further question that American paintings were a safe investment, and in many instances canvases which were once picked up for a trifle would now undoubtedly bring from \$10,000 to \$25,000.

Acting in the spirit quite devoid of contentious rivalry, yet believing that the best means of quickening latent interest would be to arrange a Comparative Exhibition of Native and Foreign Art, the Society of Art Collectors held, in the autumn of 1904, at the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society, New York, the most important joint display of local and Continental paintings which the country has thus far witnessed. Carried forth with dignity, sincerity, and without a trace of chauvinism, the venture was far-reaching in its effect. For the first time it gave the public an opportunity to measure the

domestic product side by side with the foreign, and not altogether to the discomfiture of the former. At last the casual visitor as well as the connoisseur was able to see what American artists had accomplished and what the future logically held in promise. The exhibition was immediately followed by a greatly increased demand for American pictures, and it would be safe to add that, as far as general appreciation goes, no single event has done more toward placing native painting on a sound basis than was achieved by this discreet juxtaposition of some two hundred admirable canvases.

With the close of the Comparative Exhibition, the local validity of American art was established beyond all question. Furthermore, our leading internationalists, such as Whistler, Sargent, Melchers, and Shannon had long been winning recognition abroad, and the Fine Arts Exhibit of the United States at Paris in 1900 had already been received with acclaim. The lean, obscure years of effort were at last over, and throughout the entire country museums and galleries which had heretofore placidly ignored native work began competing for desirable pictures. In addition, the wealthy business man, usually stronger in patriotism than in careful connoisseurship, wisely acquired the habit of leaving to our various institutions special funds for the purchase of American paintings. From the Temple Trust fund, Philadelphia has thus been enabled to gather together a brave array of canvases, Pittsburg is rapidly forming one of the most important collections in the country, while the Hayden gift to Boston, the Salisbury bequest to Worcester, and the Hearn fund for the purchase of paintings by modern American artists for the Metropolitan Museum, will in time enable these galleries to boast extensive collections. Nor is this activity confined to the East, for, judging from the strides recently made in the same direction by the museums of Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, Detroit, and St. Louis, the West is even more open-minded and enthusiastic. While the Albright Ionic temple of beauty in Buffalo as yet makes no specific provision for the acquisition of American pictures, such deficiency is in a measure compensated for by the annual displays, one of

which is exclusively devoted to native work.

Despite the existence of the Hearn fund, the Metropolitan Museum, whose actual purchasing power is greater than that of any institution of the kind in the world, is the least progressive of all in its attitude toward American art. With a little foresight and liberality it might have been possible for New York to have retained the artistic hegemony of the country, but for various reasons that distinction is rapidly passing out of her reach. There are at present two definite movements which are clearly shaping the course of American art. One is the movement of expansion, which has fostered the creation of many different and widely distributed centers of interest; the other is the tendency to concentrate official activity in a single typical spot. Owing to the callousness of New York, the retrospective habits of Boston, the avowed internationalism of Pittsburg, and the fact that Philadelphia has always had a special mission to fulfil, these cities must in time give place to some more logical focal point, nor is it a very difficult matter to designate that particular locality.

Unknown to the general public, and, until recently, even in higher circles, America has, for over sixty years, possessed a National Gallery of Art. It is true that it required a special decree of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, in 1906, to make the institution an effective working body, but since that time the soil which for so long lay fallow has been tilled with unprecedented results. The successive presentation to the nation within a twelvemonth of the Harriet Lane Johnston collection, the Freer collection, and the Evans collection of American paintings has quickened the esthetic pulse of the Capital to a degree hitherto undreamed of, and, in order to pave the way for the recognition of Washington as a National art center, there was held at the Corcoran Gallery, in the spring of 1907, one of the most impressive exhibitions of native pictures ever assembled in America. This innovation of the trustees of the Corcoran Gallery proved a sagacious move, and everything will henceforth be done in order to turn to account the prestige of position which the Capital naturally en-

joys. Nor is it the intention of those in authority to rest long upon their quickly won laurels, for during the ensuing season there will be held an even more ambitious display than that of two years ago. It is manifestly difficult at the present juncture to predict exactly what part Washington is destined to play in the artistic future of the nation, but if unity of aim, completeness of organization, and the absence of cumbersome tradition count for anything, it is more than probable that the next few years will witness the long postponed Federal recognition of American artistic production. And if to this should be added—as is not unlikely—the abolition of the utterly stupid and obnoxious tariff on art the general situation would indeed assume an auspicious aspect.

Yet before passing from brilliant though sporadic effort into the more stable channels of Government patronage, it might not be amiss to recall a few significant points. Although we have achieved notable progress in architecture, sculpture, and painting, we are scarcely the foremost artistic nation upon the face of the earth. Despite its accurate observation, its free, alert handling, and ready response to impressions, American painting is still what our Teutonic friends call *Ideenarm*. We are manifestly wanting in fundamental esthetic ideas; we are too imitative, too quick to accept suggestions from without. The presence of art in a given community presupposes possession, and, granting that the artist has done his part, it should be the duty of the owner to perfect himself in the refinements of connoisseurship. Picture-owners are unquestionably welcome to amass whatever appeals to their individual predilections from Botticelli to Bouguereau, yet when it comes to presenting their accumulations *en bloc* and forever inviolate to a public institution, they must be guided by broader motives than the mere desire to perpetuate the family reputation for culture. Yet with the energy and optimism of a young country, supplemented by the severer criteria of the Old World, there is little doubt that the profile of American art will eventually emerge in all her fresh beauty, but chastened by the garnered knowledge and experience of the ages.



# A NEW ISOLDE: OLIVE FREMSTAD

BY JAMES HUNEKER

Author of "Overtones—a Book of Temperaments"

A NEW *Isolde*! It is almost like saying, a new *Juliet* or, considering the more tragic significance of Wagner's heroine, a new *Lady Macbeth*. Yet it was precisely a new *Isolde* that Olive Fremstad gave us last winter in the Metropolitan Opera House. We have heard, here in New York, nearly all the great interpreters of this psychologically complicated rôle: its originator, Madame Schnorr von Carolsfeld, never visited us; neither did Frau von Voggenhuber; Materna was not particularly sympathetic. Lilli Lehmann was actually our first *Isolde*. A half dozen have followed her, but she remains in our memory as the most brilliant, though not, however, an ideal *Isolde*. The Valkyr steel flashed through the voluptuous measures of the music; nor did she display womanly tenderness. She was a daughter of the gods, remote, glacial, haughty, and her voice was like a diamond. Klafsky, affluent vocally, lacked poetry. She was a bourgeois *Isolde*. Others who have essayed the part need not now detain us; they were not of the generation of giants, old *Wotan's* Bayreuth brood. Then Milka Ternina appeared, and we heard and saw another *Isolde*. For the first time possibilities latent in the character were made visible and audible to us. Broadly composed, but without the old-fashioned Wagnerian rhetoric of gesture and attitude, Ternina's *Isolde* was a human woman, not a spouting volcano, nor yet a histrion brandishing aloft arms or strutting like a queen in some transpontine tragedy. The advent of this *Isolde* was marked by Wagner-worshippers with a white stone. To follow her and not to better her was merely to employ again the old Bayreuth stencil; in a word, to present the obvious *Isolde* of the German opera-houses.

But Madame Fremstad has followed,

and at once we forgot the occasional *Isolde*s, for she is of the lineal artistic blood of Lehmann and Ternina. She is new; that is, she is *different*, and to be different, as Stendhal said, is to be original. Fremstad has not the majestic presence, the heroic voice, nor the commanding authority, of her glorious predecessors. But she is lovelier, vocally and physically. She is the most alluring *Isolde* we have seen, and her charm is of the most intimate. This lovelorn, unhappy Irish princess was, it must be remembered, poetic of temperament as well as passionate. She was not a contemporary of the cavemen, not an aboriginal, despite her fierce hatred of her foes. She was of royal descent. Fremstad played her in the key of womanhood outraged by treachery, implacable in the desire for vengeance, but yet a woman, always the woman—tender, clinging, enchanting, reckless, brave, scornful, a creature of a myriad moods, and as true to her love as the flower to the sun.

In the first act we miss at first the storm and stress, the too often undignified agitation, even feline spitefulness, of some *Isolde*s. The Fremstad *Isolde* is in a clairvoyant condition; she moves as if in a dream. After the first fiery outburst, "Destroy this proud ship, swallow its shattered fragments, and all that dwells upon it!" she seems to commune with her dreams. A soliloquy is her vocal speech, upon the first withdrawal of *Kurvenal*; her narrative is spoken more to the soul of *Isolde* than to the ears of *Brangeane*. The meeting of the lovers, the drinking of the potion, and the sublime surrender to destiny, are not isolated notes in the dramatic fabric, but a closely spun synthesis. Not a gesture is exaggerated; the comminglement of repose and passion is harmonious. And her second act never descends to the exhibition of a too easily

simulated theatric emotion; the high-born princess loves, as well as the ardent woman. The ending, while arousing criticism, is all of a piece with the entire conception. Ternina it was who showed us that the "Liebestod" was not a bravura concert aria to be delivered in accents of mock-heroic grief and exultation. Fremstad is even more subtle. Sorrow, immitigable, profound, clothe in crape the closing measures, the swan song of *Isolde*. Her mien, her despair, the hopeless cadence of woe in her voice—all these are subtly indicated.

Predictions that the vocal *tessitura* of the part would prove too high were happily not realized. Never has her voice sounded so sumptuous, so velvety; never has it been so plastic in its adaptation to the ever-changing moods of the music. Opalescent were the ever-shifting hues of her powerful and plangent organ. From irony to ecstasy, she underlined the faintest *nuance*. Naturally the impersonation left untouched several sides: it will grow in inches; it will be bigger in sweep, swifter, intenser, and more beautiful. To the eye, Fremstad was a dramatic picture, sinuous, graceful, and pathetic. "When I have sung *Isolde* fifty times," she said, after the first performance, "then—perhaps you may praise me—but now!" This modest remark only demonstrates that the versatile American singer, who, as *Carmen* or *Kundry*, *Salome* or *Sieglinde*, *Ortrud* or *Bangaene* (she is a *Bangaene*, the best we ever heard with the exception of Marianne Brandt, and superior to Brandt vocally and physically; *Bangaene* was not a witch but a charmer) has never lacked in artistic probity. And she is the only artist who ever achieved the distinction of singing *Bangaene* and *Isolde* on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.

In Gustave Mahler's reading of "Tristan and Isolde" we may recognize the germ of Fremstad's *Isolde*. She rehearsed the character with him. This reading is the modern, not the tempest-tossed Wagner of other years. The analysts are busy with the masterwork, dissecting it, digging into it for new beauties. The torrential swing and profound poetry of Seidl are lacking. Mottl's massiveness seems a trifle slow and old-fashioned. Variety, tonal and rhythmic variety, and a potent musical intellect, are in Mahler's interpretation. Granting the validity of his dynamic scheme at the outset, his logic of tonal gradations is unescapable. From a pin-point pianissimo to a pin-point pianissimo the music surged through the three acts to adequate climaxes. It is a reading that laid bare the nerves of the music, and its tempi never relapsed into mere speed for speed's sake, or into the swampy grandeur of the average conductor. One sighed for moments of more sultriness, more lightning and thunder. Mahler over-refines, the "scholar's fault." *Tristan's* entrance is not majestic, there are too much logic and too little sensuousness in parts of the second act; as for final climax, Herr Mahler can quote Wagner at the dissidents; Wagner who said that the orchestra should serve merely as coloring material to beautify and emphasize the action.<sup>1</sup>

However, there is no reason why we should not accept this novel "Tristan and Isolde," and this new *Isolde*. Remember that Nietzsche, a backslider from the Bayreuth faith, wrote: "Apart from Wagner the magnetizer and fresco-painter, there is yet a Wagner who deposits little jewels in his works, our greatest melancholist in music, full of flashes, delicacies, and words of comfort . . . the master of the tones, of a melancholy and languorous happiness. . . ."

<sup>1</sup> See Finck's "Life of Wagner," p. 150, Vol. II.







MADAME FREMSTAD AS "ISOLDE" IN WAGNER'S "TRISTAN AND ISOLDE"

PAINTED FROM LIFE FOR THE CENTURY BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI





# COLLEGE MEN AS FARM MANAGERS

BY L. H. BAILEY

Director of the College of Agriculture, Cornell University ; Chairman of the Commission on Country Life, appointed by President Roosevelt

"I HAVE a farm of about two hundred acres near — that came to me from my father. It has fairly good buildings, is near a good local market, and should be a good dairy farm. The present tenant, who is honest and faithful, runs it in the old way; and although it is no expense to me, and sometimes turns a fair profit, the place is not my ideal of what a farm should be. It seems to me that I ought to change superintendents, and I thought that among the graduates from your college there might be some good young man whom you could recommend. I pay my man \$30 per month the year round, and he has a small garden plot and a cow, and gets his firewood on the place. I would be willing to pay a little more than this for a man who was scientifically trained and has had experience, or I might let him work the place on shares."

This kind of communication is typical of many that come to me with requests for college men to take charge of farms. Very often it is a worn-out or run-down place that is in need of a manager, and the owner is willing to let the man have half the earnings if he is successful in bringing it into a profitable condition.

There is such wide-spread misunderstanding of the problems involved in these questions that I cannot refrain from inviting my reader to a discussion of the merits of the case. There must be a complete readjustment of ideas in respect to the remuneration that educated men are to receive in agriculture, and it is time that we face the question. I understand, of course, that a graduate of any institu-

tion may be glad to work for a time merely for experience, but of this I am not now speaking: I am considering the remuneration for managers.

In order to ascertain the expectations of students themselves as to their value to an employer, I addressed a letter of inquiry to the several hundred students in the College of Agriculture at Cornell University. I asked what kind of position or employment the student desired on graduation, what wages or salary he thought he would be fairly worth, and why he put the value of his services at such figure. I had 135 replies, coming from regular four-year men, one-year or two-year specials, and three-months' winter-course students.

Of this number, forty-two desired to become farm managers, eighteen of them being four-year men, thirteen of them specials, and eleven winter-course students. Most of the men, in all classes, were brought up on the farm, and the others had had more or less farm experience. The sums that they specify in every case are for the first year of service, with expectation that promotion may come if the respondent is successful. These sums are not merely what is blindly hoped for, but are suggested by what college-mates and others before them have been able to secure in the way of remuneration in various kinds of business.

The pay expected by the eighteen four-year men on graduation, for farm managership, ranges from \$700 to \$2000 per year, and most of the men expect to receive more or less subsistence in addition.

The average salary for the eighteen is \$977. It is interesting to compare these figures with those of seventeen four-year men who desire to become teachers, or to enter government service, in which salary schedules are already established. The range of salary expected by these persons is from \$600 to \$1500, with an average of \$987. In these cases, no subsistence is expected in addition to salary, except such as may be included in the traveling expenses of government agents. The pay expected by those students who are preparing to be farm managers on the whole exceeds that expected by those who desire to teach or to enter the public service. Those who desire to teach or engage in government work usually look to the opportunity to undertake investigation as the chief ultimate reward, although many of them expect to engage in the profession only temporarily, until they can secure means to purchase or equip a farm. All the farm-manager students expect eventually to manage or work farms of their own.

Of the one-year and two-year special students, thirteen desire to become farm managers, at pay ranging from \$420 to \$1000, and an average of \$720. They expect, as do all farm managers, that a good part of the daily supplies can be got directly from the farm without money cost to them. Of these special students, nine would be teachers or experimenters, with salaries ranging from \$600 to \$1500, with an average of about \$1000.

The eleven winter-course men who would be managers of farms, desire pay ranging from \$480 to \$1000, with an average of about \$700. Some of the winter-course students are properly high-price men, because they are mature and have had much practice, and they come to college to supplement the knowledge gained by experience.

These salaries are all within reason for such men as are competent, and they are such as must be paid, if good service is to be secured. The modern farm business must compete with the public service and the schools and with commercial organizations, if it is to secure men of equal qualifications. Those farms that cannot pay such sums are not expected to compete; they are not in the managership grade; they must be run on the family proprietor-

ship plan, and of these I am not now speaking.

The replies to my question as to the reason for stating the given figures of value of services, seem to fall under about six categories, and I give them for what they are worth:

1. The student considers himself to be worth to his employer the full amount of the pay that he mentions.

2. One cannot afford to give his services for less than these figures, after having been to the expense of a course of special training, and having lost the money value of his time in the effort. If farm managerships cannot pay these wages, it is not worth while to train oneself for them.

3. Farm managers should receive as good pay as their classmates of equal ability who teach or enter government service, or who engage in other professions or occupations.

4. The amount of investment in a thoroughly good farm should demand such a proportion of the working capital to be expended on managership.

5. The men would expect to earn similar amounts if they had good farms of their own.

6. The manager must have sufficient remuneration to enable him to live in a way that befits an educated and cultivated man.

The reader may be interested to have some of the answers to my question, "Why do you put your services at this figure?" These are some of the answers:

"An expert in other branches has a right to expect a good salary, so why should not a man who has spent four years specializing in agricultural studies and practical work?"

"I think that the above figures [\$1000 to \$1200] are about right, because a person, after four years' training, ought to be in a position to earn that amount. Even if an individual did not study at a college, but started immediately in some commercial enterprise, it is quite probable that he would be making as much as this, and perhaps more. Why, then, should any one with special knowledge of any sort be his inferior in wage-earning, if the branch which he has taken up is a profitable one?"

"It requires at least \$3000 (even to a



laboring student, if we take his time into consideration) to obtain a college education. This includes the money actually expended, and also the value of the student's time (ordinary wages). To this we must add the gain in mental efficiency also. I have always lived and labored on a farm, and am acquainted with the practical side. My vacations are also spent there. I am taking as general a course as possible. My object in becoming a superintendent is not only to enable me to purchase a farm of my own, but to become as efficient as possible as a farmer. With this end in view, it will be to my advantage to work as conscientiously for my employer as it would be for myself alone. Taking these things all into consideration, I think \$1000 would not be too high a salary to demand as a beginning."

"Because I think it would be more profitable for me to run a farm of my own if I could not get \$1000 a year as superintendent."

"Because I think I can earn it [\$1200 to \$1500]. Besides my course here in college, I have lived and worked all my life on a farm in a good agricultural region of New York, and I think I can earn this much by running a farm for myself."

"Because I was earning half that much [he asks for \$750 the first year, \$1500 the second or third] on a farm before coming to college."

"I do not know whether I am worth it [\$1000], but I am sure I can get it."

"Because I think I can make a dairy farm yield \$45 to \$50 per cow per year, in addition to expenses and interest on investment."

"I have had five years' practical experience on an up-to-date farm paying \$3000 per year; have had a business college education; am now in college here; know what work is, and am not afraid of it. I am satisfied I can bring a good farm to a paying basis on that salary [\$1000 to begin with]."

From the short winter-courses of twelve weeks a considerable number of men go out as managers, although the larger part of them return to their own places. The dairy-course winter students go into the creameries and cheese factories. They are factory-men. The value of instruction to these men is somewhat definitely indicated

by the increase in monthly wages as soon as they are out. Following are extracts from correspondence with the dairy-course winter students:

A young man who could have made no better than earn ordinary farm wages took the winter dairy-course, and on leaving the dairy school, he secured a position as operator in a small cheese factory at \$50 per month. The next year his wages were increased to \$75 per month, and he has been offered \$85 per month for the year to follow. Another student writes that when he took charge of his creamery, just after finishing his twelve weeks' course, the patrons were badly discouraged. They were not making as good payments as other creameries in the vicinity. In a single season this creamery gained steadily, month after month, until in August the patrons were receiving the leading price for butter-fat. Another student writes that his wages is \$13 per month more than before he took the winter dairy-course. Another student has had his wages increased one third within a year. Another receives \$20 more per month. In another case the salary was more than doubled.

These various cases, chosen as representative of many, are given only for the purpose of establishing the fact in the mind of employers that well-trained men command more than ordinary farm wages, whether in the region of superintendents and managers or in that of factory-men. It is not to be expected that college men can afford to become mere month hands on farms, except only temporarily when learning the business. Of course these facts are recognized by good business men, and the demand for farm managers from the colleges, at good remuneration, is greater than the supply; but the general public does not yet seem to realize them.

#### CAN FARMING PAY SUCH SALARIES?

My reader will at once ask whether agriculture can pay such salaries or wages as these; and thereupon we come to the essence of the matter. The truth is that the college graduate has not gone back to the farm in great numbers because the farm has not been worthy of his efforts. (We must remember, also, that the number of graduates has not been large.) The

difficulty has lain not with the education so much as with the opportunities that have been opened to a well-trained man. It is natural and right that a college graduate should enter the line of work that pays him best and is most attractive to him; and it is the proof of the value of an education by means of agriculture that it fits a man as well as other education does. If the college man were content to accept the low remuneration of the hired man or the share-worker or the ordinary foreman, it would mean that his course of study had developed neither power nor ideals.

Agriculture must rise to meet the college man. The leading agricultural colleges are now so well established, and are teaching in such direct and applicable ways, that they are creating a body of ability and sentiment touching country life that has never been known before. This ability and sentiment is bound to express itself. The influence of these colleges and experiment-stations will surely remake agriculture and redirect it.

This redirection will not show itself in increasing the productiveness of the earth only, although this must be the fundamental effort and result. It must consist as well in reorganizing the business or commercial interests of agriculture, and in a radical change in the ideals and modes of living. We shall be able to increase the profitableness of farming when we have learned to apply our science, and to organize it as a part of good business systems. We are now in the epoch of the laudation of science itself, as if the mere knowledge of the laws underlying good crop and animal production can make a good farmer.

The only salvation for agriculture is that it rise to meet the college man. This is not because the college man is infallible or the college final, but merely because his practice is to be rational, his abilities well directed, and his ideals cultivated. It does not follow that all farmers must be college-bred, but it must be true that the well-schooled man, other things being equal, must have the advantage in the long run.

I do not mean by these remarks to imply that college men have not returned to the farm, for this would be distinctly untrue; but I must urge that it is as fairly

incumbent on the farm to bring the young men back as on the college to send them back. Education by means of agriculture is active and constructive: if the farm is to attract the college man, it must be something more than passive and traditional.

Neither must it be inferred, on the other hand, that the farming business is not now rising; for this also would be a great error. But, except in isolated instances here and there, the business has not yet evolved to the point of full satisfaction to a college-trained man. The present evolution is being forced by great economic changes and large movements of populations, and some of the conspicuous disabilities of farming (of which the so-called "abandoned farms" is one) are evidences of it; but there must be a conscious reconstructive tendency before the country will hold the well-schooled man in great numbers.

This constructive tendency must arise largely from the college man himself, using the term college man broadly for all those who have been strongly influenced by the college point of view, whether actual students in colleges or not. There will soon be enough of these men to create public sentiment and to set new standards in country living. They are beginning to be felt in agricultural societies and in the gradual redirection of rural institutions. It is not essential to this sentiment that all these men live on farms. The point is, that a new ideal of country life is rising as the result of facts that have been discovered and the new purposes that have been set in motion. What I have in mind is something very different from the kind of wonder-farming that is pictured in some of the current book and periodical writing, and which is founded chiefly on the "marvels of science" idea. I hope that we may have vision of something more real and fundamental than this: we look for something structural.

#### WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED OF THE COLLEGE MAN?

I HAVE been speaking of men who are well qualified, by experience and study, to become farm managers; but before closing I want to speak of the opportu-



nities that should be placed before those graduates who still lack experience. Persons seem to expect more of graduates of colleges of agriculture than of those of other kinds of colleges. They seem to expect that these men will be able at once to do all kinds of farm-work, tell just what the soil "needs," know what to do with animals in health and disease, and in particular to be able quickly to restore a run-down farm to profitability and to be willing to do it "on shares." Persons do not seem to realize the fact that agriculture is a name not for one occupation, but for a series of many occupations, and every one of these occupations should require special training. The average college graduate is not yet a mature man; he may not have had much practical experience with more than one kind of farming, and of course this experience cannot be gained at college; his judgment must be developed and proved.

The graduate of a college of law reads law for a time before he enters practice; the graduate in architecture enters an architect's office; the graduate in medicine engages in hospital service; the graduate in mechanics enters a shop to learn the business; yet it is expected that the graduate in agriculture will be able at once to assume full responsibility for a big business, and he is censured if he makes a mistake. The trouble is that there are yet no adequate opportunities in this country for the graduate in agriculture to learn the business or to test himself, if he needs such test, as there are for other students. Farmers do not take students on such a basis. Most farms do not properly instruct the boys before sending them to college. Farm practice should be learned at home, not at college. The net result is that while much is expected of the student in agriculture, little opportunity is afforded him in the way of any training that fitly supplements his college course. The agricultural colleges cannot do their best work for the farms until the farms come to their aid. Of no college is so much demanded as of the agricultural colleges, because they are called on not only to educate young men and women, but also to find the ways of making profitable the occupation on which they rest. They are not only educational, but economic and social agencies.

In contrast with these remarks, I ought to say that certain other persons expect too little of these college men; or, in other words, they do not give them sufficient freedom and opportunity. In many cases they are given the title of manager, but not the power of manager. They may have no more opportunity for initiative than a good hired man. The matter is all the worse when, as very often happens, the employer is not himself a thorough farmer. It is not to be expected that an energetic young college man, who wants to practice what he has learned, will be content or will work to best advantage if he is obliged to proceed under minute daily orders. He expects to assume responsibility, and he should be allowed this privilege just as rapidly as he shows himself to be capable of it. Persons who employ a manager must be prepared to give up the hired-man idea when they engage him.

There is still another phase of the subject to be mentioned: it takes time to bring a run-down farm into profitable productiveness, and it is very frequently the run-down farm that the employer desires to put in the hands of a manager. No man is able to overcome seasons, or to change the fundamental processes of nature. The problems must be worked out gradually. Farming is not the making of good crops in some one year: it is securing the average performance of a piece of land through a series of years. A run-down soil cannot be renovated and revived in the way that we repair a house. I am convinced that the time element is not enough considered by many persons who employ managers, and, as a result, the manager may be discharged before a rational course of action can come to natural maturity.

All these statements are made in no attitude of apology for the shortcomings of college men, but a considerable experience leads me to think that these things need to be said in order to put the subject before the people on its merits. In other occupations and professions there is a form of experience and custom by which we determine salaries and wages, and measure the performance of the man. In the reorganizing of agriculture, we yet have no such standards.

A course of college instruction in agri-

culture, however complete, cannot be expected to do more for a man than a comparable course in law or medicine or mechanics can do for its students; perhaps it can do even less, so far as practical results are concerned, because every farm business is a very local problem. Yet a man should be much better prepared for practical farm manager work by a college training than the same man would be without it. The competitions and complexities of agricultural work are now so many that the very best training is required to enable a man to meet them with any degree of success. Untrained men are hopelessly handicapped, and the disability will become more apparent as time goes on. The college man needs training

in business after he leaves college; and he must learn the particular problems of the one enterprise that he is called on to handle. It is time that he receive help, coöperation, and encouragement at the period when he is trying to get a hold. The farm must coöperate with the college in the training of men.

I HOPE that I have been able to indicate, although imperfectly, a type of obligation to the student in agriculture that is seldom discussed, and to suggest to my reader that we need a redirection of our attitude toward the value of the services of these young men and the kind of encouragement that they should receive.



### LEADERS

WE recently said a brief word here as to *organization* in a political campaign, its utility and, occasionally, its futility. If there is any other subject conspicuously suggested by the progress of a campaign it is that of *leaders*: the function and utility of leaders; the character of true leaders as compared with the perfunctory, the superficial, the corrupt and the cowardly,—the leaders who follow when they should oppose, and who follow when they should follow till the time arrives when they can effectually lead; and the brave and thinking men in the press, the pulpit, and the school, who wisely lead the leaders themselves.

It is probably Lord Cromer's reference, in his remarkable book on Egypt, to a certain kind of leader that has given present currency to a delicious illustration. At a certain juncture in Egyptian affairs the government, he says, did not attempt to lead public opinion, they followed it—like the French revolutionary "chef," who defended himself for having obeyed the dictates of the Jacobin mob by declaring:

"I am their leader; therefore, I must follow them." This kind of leader we have with us always.

The State of New York of late has furnished conspicuous examples of contrasting leadership in the supposed dominant party of the country. On one hand has been seen the leadership of opportunism,—such as that of Lord Cromer's Jacobin,—or of obtuseness as to moral values and influences; on the other, the leadership of devotion and principle. On the one hand an eye to "the organization"; on the other, an eye to the public good. On the one hand vacillation and timidity; on the other, courage and statesmanship. On the one hand "the machine"; on the other, the people's conscientious executive.

The training of a party "boss" really tends to unfit a man to be a party "boss" in the sense of leadership. Even if he does not become demoralized by opportunities for exploitation, his outlook is so limited, and his activities are so narrowly "practical," that he is apt to become less capable of seeing things as they are, than his disinterested, unsophisticated fellow-citizen,



the village shoemaker, or some "hayseed philosopher" of the outlying districts.

There is seldom anything inspiring in such a "boss"; because he is always under suspicion of self-interest; whereas the quality most valuable in one who aspires to political leadership,—given a sufficient amount of intelligence and adaptability,—is that element of character which makes it easy to surrender everything for principle—in other words, the capacity for self-abnegation. Nothing so deeply endears a leader to the people as absolute moral courage. This is the test to which we bring our heroes. Americans would at any time rather give the Presidency to a man who is capable of throwing it out of the window, than to a man who betrays an overweening anxiety to obtain the prize.

If the advocates of a so-called socialistic State should ever succeed in bringing about the specific desire of their hearts, it would be by means of that very individualism which they seem to underestimate,—nor is it likely that the anti-individualistic, socialistic State could continue to exist, except by that same leadership of the individual. The utility of leadership is indeed unquestionable; the only question being who shall be the political leaders in a democracy like ours.

That political "machines," of some sort, are necessary and, properly manned, useful under our political system is evident. That there are morally intelligent and politically wise leaders connected with our political machinery is also evident; and such men should be supported in their difficult work and defended from captious criticism. Outside of the machine there is fortunately one class of leadership our countrymen are particularly prone to make use of—a kind of leadership very different from that of the complacent Jacobin of the story; and that is the leadership of men of whom the people "take notice" as disinterested, industrious public officials, who put conscience and scruple into their work; not only show capacity but principle; and who take up problem after problem as it arises with open minds and absolutely as trustees for the people. So long as in the States and in the Nation our people listen to leaders of this character and follow them, our democratic experiment is sure to be successful.

## A COMPULSORY CHOICE

IN the June CENTURY, shortly before the Presidential Conventions, we called attention to the lamentable lack of attention usually bestowed upon the selection of nominees for Vice-President, a choice which is apt to go by haphazard or default, or to be made by reason of factional pressure, or for other unworthy considerations. This practice goes far to justify both the charge that the office itself has fallen into contempt and the imputation of our reckless willingness, as a people, to take enormous risks,—or, as Kipling says, to

"match with Destiny for beers."

In view of the flippancy with which this duty of the Conventions is regarded, it has the aspect of playing with priceless jewels at the edge of a precipice.

It may be urged further that the present system is not only likely to provide personalities that may not be acceptable to the advocates of the respective candidates for President, but that,—as has more often been the case,—it may compel the voter to aid in the establishment, in a contingency, of a policy to which he is opposed and one obviously discordant with that of the "head of the ticket."

While we have no disposition to criticize the present candidates for the second place on either of the principal tickets,—both of whom are entitled to the respect of the country, by reason of their individual character,—yet we presume that it will not be denied that the claims of these candidates were never considered by the country previous to the Conventions, and, whatever their merits or fitness may be, either alone or in comparison, the choice of each was in the nature of a surprise, since neither was a man of national reputation.

It is generally assumed that additional strength is given to a campaign by taking the two candidates from different wings of the party. It was Gwendolen Harleth in "Daniel Deronda," who said that she disliked the things she did n't like more than she liked the things she liked; but the politicians proceed on the opposite theory—that the voter will accept a disagreeable candidate for the chance of voting for the one he desires. Whether this

is the case is, of course, a matter of special and complicated circumstances, about which it would be idle to reason too curiously. But the topic is one which will not cease to be timely and worth consideration until it is more seriously considered by those who determine the action of the Conventions.

### HELEN KELLER AS A WRITER

**E**VEN in these days of scientific progress, when one wonder drives out another and the sojourn of none of them seems longer than nine days, the marvel of the intellectual life of Helen Keller must engage and hold the attention of the thoughtful everywhere. One must employ the language of hyperbole to give adequate expression to the effect she makes upon us of a wonder-child,

Moving about in worlds not realized.

And yet one has only to read her paper "My Dreams," in the present number of *THE CENTURY* to see that, whereas her previous writings have shown her to have more than our normal understanding of the world of the senses, she now shows a profound knowledge of its psychic counterpart, the land of dreams. Indeed, she seems to us like a scout of the Unknown, exploring it with intuitions which sometimes seem to be to ours as ours are to classified knowledge. No invention, no discovery appears so wonderful as the achievements of this mind that has vaulted, tunneled, and circumvented the thrice-barred gates of sense.

And not only the phenomena of her unique experience, but the manner in which she makes report of them! Which is the more marvelous? In this day of slipshod writing by not a few authors of reputation, this paper on Dreams, considered as style, leaves little to be desired. In its imaginative suggestiveness and its verbal compactness, its freedom and its firmness, it reminds us of Emerson. It is a style formed by the noblest writers of English modified by an individuality that is naturally impatient of obscurities. What precision, what orderliness, what buoyancy, what vitality!

It is not strange that one should find in the body of Miss Keller's writing now and then a literal echo of some writer, such as a correspondent has pointed out in one of her recent articles in a passage remembered from Dr. James Martineau. In the case of Miss Keller such resemblances can have for the public only a curious interest, and this interest will be enhanced by her charming explanation. She writes:

Fragments are often read to me in a promiscuous manner by my friends. They give me, as they read, paragraphs that strike them, and I do not always know the name of the book or the author. In some cases I cannot remember even who read such and such a passage to me, or when, so that I know not from what fountain-springs, or through what channel, my bits of refreshment have come. I wish I could always indicate the exact sources of my ideas. This is possible when those sources are in books I can read myself; but it is not easy to trace fugitive sentences and paragraphs as they are spelled into my hand. . . .

If any one asks you again about my reading, will you please reply that I do not know the scope of it myself, because some of the great spirits have touched me with the tip of a wing and flown out of my reach forever. But nearly all I think was thought and taught by great men, beginning with the authors of the Bible. I levy on these inexhaustible treasures with delight and confidence. It is a dutiful handmaiden who bears the cup; but the wine is not all from the grapes of her vineyard.

In reading Miss Keller's literary work, there are times when it seems as though, so far from being a prisoner, she was freer in the range of her imagination than if she had the complete endowment of the senses. After all, is there not about the very laws, customs, prejudices and traditions of our life and about our constant, insistent perception of *things*, a feeling of limitations, boundaries, "shades of the prison-house," as Wordsworth puts it? The workings of this unique mind are beyond comprehension, but, for ourselves, whatever other qualities it may show, it always seems

as free

As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.





# OPEN LETTERS

Willard L. Metcalf

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

FEW American painters are more national in feeling or less influenced by foreign modes or methods than Mr. Willard L. Metcalf. Unlike most of his colleagues of the "Ten," Mr. Metcalf devotes his energies almost wholly to pure landscape with only now and then the rarest and faintest suggestion of the figure. It is not, however, ideal landscape or landscape in general which he paints, but those scenes and localities with which he can boast lifetime familiarity and the keenest artistic sympathy. Born in Lowell, Massachusetts, Mr. Metcalf studied first with George L. Brown, later attending successively the Lowell Institute, the Boston Normal Art School, and finally enjoying the distinction of becoming the first pupil of the Boston Museum Art School. After a two years' interval spent in New Mexico and Arizona, he went abroad, entered the Académie Julian under Boulanger and Lefebvre, and remained in Paris until 1889, when he returned to New York and became an instructor at Cooper Union and the Art Students League. Always at heart a painter of the out-of-doors, Mr. Metcalf soon came to realize that his forte was the transcription of the changing charm of hill, wood, meadow, and sky whether touched by first hint of spring's awakening or the varied glory of autumn. Although it has not been until the last half-dozen years that he may be said fully to have developed that accuracy of vision and clear-toned surety of style which to-day characterize all his work, Mr. Metcalf has, meanwhile, not failed of ample recognition, Paris, Chicago, New York, Buffalo, and latterly Philadelphia and Washington having each in turn awarded him appropriate distinctions. Last year he obtained, within the space of a few weeks' time, the Temple Gold Medal from the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and the Corcoran Medal and First Prize at Washington. True to the spirit of his birthplace, Mr. Metcalf paints almost exclusively New England scenes, Connecticut shore and hill-farm and the Maine coast being his favorite sketching-grounds. Though he often chooses winter or spring effects, "The Golden Hour," reproduced in color on page 113, reveals as well as any canvas his singularly faithful and delicate

color-sense and a technic which is refreshingly direct and devoid of affectation.

*Christian Brinton.*

## "A More Beautiful America"

THE war against bill-boards is on and is rapidly spreading. Los Angeles has passed an ordinance making it unlawful to fix any advertisement or printed matter of any kind on any tree or shrub. Another taxes the bill-board wherever it may be and requires a license from the police board; and the mayor wants to go further and exclude it from the residence section altogether. Salem, Massachusetts, proscribes certain classes of bill-boards. St. Paul has forbidden their erection within one hundred and fifty feet of a park or parkway. Bills giving power to license and tax were introduced in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania during 1907, and will be introduced into a score more in 1909. The bill-posters' lobbies have been put to their utmost, but their efforts have only served to make the anti-bill boarders more active and more determined.

Former Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston refused the offer of the Associated Bill Posters and Distributors of the United States and Canada to display the advantages of Boston on bill-boards in 3000 cities free of charge. At first he felt inclined to use this method, but the Twentieth Century Club and the Massachusetts Civic League and their allies began a hot campaign which landed him in their ranks.

Judge Hazel has sustained Buffalo's ordinance in the preliminary stages of the litigation. San Jose has won its fight on the ground that the boards are nuisances. In New York twenty-seven suits were lately pending to enforce the penalties for violations of the present regulations. Posters on the electric busses have been declared illegal. Memphis has won its fight for its introductory ordinance. St. Louis and Kansas City are still fighting their battles in the courts. The corporation counsel of Buffalo advised the fire department to cut down with an ax all bill-boards erected contrary to the law since the first injunction was issued. Congressman Goebel of Cincinnati has notified the bill-posters that he

would tear down the boards on his property unless they did so at once. The Rev. S. G. Wood of Blandford goes about with his ax and cuts down every offending board and sign within seven miles of his parish of Blandford, so that he has earned the title of "Minister Militant." The members of the North End Improvement Society, Tacoma, three hundred strong, refuse to deal with those who advertise in offensive ways. Lexington, Kentucky, has freed its main boulevard of offensive signs. The Business Men's Club of Cincinnati is seeking to enlist all the commercial bodies of the State in its crusade.

These items may be regarded as bulletins from the front showing what is being done to recover our cities and our countryside from the blighting bill-board. Hand in hand with this militant energy is the spreading public

sentiment insisting that the bill-board is a menace to public beauty and sound taste. The "city beautiful" is incompatible with the "city grotesque," which is what the bill-boards have made of many of our cities.

The American Civic Association serves as a field staff for the coördination of the various and growing hosts of "civic priders," as one of the Pittsburg leaders described them. It is likewise conducting an educational campaign and a legislative one. By keeping the scattered forces in touch and in heart, and by keeping them supplied with the sinews of war, it is helping to advance its chosen cause of a "more beautiful America." It realizes, however, as all must, that only the preliminary skirmishes have as yet been fought and that the heavy work lies all in the front.

*Clinton Rogers Woodruff.*



Drawn by J. Conacher

#### AUTOPIA

THE SUBMERGED ONE: No—no, everything's all right, thank you—so good of you to stop. I merely wished to give you plenty of room to pass.

#### Mother's Nap

A MONOLOGUE BY THE MAIDEN AUNT

"ELIZABETH, listen to this: 'A woman should take at least one hour a day and shut herself away from her family in order to rest and refresh herself. In so doing, she will

add not only to her health and youth, but to her husband's and children's happiness.' You look ten years older than you are, Elizabeth, and Tom and the children don't think any more of you because you sacrifice yourself so. I don't believe you ever take a nap, and that baby wakes you up at five o'clock in the morning; you said so yourself.

"Yes, I know you have n't had anybody you could trust the children with, but now I've come you can leave them with me. Why, of course I can manage them! No, it won't tire me a bit; you know I take things easy. Go right up to your room now. Yes, now! The baby's playing with his blocks; he won't notice. Nothing will happen. Yes, I know Mary's busy; I sha'n't need her. Don't stop to look after things. It says here, 'Seize the moments!' Now seize them and go. That's a good girl; you look rested already, thinking of it.

"I'm so glad she's going to have a rest. Perhaps I should n't have said that about ten years—Goodness! I thought you were lying down! Not let him put anything in his mouth? Why, of course not. Do go, and don't look in at this door for one good hour.

"It's funny how she thinks nobody can—If she is n't calling! What is it? You'll never get laid down. Yes, I hear. No, I won't let it blow on his head. I never saw such a woman!

"Elizabeth takes too much on herself, she does n't leave enough to her servants. Now



this article says: 'Women are often afraid of their servants: a little firmness and inflexibility often makes the domestic respect her mistress the more'— Yes, come in! If that 's she— Oh, it 's you, Norah. Mrs. Dinsmore is resting and I am taking her place. The fish-man? Well, tell him to call again in about an hour and a half. He can't? He has his route? Very well, he can go without his order. I 'm sure there 's enough to eat in the house. Well, what if it is Friday? Oh, you don't eat meat? I 'm very sorry; perhaps you can have some eggs. Norah, don't be saucy! I am taking Mrs. Dinsmore's place, and you can't see her.

"Gracious! how she did slam that door! Elizabeth spoils her girls. She seems to think they 're so hard to get with six children—'A little firmness and inflexibility'— Of course it would be dreadful to be left without a cook— that was Norah slamming the kitchen door. If she should leave, what would Elizabeth do? She 'd never forgive me. Norah is n't neat and she can't make any dessert but cottage pudding, but— There, she 's coming down-stairs; perhaps she 's going.

"Norah! Yes! Norah! Norah! Has the fish-man gone? Oh, you gave him his order? Did you disturb Mrs. Dinsmore? Well, never mind; I presume she really had n't gone to sleep.

"Is n't that just like those inconsiderate girls! But I don't see how I could help it. Yes, Helen, here I am. Won't I do? Your mother is resting. Helen, I want to speak to you about your mother; she is looking tired; she ought to have more chance to rest. No, you must n't disturb her now. That crochet stitch? Oh, I can show you. You want to make three chain stitches, and then under, and then skip. Let me see, don't you purl somewhere? Oh, that 's knitting. Let me see. No, I have n't hurt it. Helen Dinsmore, you would n't wake up your poor, tired mother! A girl fourteen years— there, I believe she 's gone straight up-stairs!

"Yes, Bobby, come right in. Here 's aunty. No, your mama is away; tell aunty what you want. Your fish-line? Ask Mary. What if she is ironing? The idea of having a nurse-maid that irons the whole week! Bobby, Bobby, see here! It must be in the hall closet. Well, then it 's in the kitchen—or down cellar—or out in the shed—or on the piazza. Are you sure you did n't leave it in the yard? Bobby, Bobby, don't go up-stairs; it is n't in your mother's room. Because I know it is n't. If you 'll let that fish-line go now, I 'll give you five cents to buy some candy. That 's a good boy; aunty and you—Bobby, Bobby, don't go up-stairs!

"I ought to have locked the door on him. What a noise! It 's those twins. Come in here, children, quietly and let aunty see. No,

your mama is n't here. Don't stand in the doorway and scream so loud. I can hear if you talk lower. Oh, you don't both of you want the green mallet. Give it to aunty, and Jack can take the pink one and Jessie the blue one. Well, if there is n't a pink one, take the red one. How silly of you to want the same one, if you are twins! Your mama would n't like to have you make such a noise. Look out, don't be rude. Give it to me at once. No, mama can't come.

"That 's Bobby coming down-stairs. Come in and shut the door! Never mind where you got the fish-line, Bobby. I don't care if your mother did know. There they go. I could n't hold both of them, and they 'd have started the baby to crying if I had locked them in. How good the baby is! Little sweetness! Is he having a happy time on the floor? How they do bump that mallet down-stairs; but they 're laughing. I suppose they woke up their mother—if she was asleep. Does baby want aunty to play with him? So she will.

"Oh, what is the matter now! Just a minute, baby. Why, Janet, how your finger bleeds! Blood always makes me faint. Did you cut it? No, I can fix it nicely, dear; your mama is resting. You don't want her. Aunty 's got a nice, clean rag. Yes, it is soft. Don't cry so or you 'll make the baby cry. Aunty 'll kiss it. Keep still! My kisses are just as good as your mother's. No, it is n't deep. Hold still, so I can see. No, you can't go to mama. The string is n't too tight. There 's no need of dancing about so, Janet. There, you 've knocked over the baby's blocks and stepped on his hand!

"There, baby, come to aunty. Did Janet hurt him? Aunty 'll kiss him and rock him. He knows I won't walk with him; of course he expects that with his mother. There, it feels better, does n't it? Aunty 'll kiss it again. Oh, Janet 's gone up-stairs. Do stop, baby! 'Sh! 'Sh! Does he want aunty to walk with him? So she will. Why don't you stop crying? You 're not hurt all that. I wonder if he 's swallowed anything—a pin, perhaps. How he screams!

"Goodness, Tom! Why, what made you come so early? It 's nothing; he 's only crying. Oh, Elizabeth 's lying down. No, it is n't a headache. No, she is n't sick. Just resting—resting; trying to get a little nap—if he has n't gone straight up-stairs looking worried! It 's no use to call Mary; she 's ironing. Oh, but he 's heavy! 'Sh! 'Sh! I wish his mother—

"Why, Elizabeth, are you awake? Yes, you can take him if you want to. Have you been gone an hour? Only thirty minutes! Who would believe it! I 'm afraid you did n't get much sleep."

*Frances Bent Dillingham.*



Drawn by Charles Nuttall

## A LA MODE

MRS. CASSIDY: Sure, when I first seen yez comin', I says to meself, "What a shtylish hat Mrs. Darrigan has on!"

## A Lullaby Up-to-Date

BYE, baby, bye,  
There 's a darling, shut your eye.  
Birds are twittering, lambs are bleating,  
You must go to sleep, my sweeting,  
Mother has to lead a meeting,  
So be good and do not cry.  
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, bye,  
Stars are twinkling in the sky.  
Do be good, my sweetest kitten,  
For my speech is not half written  
And the thing begins at eight;  
You 'd not make poor mother late?  
That would never do, Oh, fie!  
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, bye,  
I 'm afraid you do not try.  
Half an hour 's already spent;  
Mother is the president.  
So to happy dreamland roam.  
Let me see, "The Ideal Home:  
What It Is," Oh, where *was* I?  
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, bye,  
Kicking legs and face awry.  
It is seven now. I 'll never  
Catch that seven-ten car! Endeavor,  
Baby mine, to sleep, Oh, *try*!  
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, bye,  
Stop, is that papa I spy?  
John, you 'll have to take him, truly;  
I must go, he 's so unruly!  
You can get your dinner later.  
There my baby, go to pater.  
It 's my speech, John; I *must* fly!  
Bye, baby, bye!

Julia Boynton Green.

## Her Malady

IT 's been the awful longest while  
My mother 's been away!  
You see, my grandma 's pretty sick,  
And don't get well so very quick;  
'Course mother *has* to stay.

Aunt Nan is kind, but she don't make  
The rightest kind of curls,  
Or know just how to button me;  
She is n't used to it, you see—  
She has no little girls.

And father, well, he does n't know  
Just how I go to bed.  
He gets things all hindside before,  
And hangs my clothes up by the door,  
Away above my head.

Now, mother always puts them 'cross  
My little willow chair;  
'N' I have a car'mel and a drink,—  
That 's pretty comfor'ble, I think,—  
And then she braids my hair.

But father sometimes he forgets  
To wash my hands and face.  
And he can't ever 'member where  
He stopped in telling 'bout the bear;  
He just forgets the place.

There 's some things father does, I like,  
When I have said my prayers:  
He tells me stories in the dark;  
They 're full of *whist!* and *hist!* and *hark!*  
And lovely creepy scares.

But then when I have snuggled down,  
All comfor'bly in bed,  
I wish that mother would come in,  
And cuddle me, and then begin  
To sing, and smooove my head.

Of course Aunt Nan and father do  
Their best,—I know they 've tried;  
And everybody 's very kind,—  
I try my hardest not to mind,  
But something aches inside.



I don't believe it 's homesickness  
That makes my eyelids prick;  
I wish I knew what 't is I 've got —  
Course, home 's right here—but mother 's  
not!  
I b'lieve I 'm mothersick!

*Edna Kingsley Wallace.*

### Epigrams

PERHAPS the best preventive of vanity is pride.  
Reverie is a memory of what never was.  
Friendship leads us to remember, while love  
lets us forget.

Characteristics are but the finger-posts to  
character.

Ignorance has twin-daughters, conceit and  
suspicion.

The virtue which has not been tested is not  
yet a fact; it is still only a hypothesis.

Envy is the easiest expression of a mean  
man's admiration.

Hate is generally in a hurry, but Spite is  
willing to bide its time.

Vengeance may sometimes satisfy, but it  
never consoles.

Now and again we may get pleasure from a  
thing or from one of the lower animals;  
but happiness comes to us only from our  
fellow-man.

*Arthur Penn.*

### "R. F. D."

THE REDEMPTION OF PHILANDER

PHILANDER BUXTON, old D.D.  
(Delinquent Debtor, as you see),  
Smart young man in days of yore,  
Loafer at last in the country store.

Failed at farming, blacksmithing,  
Trading, fishing, lumbering.  
Worked like sixty for forty years  
And massed up nothing—but arrears.  
Lost his courage and his cash  
And went down like a rocket's flash.

Sat in the grocery all day  
And wondered why work did n't pay.  
Wore his nail-keg seat so thin  
A heavier man would have fallen in.  
Come night, says he:  
"Kate 's makin' tea.  
I must git round 'fore dark," says he.

By the wise and curious tricks  
Of our Federal politics  
Rural free delivery  
Early fell to Unity.

On our nail-kegs we contended  
Where the highways should be mended,  
Where the route should be extended;  
Who should be our nominee  
To carry mail by R. F. D.  
Puzzled us, till Uncle Mose  
Grandly to the occasion rose:  
"I move," said he,  
"This R. F. D.  
Be guv our friend Philander B."

Amen! We signed. A hundred men  
O'er that petition rushed the pen  
And sent it on  
To Washington.  
Postmaster sifted every sack  
Of mail till the reply came back.  
Then by the glimmer of his eyes  
We knew Philan had won the prize.



Drawn by Rollin Kirby

"LOAFER AT LAST IN THE COUNTRY STORE"



We took the doctor's worn-out gig,  
 Rope-yarned an ancient leathern rig,  
 Bought a cap—a size too big.  
 (Some heads will swell—  
 It now fits well.)  
 Put "R. F. D."—  
 Brass letters, handsome as could be—  
 Then bought old Rawbones, Esau's mare;  
 And come that day,  
 Fifteenth of May,  
 We hitched him up with tender care,  
 Then called Philan. You should have seen  
 In his old eyes the misty sheen  
 Of gratitude soon as he viewed  
 The signs of our solicitude.

Doc made the speech: "Our worthy friend,  
 We are resolved your years shall end  
 In comfort and prosperity.  
 This 'R. F. D.'  
 Means 'Rich 'Fore Death.' See?  
 Worthy Philander,  
 Take these reins! Be off! Meander!"

Philander chuckled. All a-grin,  
 Grasped reins and fender and climbed in.  
 Surveyed the mail with love and care,  
 Drew out the whip, and slashed the air.  
 "Huddup! Gee!  
 'R. F. D.'?  
 'Redeemed From Debt,' I guess," said he.

The days into the years have rolled.  
 Philander's weathered heat and cold.  
 Rain and snow and hail and sleet  
 On his leathern visage beat.  
 Always drove the same old clip,  
 Never missed a single trip,  
 Lost a letter—or a tip.  
 Paid his mortgage, built a stable,  
 Kept his good wife glad and able.  
 There's a fable  
 All turned to gold at Midas' touch.  
 Philander's done about as much.

Just a little timely hit  
 Struck a spark on his old-time grit.  
 Yesterday  
 We heard him say:  
 "Great government this! It ain't no crutch.  
 Jest prods a bit,  
 And says: 'Sonny, git up and git!'"

There he comes. Yes, that's the mare,  
 Old Rawbones. Now she's fat and fair.  
 New cart, new harness, bought this year.  
 Same old Philander,  
 Same old meander—  
 "Huddup! Gee!  
 'R. F. D.'!  
 'Round 'Fore Dark!' See?"

*Charles Poole Cleaves.*



Drawn by Rollin Kirby

"DOC MADE THE SPEECH"

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# THE SKATERS

PAINTED BY GARI MELCHERS